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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1919

A HOUSETOP MEDITATION

Like Peter, some of us like to go up to the closet on the Housetop about the sixth hour and there pray. Sometimes we get to see great sheets let down from above filled with all manner of heavenly things in earthly shapes, and get to hear heavenly voices and commissions which send us out on unexpected journeys to distant cities, journeys which result in wonderful widenings of our vision and in race-wide enlargements of the kingdom of our Lord. Ah, those are days to be remembered! To-day, after the sixth-hour prayer, I feel moved to tarry a bit for meditation on the welfare of our Zion, and on possible ways of promoting her welfare in these days of strenuous endeavor. It would please me, and help me, could I see upon the red divan opposite me one of the bishops of our Church, with Secretary Forsyth on his right hand, and a far-sighted editor upon his left; but this cannot be. Official duties are driving these good brethren well nigh to distraction, and besides this being but a little past the sixth hour, all of them are due in their own closets, where doubtless they are found, if practicable. I shall have to soliloquize. If haply any bishop, or editor, or member of the Centenary Commission, or of the Board of Home Missions shall overhear and begin telepathically to co-meditate, I shall not complain. It can hardly do harm.

* * *

First of all, how often our words fail to convey to others our real meaning, and how often, without our being aware, they are fitted to give offense. One day during my last sojourn in Paris, I crossed the river and visited the famous law department of the

University. Prizing the company of fellow countrymen, I naturally asked the gorgeously robed Dean if he had any American students in attendance. "O yes," was the immediate answer, and a clerk was directed to tell me how many. The latter a few moments later reported that there were five, four from Brazil and one from Central America. Naturally, that was a sudden damper upon my interest, and a full end to my hope for a pleasant fraternization with a compatriot on foreign soil. It also led me to attempt for the hundredth time to realize the strain which we, members of Uncle Sam's family, are perpetually putting upon the good nature of our cousins over the line in British America, and upon the courtesy of our neighbors of Mexico, Central and South America, by our cool appropriation to ourselves of the name American. Months later in Venice, in a so-called international pension, I repeatedly sat at table opposite to three South American gentlemen, who openly claimed that they were "Americans," and by as good a right as that of any person born under the Stars and Stripes. This also led me renewedly to see how our intermittent efforts to improve political and economic relations with the South American states are handicapped, not only by the Monroe Doctrine as there popularly understood, but also by our seemingly aggressive name. Our missionaries in those lands have long felt the inconvenience of hailing from a country which has no distinctive name from which an adjective can be formed. To understand why the relations of the South American republics to our own have never been as cordial and intimate as ought naturally to obtain between states that have all resulted from European colonization, and that have all emancipated themselves from the rule of European monarchies, and that have patterned their governments after one and the same type of democracy, we and our countrymen should oftener ask ourselves how it would seem to us in case some central state of Europe, Germany for instance, had gradually come to call herself Europe, and habitually to name hers "the European flag." How in our own case the misnomer is ever to be corrected it is hard to see, but in this day of new international sensitiveness and new pan-American courtships and cooperations looking toward world-restoration, let us at least have a care lest we frustrate our own well-meant

endeavors to bless our neighbors with a new and better gospel by our inconsiderate if not boastful use of an unhappily though innocently acquired name. No tourist, and certainly no missionary, should ever speak of "Americanizing" the millions of Mexico and South America, when our real desire is only to make those millions, and ourselves as well, more consistent Christians.

Now let me meditate a moment on our home mission field. Here right at the outstart we encounter other infelicitous forms of speech. Every week and oftener somebody exhorts us on the duty of our "native born" population to our "foreign born." The two terms are assumed to group us all into two mutually exclusive classes, and no further definition is attempted. In reality, however, a multitude in the first class were born on a foreign soil and under a foreign flag. Two of my own children were so born, then two on American soil under the Stars and Stripes—nevertheless no two of the four are more native American than the others. In the next hundred years such foreign-born-native-Americans will be a multitude that no man can easily number. On the other hand, the here-born families of our immigrants are so large, and the years of the mature immigrant after his arrival so few, that in any largely immigrant community the children are likely so to outnumber the parents and the childless as to make it by its majority a native American community. (Alas, I see that I have had to drop back into the use of the term "American" in its national sense. Pardon me, Pan-American League! At present, and until "Yanks" or some equivalent has a dictionary standing, the politest world-citizen can hardly do otherwise, if he speaks at all.)

Resuming my meditation, I discover that the term "alien," definite as it seems, is one not to be used thoughtlessly. We are apt to think of the alien among us as a not yet naturalized immigrant, and in most cases this is correct. In point of fact, however, there exist in our States an unsuspected number of aliens who were born here under the Stars and Stripes and educated in all our national ideals. In their earliest decades they were classed, and truly were, native Americans like the most legitimate of us. Now, however, they are classed, and legally *are,* aliens. A few years ago I myself thus denaturalized one of my countrymen of Puritan

stock, born and educated in Massachusetts, who at the time had been for several years a successful physician in Boston. It did not take long, certainly not more than fifteen minutes. "How was it done?" Simply by reading in the presence of witnesses the marriage service of our church. As a legal and happy result the Massachusetts physician at once became the wife of an estimable citizen of Switzerland, and by force of law an alien. Somewhat later the bridegroom, who is an architect of high standing, completed his process of naturalization, whereupon in an instant the two aliens became citizens of our Republic, one of them of course for the second time. What claptrap orator among us, hissing out the word "alien" with opprobrious intent, stops to think of the large but inconspicuous multitude of such twice-born women, women of his very own blood and breeding, who in pure new homes of their own, are by their precious personal influence, and by their mothering of children of the most patriotic type, doing day by day more to unify and morally improve the country than all the oratory of twenty candidating congressmen? Such America-born Anglo-Saxon wives and mothers, even while aliens, should be given the highest place on the roll of the honorary life members of our home mission organizations. Why have we not sought them out and elected them, and thus delighted them with a strengthening consciousness of good fellowship in their lifework and ours?

• • •

Just now at the sixth hour, and at almost every other, the hue and cry is for the utter suppression in our land of every tongue but the English. Born of an immemorial line of Englishmen, on an estate bequeathed from father to son from the time it was first won from New England aborigines, I ought to appreciate the meaning and the ground of this cry. I think I do, but let me meditate a little.

Sixty years ago, on the deck of a ship off the west coast of Greece, a Greek merchant labored long to convince me that the United States of America had no just claim to be a nation, and that it never could have until we had a language exclusively, or at least originally, our own. Englishmen had a language and thus were entitled to nationality; so too Frenchmen, and Swedes, and

Russians, and Japanese, and Chinese, and best of all Greeks, with their immortal language and literature. Vainly I spoke of my country's rich and rightful heritage in English literature and law and social institutions. In his eyes this heritage only rendered more certain the perpetuation of a merely parasitic life and made impossible a truly national spirit. When I spoke of the impossibility of inventing an adequate new language and of getting it spoken by millions of people already possessed of a prized vernacular, he argued that as a first step our government ought to have the good sense to appoint a commission of learned men to study the various tongues of the American redmen and to select the one most improvable for introduction into our schools and courts. In this way in the brief course of two or three generations our great and fatal desideratum would be met. Of course the man's contention was ridiculous and self-refuted in advance, for only by agreeing upon a third language alien to both of ours could the Greek friend and myself converse at all. But since that far off day history has given us a more effective refutation of all such "one flag one language" zealots. It is seen in the fact that from that day to this the people of the unilingual Greek kingdom have been content to be ruled by foreign kings and courts, and under these have become well nigh a zero in the family of nations. On the other hand look at trilingual Switzerland, part of whose cantons use vernacularly the French tongue, part the German and part the Italian. In the Grisons canton and neighborhood more than 40,000 speak yet a fourth language, the Rhaeto-Romance. Nevertheless—or perhaps I should say because of this stimulus to mutual fairdealing—through all these years she has maintained the most faultless government in Europe. Her patriotism has been proverbial, and in the published judgment of James Bryce, she "is now the most successful democracy in the world." The very variety and superiority of her people's linguistic equipment is one of the reasons which in our time have led the civilized states of the two hemispheres to ask multilingual Switzerland to become their one international clearing house for postal matters and thus the one head postoffice of the planet. There was a time when England could have gotten on in a way with a single tongue, but

when she became an empire on which the sun never sets she came to have excellent use for a hundred tongues, and only by reason of them is she to-day what she is to the world and to the kingdom of Christ. England's language is praiseworthy, beyond doubt the most cosmopolitan of all, but our America will never discharge her duties in the now emerging world-state, or in the fast oncoming tasks of world evangelization, unless her people are each day free to use, and eager to use, whatever tongue is best adapted to the task of the day. Would that someone among our editors would elaborate this truth and impress it upon our people.

• • •

There is another matter to which the attention of our excited Philo-Anglo-Saxonian--American hyphenates should be called lest haply they be found guilty of a grave oversight. As a church, and as a nation, we have fallen into the bad habit of calling enterprises and institutions that are purely American by names that are utterly un-American. For example, certain American Methodists in Cleveland start a school or a chapel for the benefit of their neighbors, and of themselves as well, and straightway a "*Bohemian*" mission is heralded. If other American Methodists establish in the same street an orphanage for the benefit of native-born American children in whom the founders are interested, straightway we have on our American soil a "French," or "German," or other like-named institution. Though every person responsible for the starting of the mission or the orphanage may have been born in America, with English as his vernacular, we effectually conceal the fact by the transoceanic name bestowed. In this way too we have whole Annual Conferences bearing misleading national names, Conferences in which there is not, nor ever has been, a preacher bearing allegiance to the nation suggested by the Conference appellation. Surely this should be remedied at the earliest practicable date. Our bilingual Conferences, whose members are so superior to ordinary preachers as to be able to use two tongues in the service of our Lord, ought to prize the distinctive term "bilingual" in their Conference name, and all other Conferences should delight to pay them that rare honor.

But right here the question is raised as to the legitimacy of

any such Conferences at all. Are not editors and even bishops calling aloud for their immediate disbanding? I must meditate some more. Perhaps a little retrospect will help. A hundred years ago the little missionary work discoverable in the religious life of our land was organized and carried on by interested individual men and women, who organized themselves into voluntary societies, self-governed by the trustees and managing boards elected by vote of the contributing members. The chief such voluntary society of a denomination was known as the "Parent Society," and for revenue its main dependence was upon so-called "auxiliary societies," organized in different places, whose membership-fees and collections were forwarded to the parent organization. In harmony with this prevailing policy certain members of our own church, on the fifth of April, 1819, organized for our communion a self-governing missionary society with an annual membership fee of two dollars. This is the event whose Centenary we are about celebrating. In time the society brought the church to realize that world-evangelization, far from being an enterprise for amateur clubs, was and is precisely the great commission of the Church Universal, and of each branch thereof. Thereupon, in 1872, our General Conference, not without my approving vote, organized a Church Board to take over and carry on the work of the "Missionary Society." Later, for better administration, this board was supplanted by two others, one for our home missions and one for the foreign.

These changes were decidedly radical, but of most happy effect. They automatically made every Annual Conference, as such, an effective "auxiliary" of the parent Board. Also made every church member a contributor to the strength of an auxiliary. How seldom has one of our church journals pointed out to its readers the significance of these changes and their high promise! How seldom has any of our leaders ever raised the question, What is the ideal of a Mission Board Auxiliary, and to what extent does the Annual Conference answer to that ideal? As I see it, the ideal auxiliary to our Home Mission Board would be one spiritually generated in the very field of the Board's operations. If besides contributing to the revenues of the Board it could cover a liberal

annual budget of its own, it would win the admiration of all beholders. If, still farther, it could act as an executive organ of the Board in the steady on-carrying of its work, organizing and conserving the fruits thereof, and if still further, it could all the while act as a Training School, annually furnishing the Board with the trained workers needed, surely this would quite overpass every idea of an auxiliary entertained by our fathers of a hundred years ago. Even to-day, what honor would not The American Bible Society accord to such an auxiliary. But under our present law each of our Annual Conferences at home and abroad answers to this ideal. How inspiring the thought that they now number one hundred and thirty-four, and that they are scattered through continents. In our land they fall into three distinct classes: (A) Those whose members claim an Anglo-Saxon descent and are prepared to serve English-speaking churches only. (B) Those whose members are bilingual and so prepared to minister to our members of other tongues and to their English-speaking children. (C) Those designated in our Discipline as Colored.

Now from this particular housetop it looks decidedly strange that certain zealots in the field of language are clamoring for the disbanding of the one group of these Home Board Auxiliaries through which the Board is enabled to work with effect toward the end aimed at by said zealots. Group B have been and are eighteen training schools engaged in fitting choice young men for service in mission fields unworkable by the Board itself because of linguistic barriers. Why in the name of common sense should these schools now be closed?

Two reasons have been urged. (1) The Annual Conferences of Group B overlap those of Group A; therefore it is said simplification of church machinery demands their disbanding. But do not the Conferences of Group C equally overlap those of Group A? If the argument is of any weight in the one case it is in the other. (2) Next it is said that the supreme present task of our Home Board and of the Church is the linguistic and racial unification of the millions of our population into one homogeneous nation. Very good. I agree, but if this means the disbanding of all included in Group B, it yet more means the disbanding of the larger number

of Conferences included in Group C. Let us preserve a little show of self consistency.

If I were a member of the Home Board I would ask the Church to go slow in the demand for the disbanding of eighteen such auxiliaries as constitute Group B. Within six months incalculable new tides of immigrants will be rolling in upon us. When the true time for disbanding comes our bilingual leaders will be only too ready to welcome it. In any case their judgment on the question of time will be many times more intelligent than that of any impulsive scribe who has never been seen in one of our bilingual missions, and who has never invited a bilingual brother to give him a social half hour at the tea-table.

Hark! Already the seventh hour? I little thought of so long a meditation. However, there is still time for a prayer before I go down into the cramped and twisted perspectives of the crowded street:

O Thou all-highest Ruler of the universe, who before the mountains were brought forth didst appoint to all coming nations the bounds of their habitation, we humbly confess that we and our fathers have ofttimes forgotten thy righteous dominion, and have offensively proclaimed our "manifest destiny" to hold in this New World the preeminence.

Help us deeply to repent, and to amend our ways.

Father of the Human Family, who lendest an impartial ear to the prayers and prattlings of thy children of every tongue, and who hast prepared for each racial unit a home in thy many mansions on high, we most penitently confess that we and our fathers of the pale-face clan have agelong and most grievously sinned against our brothers of ruddier and more colorful faces, and so against thee.

Help us deeply to repent, and to amend our ways.

Lord Christ, who for our saving didst come hither to thine own, but wast not received, who for our sakes wast a stranger in thine own earth, but wast not taken in, we have to confess that we of this day and of this land, though children all of immigrants, have not obeyed thine ancient law and made the stranger among us "even as the home born." We of the dominant tongue especially have sadly failed to appreciate at its full worth what men, women

and children commanding additional tongues have done and are doing for the temporal and eternal wellbeing of our countrymen.

Help us deeply to repent, and to amend our ways.

O Thou God of all quiet housetops, and of all shell-torn trenches, Lord of all Easterners and all Westerners, of all Northerners and all Southerners, we thank thee that thou hast caused us to become a brotherhood of ecumenical principles and of ecumenical resources. Grant that we may ever keep in full view the ecumenical consummation set forth in thy holy Word. Guard us from miopic leadership. Keep us from all provincialisms, racialisms, and other forms of self-conceit. May we glory to be, not sons of Japhet, but sons of the Son of Man. Marvelous gospel victories in thy and our many tongues, in thy and our many lands, have marked this closing first century of our missionary endeavor. We give thee heartiest thanks; and with all other units of thy Church militant and triumphant, unitedly cry:

Glory be unto the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

William F. Warren.[1]

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[1] A contributor to this Review during sixty-two years: an unequaled record.

THE GENERALSHIP OF MARSHAL FOCH

Why should a preacher be interested in such a theme as this—especially a preacher who is so anti-militaristic as to believe that the most justifiable war is one which in some real sense wars against war itself? The reasons for interest in the leadership of Marshal Foch are various. Leadership is always interesting, and leaders of the highest rank in whatever sphere act on principles more or less alike. Moreover, leadership in modern war must somehow bring forth the deepest characteristics of the warring nation and set them into clearest expression. To understand France in these days of close international fellowship we must understand the French leaders. Again, the student of social institutions has been inclined to dismiss too summarily the human phenomenon of high military ability. We have in the case of Foch an intellect working in a national crisis at top speed and with astonishing precision. Very often we assume that in peace tasks we shall have the same putting forth of energy by highly endowed individuals whenever a crisis arises; but our assumption may not be warranted. Or it may rest upon an inadequate realization of the quantity and quality of the leader's energy. The seeker for peace is so repelled by the horrible aspects of the warrior's task that he may dismiss lightly the warrior's ability. But this is a mistake. For constructive as well as destructive tasks there is required the most enormous putting forth of intellectual force. One problem in constructive leadership is to let loose enough energy of leadership. We are always clamoring for leadership in such constructive fields. It would be well for the most radical pacifist to study as sympathetically as possible the performance of the higher military leadership viewed, if from no other angle, just as a manifestation of deadly intellectual force called forth under national stress.

Before July, 1914, Ferdinand Foch was known in France as a foremost teacher of the art of war. Born in 1851, called to serve his country in the Franco-Prussian War, he had lived in an

atmosphere of war from his youth; and under the perpetual menace to France of the Prussianism to the east he had from his early twenties dedicated himself to the mastery of the means by which to save France in an evil day that might at any time dawn. His abilities as a teacher were so early recognized, and he was so soon placed in position to shape the thought of the men called to the official posts of the French army that it is not too much to say that the great war has from the side of France been fought throughout on the principles of Foch. If the reader cares for a glimpse at the quality of the Foch mind let him read a chapter or two of Foch's Principles of War—recently translated. If the reader's wits have grown a little sluggish through easy reading no better tonic can be recommended than to sit down with this book and its charts and follow through some of the criticisms of the Napoleonic and Franco-Prussian campaigns. And yet for a work of this kind the thought is always clear and the style always vital and enkindling.

The outward events of the Marshal's life have been well enough known. When the German attack began Foch was at Nancy serving under Castelnau. The critics have debated for four years as to the credit for the repulse of the German hosts in the series of engagements which are together called the Battle of the Marne. Was the decisive part played by Castelnau in holding the heights near Nancy, by Manoury in striking at the exposed flank of Von Kluck in front of Paris, or by Foch in hitting out at the weakened German center near Fere-Champenoise? The debate will go on as long as men discuss war. But there can be no doubt of the decisiveness of Foch's blow. Foch had so shown his ability under Castelnau that he was hurried to the Marne on the very eve of the most momentous crisis in the war, given command of some improvised units, and then practically left to his own discretion. After his own troops had been badly hammered on both flanks he discerned the weakening of the German lines in front of his center due to the need of reinforcing Von Kluck. Striking quickly at the weakened German line, he gave the initial impulse to the retreat which stopped only at the Aisne. From that day to this the career of Foch has been in the full light—the skillful

cooperation with the army of Marshal French in the battles in Flanders, the advisory relation with the Italian army which helped stay the tide of crushing Austrian advance, the staff work with the French, and finally the supreme command of the Allies by which in seven months he pushed the Germany army from the summit of victory to practically unconditional surrender. With all allowance for scores and hundreds of indispensable cooperating factors it must still be said that the generalship of Foch was the unifying and directing force without which the separate factors would have wrought in vain. A leadership like this is at least worth looking at.

Modern warfare practically dates from Napoleon Bonaparte; and Germany, most severely handled by Napoleon, was the first to discern the change which had come to warfare through the French Revolution and the campaigns of Napoleon. Clausewitz—whose book on war was the bible of Prussian militarism—writing in the first quarter of the nineteenth century laid down the principle that henceforth wars could not be the casual clashes of the hired forces of kings, but that they must be the acts of whole peoples. The response of the whole French people to the leadership of Napoleon had taught that lesson. Clausewitz went on to affirm next that war is just a continuation of the policy of a nation followed in peace by industry or diplomacy, and in war carried forward by force of arms. Prussian militarism all rests upon this principle. Bernhardi and his ilk were nothing in their effectiveness compared to the man who had written almost a hundred years before then. Finally Clausewitz laid down three principles for the conduct of war itself. First and foremost, the aim must be to destroy the enemy army; secondly, the purpose must be to destroy the enemy's economic resources, and thirdly, the public opinion of an enemy nation must be overwhelmed in consciousness of complete defeat. On these foundation stones Prussian militarism was built up—war being thenceforth the chief and most serious business of the whole nation—war to prepare for Prussian leadership in peace, and peace to prepare for Prussian victory in war.

It was not until after 1870 that France really comprehended

the danger to herself in Prussian militarism. After Sedan she saw that it was the purpose of Germany to keep her in permanent weakness and inferiority—and that increase of strength on the French side would be the signal for increase of aggression on the German side. Then France, largely under the leadership of Foch himself, gave herself to the study of Napoleonic principles of war. Her task was set for her by the numerical superiority of the German Empire and by the method of warfare resulting from that superiority. The method evoked by the Germans in a hundred years of study was that of envelopment. Taking advantage of superiority of numbers it was the plan of the German General Staff to sweep on to an attack with a widely extended front. As soon as they struck an opposing army they would simply swing around on both flanks and surround the enemy. Such a plan, of course, is a direct method of using material superiority, and was impossible to the French through lack of numbers. So that the French method, under Foch, became that of the development of a plan of Napoleon known as the *bataillon carré*—literally, squared battalion—the troops advancing to the attack not on a widely extended front but arranged somewhat like an immense square, or with the weight of the army back of the attacking line ready to be thrown to one side or the other as need might arise. In a word, the Napoleonic principle is simply that of keeping back a large mass of reserves to be used wherever they can count most. By the use of this principle in the hands of a wise general the numerically weaker force can have a stronger force at a particular time and place, and thus stand a chance of victory. It was this method of the use of reserves that Marshal Foch brought to the highest pitch of development. It was the method that Joffre used at the first battle of the Marne, when with a numerically weaker force he deliberately broke off contact with the Germans, retreated to ground of his own choosing, and then as the battle showed a weak place in front of Foch gave Foch authority to strike the blow which saved Paris and the world. Of course, this method can be used only when the commander has the control unified in his own hands, so that he can order reserves from any part of the whole field of war; but the method bears fruit at once

as soon as such unified command is attained. When Foch was made generalissimo last spring he waited just long enough for Americans to arrive in sufficient numbers to make safe the use of his reserves—French, British and American. Then he struck and kept on striking till just the other day. Now this method required intellectual and moral ability of the first order; intellectual, to handle the total fighting strength of three or four nations effectively and economically; moral, to hold oneself in perfect self-control until the striking of the fateful hour. While Napoleon invented the method, Foch has developed it and used it on a scale of which Napoleon could not have dreamed.

The method, as we have said, is preeminently intellectual. It aims at making brains supplement the lack of numbers. A considerable mistake anywhere means ruin, for while the method in statement is simple enough the execution of the method requires the utmost skill. When the war closed, Foch had under his direction and command the forces of France, England, Italy, and the overseas units of America. A mistake anywhere would have meant the loss of scores of thousands of lives of men and serious setback to the allied cause. Moreover, Foch always acted on the Napoleonic dictum that in war the moral force is to the physical as three to one, and strove always at creating a certain type of mood in his own troops and the opposite mood in the mind of his enemy. In other words, he was always struggling not so much for mastery over the bodies of men as over their minds. He has said that an army is never defeated as long as it does not think itself defeated. His purpose was to keep his own men always in the mood of attack and to keep his enemy in the mood of being attacked. Paradoxical as it may sound, he has acted on the principle that the weaker force numerically should take the initiative in attack and should cling to the initiative as a matter of life and death. He has assumed that with the requisite brains in leadership attack is more economical of men and productive of results than defense; and this largely because of the difference between the mood of the attackers and that of the attacked. The world has seldom, if ever, seen a greater manifestation of power to put one's own will upon followers and enemies alike than that shown

by Marshal Foch from the day he took supreme command of the allied armies. There was a change of mood on the part of the allies almost from the day he took charge. Recall for a moment how desperate the situation was: The Fifth British Army driven thirty-five miles from its positions—Amiens under German shell-fire and the separation of the British from the French armies all but a certainty. Foch's first word was that he could guarantee the safety of Amiens. That word put the allied world in the mood of patient waiting till the generalissimo had his force in hand—though in the meantime the German hosts pushed within four days' march of Paris and nearly grasped the Channel ports. Allied newspapers were taking the fall of Paris and the Channel ports as almost certain. It is not altogether surprising to recall how little criticism of Foch there was. The patience was abundantly rewarded, for when Foch finally seized the initiative he kept it to the end—straightening out first the bulge in the German lines nearest Paris, then the Mondidier salient, then the salients to the north. Striking now at the south and now in the north and now in the center, he kept his own men in the mood of attack and left his enemies no leisure—in spite of the wonderful military excellence of the German General Staff—except to wonder where the next blow would fall. Inasmuch as the decision required at the time Foch came to supreme command had to be military it is not too much to say that during the seven months of fighting his was the most compelling single will at work in a world at war.

With Foch the emphasis is always on the human element. War with him is not a struggle between blind material forces—between guns and trenches, between different sets of strategic positions—but it is rather a struggle between conflicting wills. There was a period in the war—in the pre-Fochian days—when men spoke of the huge struggle as if it were just a vast wallowing wrestle between numerical masses—the greater of which must in the end inevitably win. In a contest prepared for by aeroplane photographs the element of surprise was supposed to have dropped out altogether. Even before the war broke out it is significant that English military schools were studying the campaigns of General Ulysses S. Grant for the light they throw on the problem

of the straight-away direct handling of huge masses of men. One of the most notable military treatises produced in England in the fifteen years preceding the war was a study of Grant's campaigns from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, by C. T. Atkinson. Now, while Grant's fame has been greatly enhanced since the present war—due to his force in handling masses and due to his consistent grasp on the central idea that the enemy's army, rather than any place in the enemy's territory, is the true objective, and due finally to his practice of unceasing attack—yet Grant did not trouble himself much to surprise his foe except as he might surprise him by the sheer weight and doggedness of his attack. The Grant attack was often along the whole line. His word was "attrition," which Joffre changed to "nibbling." The Grant idea—whether the leaders thought of Grant or not—seems to have been much in mind, especially of the English generals, during the middle period of the war. There seemed little justification in aiming at surprise. Spies were everywhere. A series of photographs from flying machines could reveal the secrets of the most ingenious camouflage. What was the use? There seemed no recourse except to order up the big guns to the place where the attack was to be launched, to pound the enemy trenches to dust as a preparation for the infantry attack. By the time the bombardment was over, of course, all the German reserves within reach were ready for the oncoming of the assailants. To two men—one French, one English—belongs the credit of finding the way to restore the element of surprise in the war. General Neville conceived the idea of battering down the enemy trenches, not by a prolonged bombardment, which would notify all the German army of the proposed attack, but by a short fire of terrific intensity to be finished before German reserves could arrive. Neville failed. His method did not make possible a victorious approach by French troops. In fact, it led to their slaughter in the great battle where the method was tried out. But Neville's failure was not in the idea but in the execution. The Neville idea was greatly improved upon and made use of later by Foch. But General Byng of the Third British Army discovered even a more effective method. At the Battle of Cambrai, in November, 1917, General Byng massed

tanks in front of the German line with such secrecy that when he finally marched upon the Germans without preliminary bombardment he broke clear through and reached the open country behind. The fact that the British themselves seem to have been so taken by surprise as not to be able to follow up the results of this tank attack does not detract from the merit of Byng's discovery itself. Byng made one of the great decisive contributions to the success of the war. Foch seems to have seized upon both the Byng and Neville methods in his great offensive. But even with these methods—and with all others that he might be able to use—think of being able to surprise the German army repeatedly during a period of seven months! Of course, an attack on the whole German front at any one time was manifestly impossible except when the German army was in full retreat. But Foch produced the same effect as with a general attack. The Germans never knew where the next blow was to fall—and so each unit was pinned down to staying where it was. The German advantage of interior lines was thus in large part nullified. No matter who invented the surprise methods, to Foch belongs the credit of surpassing skill in using them. He had to keep the air fighters so at work as to free the air of German photographing planes, he had to thwart the spy system, he had to move scores of thousands of men up and down his lines, shuttling them back and forth from position to position so secretly that German Headquarters could get no inkling as to their destination or even as to their movement. A very interesting feature of the Foch campaigns has been the inability of war critics to guess in advance where the next Foch blow would fall. This war has produced some very able war critics, and the rules of censorship have not been so tight as to forbid these students from publishing forecasts of coming maneuvers. Many of these prophecies have seemed almost uncanny in their correctness. But with Foch the military prophets have notably failed. Yet when the result has declared itself the critics have unanimously applauded! To get any just perspective on this point we must remind ourselves constantly that this war was not fought in a corner, but that literally the whole world was watching in breathless suspense, and that the ablest minds were cudgeling themselves

for an answer as to what the leaders would do next. Of course, as soon as the Foch plan translated itself into deed it seemed so simple that it appeared as if any one might have thought of it. Such simplicity, however, is always characteristic of the highest intellectual achievement. Of all the great things done by the human mind the average man is apt to say: "That is easy. I could have done that myself, if I had thought of it." Of no leadership is the simplicity after the event clearer than that of Foch.

Another element of Foch's doctrine of war is worthy of mention—namely, his conception of discipline. With him discipline is not wholly or even largely the mastery of military routine. It is such training of the powers of mind as to be able to comprehend not merely what the orders command, but to grasp the purpose of the orders in such a fashion as to enter into thorough understanding of the mind of the superior officer. With Foch it is not a matter of a subordinate's merely doing what he is told, but of his understanding why he is told to move to a particular result. This severe training of understanding includes the power to put one's own preconceptions to one side and to see the problem in an objective fashion. Further, when the subordinate has developed the power of ready comprehension he is free to carry out the orders in his own way. Probably no commander of our time has left more to the judgment of subordinates than Foch. It is presumably due to this conception of discipline as training in really creative effort that France has made such a record in high command during the war. There are practically no instances of glaring mistakes—no bad blunders during all the four years. To the same cause may also be due the freedom of Foch and of his generals from some of the vices of military thinking—such as the mental ossification which so often results from working under orders and according to routine; and such as the one-sidedness which results from the overemphasis on purely military considerations. The French military system has shown surprising flexibility. At the beginning of the war we all thought of the French fighter as indeed marvelous in actual onslaught; but we wondered if the French would fight wisely and economically when

it became necessary to hold lines with a minimum of loss. A French major on the Verdun front told the writer of this article that his unit of twelve hundred men had once passed an eight-day period in the trenches, under fire, with a loss of only five men killed. It remains to add almost as a matter of course that a large part of the spirit of the French army comes from the confidence of the poilus not only in the intellectual ability but in the character of the higher officer. Foch's devotion to duty, which with him is a living fact and not a moral abstraction, is reinforced by religious zeal and by avowed dependence upon prayer.

The object of this article—as stated at the outset—is first of all just to attempt to see the generalship of this man who is the outstanding figure among the armies of the world at a time of unprecedented crisis. The student of social affairs is too often inclined to disparage military leadership. Merely to pause long enough to look at such leadership often seems to him to overvalue it. That the world is prone to overvalue the "great captain with his guns and drums" is distressingly true. But the social student should learn to face facts as they are, and the fact is that society is so organized that in times of world war military genius of a high order is likely to be forthcoming. It is significant in the case of Foch that the genius has been forthcoming in one of the most thoroughgoing democracies in existence. In sheer intellectual forcefulness the French General Staff—coming out of democracy—has shown itself superior to the German General Staff—coming out of monarchy. When the student of social affairs really faces the facts of a civilization storming on at an accelerated rate he may be willing to admit that if our prayers are answered and war ceases forever we shall still need the leadership of exceptional men pushed to the very highest pitch of development. The problem before the world leadership of the next twenty-five years may be more taxing than any that Foch and his generals have had to face. To get the same quality of leadership in these large realms that the French marshal has shown in war, society will have to set itself to develop social leadership in somewhat of the same way that France has developed military leadership. There will be necessary an insistence upon right

leadership as a matter of life and death. In leadership one man is obviously not as good as another. There must be uncompromising insistence upon setting aside the best minds for prolonged and arduous training—upon advancing such minds not by seniority or arbitrary favor, but by merit—upon thrusting such minds into positions even of terrible responsibility and holding them responsible for success—upon creating an atmosphere in which success becomes possible—upon holding before such minds the loftiest ideals of duty conceived of as a Divine Voice. If the days of peace into which, under God, we have come are not to issue in further war, leaders will have to learn to solve the problems of peace by the same desperate consecration of all their power as that with which they have hitherto learned war. Society is plunging ahead upon a perilous course. No merely amateur, or dilettante, or easy-chair leadership will suffice. Happy will the people be if they can find leaders for peace as deeply consecrated to their task as France found for war in Marshal Foch.

Francis J. McConnell

THE NEW PROGRAM OF THE CHURCH: SOME CHRISTIAN VOCATIONS FOR WOMEN

The old world-order passes. Quite certainly the Great War marks the beginning of the end of a certain type of social organization. "What we are witnessing," said Count Okuma of Japan recently, as he gazed from afar on the world's battle field, "is the death of European civilization."

It is not the counsel of despair, for "life is ever lord of death." New forces are being liberated by the conflict in which we are engaged; a new consciousness stirs in society; a mighty determination is born to build a fairer and worthier world. It must be built upon the foundations of the old and with the same social material, but with other arrangement, with a deliberate reordering. Surely this is the day of the church's supreme opportunity; for she holds in her hands the secret of a new world—those teachings concerning brotherhood and mutual service which Jesus gave to the world and made effective by his dynamic life. Now let her shout on the street corners the principles of the gospel; now let her carry on anew her flaming propaganda for their universal application to human society; now let her hold aloft the ideal of a world where life is free; where personality is developed to its highest inherent capacity; where men live as the sons of God, all working for the common welfare, sharing life's common resources, experiencing together the very life of the Infinite. The struggle for the new world order will be less spectacular than warfare, and we shall lack the stimulus which press and pulpit furnish to war-time morale. We shall not need the stimulus. Once the goal is defined and the way made clear we shall be carried forward by our own inner energy and devotion. The ideal, once accepted and worked at, generates its own enthusiasm.

Happily Methodism girds herself for her share of the new task. The Centenary program is her answer to the challenge of our era. That program calls for financial contributions which seem quite staggering in their proportions compared with the

meager "collections" of the past—and we may predict that these contributions will in turn seem puny once the program is under way with its enlarging financial demands. Even more significantly, Methodism is calling for a trained leadership; armies of devoted lives made effective through the discipline of the schools. No Methodist can escape the obligations imposed. We shall all be called upon to give to the limit of our ability; we must all find the place where we can do our bit and our best for the Christian world order. The Christian woman has a distinctive opportunity. Women are acquitting themselves well in the difficult days of war. They are showing unexpected energy and ability in organizing and making effective their traditional devotion. The church will not fail to use this potential power as she essays the Centenary program. Several specific and quite alluring vocations call to the energies of womanhood: Religious Education, Church Secretaryship, Deaconess Work, Social Service, and other forms of missionary work, home and foreign. Each of these vocations has its strong appeal; each one gives opportunity to the woman of dynamic life to function in terms of the new world order.

Religious education as a distinct profession is new and of strategic importance. The whole field of the child's religious training has been neglected in the past. Holding gallantly to our national ideal, the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, we have perhaps inevitably kept religious teaching out of the public schools. The church also has concerned itself chiefly with other matters. We now reap the fruit of our neglect. We are appalled not only at our delinquency statistics, but at the inadequate ethical standards in great groups of our population and at the widespread indifference to the life of the spirit. The church now awakens to the need and the obligation. We begin to see the child in a new light—as the material for the construction of a Christian world. We will "set him in the midst." We will direct a large part of the energy of the church to his instruction and development. This calls for the reorganization of the program of many a local church. There must be provision for teacher training, that those who have to do with the lives of children may know the laws of the child

mind, the principles of teaching, the materials available. There must be the more careful organization of the church school; the use of business methods; worship adapted to the child's needs. The program reaches out toward a children's church; toward coöperation with the homes; toward community recreation. Eventually, perhaps, there must be correlation of the church school with the public school system. Where new churches are being built the Sunday school now has large consideration, and many churches are being remodeled in the interest of most effective children's work. At last we set ourselves with energy to the development of spiritual personalities. Thus the place for this new vocation. Woman has the opportunity to extend the teaching profession, hers by right of occupation, to include religious education.

Another Christian vocation is that of church secretary. In making the world Christian the local churches must be largely responsible for the communities which they serve; hence the urgent demand for church efficiency. Some of our more progressive churches now have regularly equipped offices with card catalogue and filing systems, bookkeeping, and provision for stenographic help. Such an office calls for a secretary. A qualified business woman behind the scenes of church activity making the wheels revolve smoothly adds greatly to the church's power, and thus has to do with the regeneration of the community. If the church secretary has also professional religious training she can be of even wider service. Her mornings may be spent in the church office and her afternoons or evenings in activities which even more directly touch the social and spiritual life of the community, such as clubs for boys and girls, mothers' meetings, pastoral calling. In many a community a large spiritual ministry awaits the woman thus trained to serve.

A third church profession is that of deaconess. Older women in deaconess ranks recall the thrill with which they first heard of the new movement—the church opening an avenue of service to women who had hitherto been restricted to so-called secular work. To have their living provided—a living however simple—so that they might be free to help minister to unprivileged folk whom the church had hitherto been inclined to neglect!

Gifted young women left their homes and school rooms and business places to become "servants of the church"; or, as the modern Phœbe likes to put it, "helpers of a serving church." The opportunity now enlarges; the possibilities of service increase. Community ministry, religious education, church secretaryship, work among foreigners, child welfare work, superintendency of institutions, travelers' aid, police woman's service, nursing—these are some of the activities engaged in by deaconesses and in which a whole army of women could be used. Why should not one thousand college and normal trained women offer their lives, or a sector of their lives—three years, perhaps, or five—to the Board of Home Missions and the Board of Sunday Schools as deaconesses?

Then there is the regular profession of social worker. In many communities the philanthropic and social activities are carried on by non-church organizations. Of such there has been a great increase in the last two decades. Charity organizations, settlements, welfare societies of various sorts in the large cities call for superintendents and assistants. New fields open, such as public welfare bureaus and employment management. Sometimes a smaller town has a social service bureau superintended by a woman who, by virtue of her position, becomes big sister to the whole community. Such positions are often filled from the technical schools of social work and usually no stipulation is made regarding church connection. Increasingly, however, applications for social workers come to our church training schools. The woman whose Christian life functions most spontaneously through social activities will welcome such an opportunity to serve her fellow men, and the community will profit immeasurably if its social worker has the religious outlook.

Nor is the church leaving professional social work wholly in the hands of non-church organizations. Groups of churches sometimes employ a social service director whose duty it is to discover to Christian groups the social needs of the community and to correlate the work of the church with social agencies; to lead both the church and the community to the realization of the Christian life. The community church, of which we are hearing much in con-

nection with the Centenary campaign, calls in some cases for an entire staff of workers—deaconesses, secretaries, directors of various church and community activities—a development full of significance for the new day. Other opportunities open in both home and foreign fields. The "new home missions" is not content with half-way measures. It will survey the field, take inventory of our resources and liabilities, and set to work at the task of making America a Christian democracy. The home missionary program calls for thorough-going work in city and rural community, among immigrants and in industrial groups. City churches face the task of city redemption; a service which demands not only the preaching of the gospel but the doing of it, which has to do with children's play and youth's education, with courts and police stations, with factory and with city hall. Our cities must become places of civic and social righteousness, as safe for childhood and youth as country lanes, as wholesome for men as country fields—cities beautiful, where men in common effort for the common good "practice the presence of God." The rural church, which has ever sought to minister to the spiritual needs of men, begins now to see the implications of that ministry; stirs itself to a task which includes better country homes and schools, more wholesome and stimulating country life, and does not fear to approach the troublesome questions of the middleman, of cooperative effort, of land ownership, since these things also have to do with the spirits of men. It contemplates the Christianized countryside as an important part of the Christian world.

In both city and rural community the church confronts the immigrant. We have been inclined to overlook this opportunity at our doorsteps. America entertains unaware marvelous folk whose gifts she needs, descendants of nations of famous cultures, as the Greeks and the Italians, youthful peoples, like the Russians, on their way up to new and idealistic forms of government. The new program inevitably includes a spiritual mission to these groups; by helping lift their burdens which are very great, the church must win contact with them. American ideals, in as far as they are the ideals of the gospel, must be imparted to them. They must be induced to contribute to our spiritual life as they are al-

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ready aiding in our economic development. Out of the melting pot must come an America truly democratic and truly Christian.

And industry must be Christianized. It is the most stupendous task contemplated by the new program; upon its accomplishment hangs the very fate of the new world order. In the Social Creed the church has declared her social principles, which, followed out, lead on toward the Christian commonwealth. She will put the leaven of the gospel of brotherhood and service at the very heart of modern industry.

There is to-day also a new foreign missions. It carries forward in a more thoroughgoing program the work gallantly begun by pioneer missionaries. It does not abate its earnest effort to save the souls of peoples of the non-Christian world—but it sees the relation between the physical and the spiritual; it concerns itself with the death rate of babies in Africa, with the recreation of Japanese children; with the uplift of Hindu women, with the living conditions of Chinese coolies. It combats with scientific method Indian famine, Chinese floods, and unhygienic living in the Philippines. It sees the quick development of factory production on the rim of China and Africa and South America, and sets itself against the coming of industrial exploitation. It recognizes the emerging democracy in China, the nationalist movement in India, the aspirations toward self-government in South Africa. Especially it devotes increasing amounts of money and energy to educational programs in all missionary countries. It assumes now a certain responsibility for internationalism; missionaries are among the prime promoters of that fellowship of peoples without which no League of Nations can endure.

The enlarging tasks in home and foreign fields call for women of initiative and far vision and spiritual power trained for the specific duties involved. The old world-order passes. Wanted—women to help the church as she enters upon the God-appointed task of making on earth that new world which Jesus called "the Kingdom of God."

Winifred L. Chappell

PASTORAL SCHOLARSHIP

We are still suspicious of scholarship because of the mistaken idea that it means dry-as-dust pedantry. But scholarship is the accurate and thorough understanding and mastery of a subject with ability to apply the knowledge to the needs of life. Why should it be thought incredible that one who knows fully is therefore capable of doing effectively? The facts do not warrant such an ungenerous conclusion. Moses was able to lead a helpless people out of slavery into liberty because he had a disciplined mind. Paul rescued Christianity from entering into a sectarian rut because he was a well equipped scholar. It was the learning of Athanasius which qualified him to defend the Christian faith against those who threatened to undermine its essential glory. Chrysostom was such a mighty preacher because of his scholarly distinction. It was his clear vision that gave audacity and persuasiveness to Savonarola's preaching. Wycliffe was the acknowledged leader of sacred learning so that his influence was felt not only in England but also on the continent through men like Huss the scholar and martyr, who propagated the evangel of redemption. Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Knox wielded the weapon of learning in exposing ecclesiastical abuse and religious corruption, and opening the doors of liberty to the captives of sin and superstition. The Puritan leaders like Browne, Baxter, and Robinson were noted for their wide scholarship, and their power cannot be explained apart from it. We are not able adequately to understand the great awakening under Jonathan Edwards if we disregard his intellectual keenness. It was the university training of John Wesley which made him distinguished as evangelist, teacher, organizer, and leader. It was the trained mind of John Henry Newman which gave him such a hold on those who listened to him. The same was true of Phillips Brooks and of many others, whose honored names could be cited. Every advance made by Christianity during the centuries has been due to the labors of scholarly men in the pulpit. And yet, while scholarship is re-

garded with respect it is curiously considered to be a handicap in the work of the pastorate. Men with any reputation of scholarship are promptly supposed to be disqualified for the practical affairs of the kingdom of God. Professor Foakes Jackson, writing from an extensive experience of teaching in English universities, states that "the church is in grievous danger of having a ministry whose supposed practical efficiency has been purchased at the expense of remaining ignorant and slovenly in mind." He goes on to say that one of the heresies of the age is the belief that scholarly, scientific, and intellectual gifts are incompatible with administrative ability. He further insists that voices of ignorant piety and shortsighted expediency must not be allowed to dictate the policies of the church, unless we want to be handicapped in the work of reconstruction during the coming days. This strange condition of mind which thinks more of superficial efficiency than of thorough effectiveness is partly due to the spirit of the age which insists on quick results, is satisfied with "Christianity in capsules," and is impatient of large views which require close attention and sustained thought. We place more value on methods than on ideals, on deeds than on motives, and do not consider the wholeness and fullness of truth. We thus discountenance the bearing of culture on character. And culture, according to Huxley, "means something different from learning or technical skill. It implies the possession of an ideal and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by a theoretic standard." It has therefore come to pass that "the minister is not so much prophet and priest of God as an administrative officer of a philanthropic and humanitarian institution, which he is competent to execute."[1]

The easy satisfaction with the institutional side of religion was bound to react disastrously on its inspirational side. The day of reckoning came upon us with a surprise, and sooner than we expected. When the war broke out the church found itself unprepared to cope with the tragedy and many of its leaders realized that its impulses and influences were not directed in right channels. The pulpit had largely become an echo of the times instead of being a voice to the times, uttering its message with prophetic

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[1] A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion, p. 735.

power, to compel at least its professedly sympathetic hearers to guide their lives in accord with the imperative requirements of Christian truth. The pulpit was not occupied by men of commanding personality who could be "the rulers of the peoples," as were some of the princes of the pulpit of former days. As a matter of fact, more impressive preaching was done outside the pulpit, and ever since the war the authoritative utterances have been heard on platforms. This should not be the case. The platform need not be a rival of the pulpit but a partner in the work of education and inspiration, and their noble efforts should be supplemented by the press. Our concern in this article is with the pulpit. The plea is for more intellectual preaching which should appeal to the reason, the emotions, and the will. We need "clear and definite instruction" which will give Christians a view of the wholeness of life and obligation, and build them up in the faith, so as to fortify them against the delusions of counterfeit creeds and fantastic beliefs. It is really a reflection on the inadequate teaching of the Christian church that so many should be turning to spiritualists and mediums for a clear word concerning the fate of those whom they have loved and lost. Reports come from the Front that an alarming number of men have no vital connection with the church and that many who profess to be members of it show pitiful ignorance of the very elements of the Christian faith. Such a volume of essays as "The Church in the Furnace" shows the true state of affairs. By the side of these conclusions let us listen to a layman whose views are both scathing and searching. "With rare exceptions our pulpits are so incoherent, so devoid of any great unifying purpose or scientific plan. To try to gather equipment for some virile Christian conduct from the sermons one hears is like seeking an education from the pages of Tit-Bits. The pulpit is now and again a flashlight, turning its uncertain beams on great national crises, social convulsions, hectic personal experiences; sometimes it is a farthing dip illuminating age-long cobwebs out of the recesses of a dusty bushel; what we look for is a clear, steady radiance on the whole pathway of life, a consistent reflection of that Light which 'lighteth every man coming into the world.'" In view of these circumstances, we need hardly

fly up the red flag of danger from "over-emphasis upon the intellectual side." Our crying need is that of trained and informed men, whose ability would not neutralize nor nullify their spiritual usefulness but increase it. It is an unwarranted assumption, said C. Silvester Horne, "that prophetic power in the pulpit especially attaches to the preacher whose heart is full and whose head is empty." Dr. Coffin, the latest of the Yale lecturers on preaching, declared: "Never had men in the pulpit more urgent need of a thorough and ever-continuing education in history, in philosophy, in economics, and of as thorough a knowledge of living men and women." In his inaugural address as president of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. McGiffert said: "This is not the time to seek easy roads or short cuts into the ministry, or to clamor for an abbreviation of the theological course. It is a time that is calling for thoroughly trained men, men fitted to grapple with problems as baffling as ever faced the church of Christ." Thus only can the leadership of the church command respect and secure worthy following and support. This leadership, which largely belongs to the preachers, requires of them not only technical skill and executive ability, but also creative and constructive thought which is possible only to thorough knowledge.

The preacher must then have the spirit and outlook of the scholar, which come from habits of study begun in college and seminary and continued during the exacting and even exhausting activities of the pastorate. A distinction should be made between pastoral and professorial scholarship. The pastor is of necessity less academic and technical than the professor who is a specialist in his department. The professor pursues his investigation in the realms of truth and his laboratory methods of careful scrutiny and prolonged thought enable him to reach conclusions with the skill of an expert. Such a course is not possible to the pastor, whose knowledge of many subjects must be secondhand. But secondhand learning need not be of a mediocre type. If he has the scholarly instinct, his understanding of truth will not be erudite, but accurate and in accord with the best results of scholarship. Indeed, the pastor is the go-between who holds the balance between the profound professor and the practical layman.

His mission is to interpret truth in a simple way, adapted to the changing needs of a work-a-day world. This is by no means an easy task. It implies versatility of an extraordinary order; it requires concentration of a high type; it demands leisure for patient reflection; it calls for industry and devotion which can be maintained by communion with God, in the ever-increasing consciousness of fellowship and partnership with the divine-human Christ, in the trying but triumphant work of ministerial service. Let it be granted that the pastor-preacher must be a good mixer, a live wire, an irrepressible hustler; but he must be preeminently a messenger with a message and a prophet of power if he is to become a minister with insight, sympathy, and helpfulness. This is not impracticable to the man of trained mind, who understands how to apportion his time and is therefore able to accomplish twice as much as the man with undisciplined habits, who is usually a haphazard worker. As one of the authors of "Papers from Picardy" wrote: "We want more of the spirit of enterprise and of leadership in the things of the mind. It is to the clergy that in the coming years we must look for a spirit of adventure which hitherto has been so lacking in their ranks." (P. 210.)

"If the war has taught the church anything it is not its small hold upon the world but its small hold upon Christianity," said President McGiffert in his inaugural. Christianity is surely far more comprehensive than we have been accustomed to think. If religion is a spirit of allegiance to an ideal, then the Christian religion is the spirit of allegiance to Jesus Christ, who is the full revelation of God, and who completes and satisfies the desires and hopes of the human race. We cannot accurately appreciate how Christ does this unless we are familiar with the several manifestations of the religious spirit in the ethnic faiths. This is secured by a study of comparative religion. He who claims to know only Christianity does not really know it because he does not understand how it meets the divers needs of mankind according to the law of development and adjustment. It is hardly necessary to argue the bearing of such knowledge on the forceful advocacy of Christian missions, not only on account of the Centenary celebrations, but also for the sake of the greater progress which must be

made in the future. Christianity is also a form of belief and its faith is registered in the creedal pronouncements which take cognizance of the progress made by science, criticism, and philosophy. The historic creeds of the church reflected the intellectual world of the times when they were formulated. If we use these symbols it must then be on the understanding that we are privileged to modify, revise, or even reverse them in compliance with new evidence, which, however, cannot overturn the eternal foundation which remaineth the same in all ages. The necessity for exercising such legitimate liberty with the creeds becomes clear as we think of the new conception of authority. Such authority can no longer be placed in an institution regarded as infallible, but must be established firmly in the growing Christian consciousness. What Professor Kirsopp Lake wrote of the situation before the war applies with even greater force to the present confusion: "The suggestion that Christianity is at the crossroads implies the indictment that there is a danger that its theology is not taking sufficient note of the growth of knowledge, and the changing attitude of thinking men to the problems of thought; so that it is becoming the repetition of shibboleths rather than the expression of experience. It implies that the moral code, which is traditionally Christian, needs expansion and revision, because it has not taken sufficient note of the change of requirement due to the passing of the storm-center of the modern world from individual to social problems. Finally, it implies that there is a danger lest, partly from timidity, partly from the more honorable motive of reverence for the customs of our forefathers, we should sacrifice the cause for which the Christian church was founded, in order to perpetuate the accidents of its constitution."[1] The spiritual man can see the true value of everything (1 Cor. 2. 15), and since he shares the thoughts of Christ he is neither confused nor chagrined by larger views of truth and more exacting demands of duty. If he is to understand what form the next advance must take he should know the progress of Christian truth during the centuries. This calls for the study of church history, which unfolds the expansion of Christian thought and activity in the face of opposition from

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[1] The Stewardship of Faith, p. 2.

without and obscurantism from within. Such a volume as the recent church history by Professor Williston Walker, of Yale University, is in many respects the best guide to this study. "Everything that lives must develop," writes Canon Streeter, "and development means such modification of the organism as shall adapt it to its ever-changing environment. If the adaptation is good, the vital principle will gain an added life; if clumsy, it will just maintain its life until it can put forth a better; but if it can put forth no new modification to meet the changing environment, it dies." We are, however, confident that Christianity is capable of expressing itself in newer and better forms as the occasion demands.

There are several subjects which should be reconsidered and the pulpit must give the answers to the querulous and even impatient questionings of the age. What is the relation between Providence and pain? where can the love of God be seen in the present scheme of things where everything is awry? Many of the current ideas of prayer need to be revised that they may be consistent with the character of God, who is neither an autocrat nor an aristocrat, but the Father of all. Such questions are honestly discussed in a volume of essays entitled "Concerning Prayer," which is the most satisfying book on these themes. The faith in immortality must be placed on a broader basis and it must reckon with the findings of psychology and modern science. An excellent effort in this direction is "Immortality," edited by Streeter, and the volume is well described as "an essay in discovery." No satisfactory book has yet been written on "the last things," dealing with the progressive thought of the Scriptures on the millennium, the second advent, the judgment, and related subjects, which are engaging the minds of many in these war times. To be sure, quite a library has been published on these questions, but the larger part of it discounts the testimony of history and scholarship and is a recharting of the future in terms of dispensational vagaries. The mystery and marvel of the cross can be proclaimed to-day with greater unction, for the practice of vicarious suffering is being shown on a larger scale. But we need to set this central truth in its relation to modern life, and no writer has done it with

such "preaching power" as Dr. James Denney in his book, "The Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation," which deserves to be repeatedly studied. By its side we would place Professor David Smith's recent book, "The Atonement in the Light of History and the Modern Spirit," which admirably expounds the heart of the gospel and sets it in the turbid stream of current thought, offering reliable and comforting direction to the wayfarer traveling toward the City of God. Many of the traditional distinctions made between secular and sacred must be rejected in the light of the deeper understanding of the Incarnation of Christ. No word has suffered more than the word "spiritual." A great service can be rendered to the cause of Christianity if we can rescue this word from its nebulous accretions and associations and point out that the teaching of the Bible regards spirituality as consistent with physical strength like that of Samson, with artistic skill like that of Bazalel, with tact like that of Stephen in dealing with captious and suspicious people in the Jerusalem church, with breadth of view and catholicity of purpose like that of Barnabas, who brought together conservatives and radicals in Antioch. Of these men, says Dr. Coffin, "all four have in common two characteristics: each devotes his powers to the cause of God as he sees it; and each impresses men as being himself *plus* the present and acting God. Spirituality consists of consecration and inspiration. . . . Spirituality to-day must be manifest in social-mindedness. No man, no church, no nation, is spiritual unless self-interests are subordinated to the commonweal."[1] It will mean much for Christian union if we recognize that the Spirit of God makes use of divers types for the fulfillment of his redemptive purpose. Our attitude toward those who think differently on denominational issues will then not be that of ardent sectarianism, which is akin to bigotry, nor of listless toleration, which is a form of indifference, but of hearty cooperation, which regards all who show the spirit of Christ as members of the world-embracing democracy of the kingdom of God. No doubt there are innumerable difficulties, but we dare not evade them nor pursue the cowardly policy of silence for the sake of a delusive peace. To meet doubt and questioning with de-

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[1] In the Day of Social Rebuilding, p. 70f.

nunciation is to confiscate our right to leadership and to perpetuate the charge that the pulpit is the purveyor of patent nostrums and the spokesman of a played-out cause. The better course is that of deliberation which is long and prolonged and which eagerly considers how the distemper of the age could be removed. There is no such thing as a "simple gospel." The gospel of redemption in which Paul gloried is one that touches and transfigures every aspect of thought and life, with the purpose of leading every individual "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

If then we insist that the preacher should also be a teacher, it must not be concluded that the congregation is to be treated as a class of students after the fashion of a college group. On the other hand, it has to be acknowledged that the purely hortatory and consolatory style of speech which some advocate for the pulpit is really the cause of much of the alienation from the church, of indifference to its ministry, and of the lack of convictions on the great Christian certainties. An examination of any Christian congregation will prove that their grasp of the fundamentals is insecure. This is the reason why not a few are weak and are blown from their course, "carried away by every changing form of teaching." (Eph. 4. 14.) Read a book like "Counterfeit Miracles," by Professor B. B. Warfield, for a luminous discussion of the perils which afflict Christians whose faith is without foundation. "Fragmentary thinking and fragmentary living, that, then, is what lies at the root of our failure. We have preferred to take things as they come to us, and deal with each on its own merits, without the trouble of thinking either far afield or far ahead." So writes E. A. Burroughs in "The Valley of Decision," which suggestively points out the direction in which our thought must move toward a solution of our problems. In my volume, "Essentials of Evangelism," I have indicated some of the ways in which the work of reconstruction should be undertaken and will not repeat what is there written.

The purpose of the "Reading Course" in the METHODIST REVIEW is to suggest to those who follow it how to think as they study subjects and books. The selection of books is made not because they are sound but thought-provoking. There cannot be much

growth if we read only the books with which we agree. The real advantage of reading a book which is described as "not safe" is not to be able to detect errors but to get the view of truth of the man with whom we disagree. It has often happened that we can learn more from a strong man when he is wrong than from a weak man when he is right, provided we have our wits about us. A recent investigation revealed the humiliating fact that the strong books which demand thought and study have to go the round begging for purchasers and readers, while books which are not quite as exacting and which are of the "homiletical hash" variety are exceedingly popular. The turn in the tide is near at hand and it has been hastened by the upheaval of war. Our supreme business is to be "good stewards of the manifold grace of God" (1 Peter 4. 10). For this purpose, the counsel of the scholarly apostle to Timothy is both fitting and proper to every preacher. Note the spirit of urgency. "Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth" (2 Tim. 2. 15).

Oscar L. Joseph

Newark, N. J.

SHALL THE SEVERITY OF GOD BE PREACHED?

In an article entitled "Methodism Fifty Years Ago and Now," published in the Review of September-October, 1917, Dr. Tuttle says:

> "Methodists fifty years ago persistently preached the terrors of the Judgment and an eternal hell. Probably all our preachers still retain their belief in the dreadful consequences of unrepented sin continuing beyond the grave. They would not expunge the doctrine from our standards of faith. But most of them have laid it away in the attic of their intellect, an antiquated memory of the olden times, to be brought out occasionally for exhibition. Very few of our pulpits are blackened with the smoke or scented with the brimstone of a fiery hell."

That is an absolutely correct statement of fact. The pulpits of the Methodist Episcopal Church are silent on those solemn themes and so are the pulpits of all Methodism and of all the other evangelical churches. The reaction from Calvinism is complete. The leaven of the preaching of Freeman, Channing, Ripley, and Parker has leavened the whole lump, and "a more liberal spirit" now saturates the orthodox churches. One might widen the horizon and affirm without fear of contradiction that the intellectual movement which has wrought this startling change is a part of or closely related to another which has swung the emphasis of both preaching and thinking from the future to the present. Until recently, at least, the mind of Christendom has been so concentrated on "the life that now is" as to obliterate any serious thought about "the life that is to come." Modern preaching shows it. Our hymn books show it. Literature shows it. In the words of a writer in the Atlantic, "Mediæval Christianity certainly went mad over heaven and hell; but who now neglects Demeter's green earth for apocalyptic visions?" It would seem, however, as if the time were ripe for a serious study of the situation to which Dr. Tuttle has called attention. The case of the unorthodox or non-orthodox preacher is simple. He does not preach the Judgment day and an eternal hell simply because he does not believe in them. But the case of the orthodox presents complications. Why

is he persistently silent about things in which he still believes? Why has he relegated to the attic of his intellect certain truths (I do not think of them as doctrines) which constitute an integral part of revelation as he knows it? To say that the people are not interested in them has no bearing. Most of "the people" are not interested in God or the salvation of their own souls. The prophesying of smooth things is not the business of the true prophet. Such a silence can have only two satisfactory explanations: either the preaching of "the terrors of the Judgment and an eternal hell" is not authorized or it is not essential. In other words, it is not included in the divine commission to "preach the gospel" or it is not necessary in the work of bringing men to repentance and righteousness. Of course the difference between those two things is rhetorical rather than real, but it will help in our thinking to approach the matter from those two angles.

The New Testament still constitutes the preacher's most fruitful field and safest monitor in his homiletical work. After all the constructive results of the historico-critical method have been conceded and the proof-text method discarded as obsolete, the Bible, and especially that part of it which contains the record of God's revelation of himself in Jesus Christ, remains to the preacher a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path. Studied prayerfully, it not only helps him more than anything else in the world in his eager search after truth, but it also guides him in the problem of emphasis in the presentation of that truth. I always have believed and always will believe that any historical fact or aspect of the truth which is given scant consideration need not be emphasized in creed or sermon, and, by the same token, one that is writ large on those inspired pages may safely be given great emphasis and importance in the proclamation of the "good news." If that is conceded, it becomes apparent that the modern evangelical preacher is guilty of the very crime of which the Christian Scientist and the Unitarian are accused; namely, the distorting of the truth by making use of a carefully expurgated edition of the New Testament. We have here no teaching whose validity is based upon one or two obscure verses of Scripture. The outstanding fact about the body of inspired literature, without which

the preacher would become a mere lecturer, is not that it contains so many texts which make use of the word translated hell, or so many which refer to the Judgment Day; it is not even that Jesus proclaimed the doom of the persistently rebellious in terms more terrible than those flung by the relentless Edwards at the heads of cowering sinners, or that in its presentation of the wrath of God the Apocalypse surpasses the picturesque vehemence of Billy Sunday: it is that the whole New Testament is a continuous series of contrasts between the blessedness of righteousness and the misery of sin, the splendor of Eternal Day and the horror of the "outer darkness." If you are looking for the "trend of Scripture," there it is. The modern preacher may keep silent about the dark side of human life and destiny, but the Master Preacher and that band of intrepid men who turned the world upside down did not. He who breathed "Come unto me" also cried "Woe unto thee." The "wrath of the Lamb" and "the blood of the Lamb" are both Scripture phrases. The parable of the Prodigal Son and the parable of Dives and Lazarus lie side by side. The promise of "rest" to those who die in the Lord is followed by the terrible statement concerning the finally lost that "they have no rest day nor night." The same epistle which exalts the sacrificial Saviourhood of Jesus bristles with statements of the irreparable harm that awaits the unrepentant and apostate. Out from the same pages where glow the repeated assurance that "God is love" blaze the repeated announcements, in one form or another, that "our God is a consuming fire." The same commission which enjoins the preacher to comfort bids him also warn, and it would be only a waste of time to ask, "Warn of what?" Verily the Word of God is a two-edged sword.

In considering the question as to the effects of preaching the severity of God there are two sources of information: the findings of the psychologist and the pages of church history. Both are accessible to him who would know. The stock argument against such preaching is that it is an appeal to fear, and that the appeal to fear is psychologically wrong and spiritually injurious. The temptation arises to answer, "Then the New Testament is a blunder from the scientific standpoint"; but it is manifestly better

to approach the matter with directness. When the doctors disagree seek out the one who really ought to know and believe what he tells you. And who knows more about psychology than William James? Yet he says:

> Great passions annul the ordinary inhibitions set by conscience, and, conversely, of all the criminal human beings, the false, cowardly, sensual, or cruel persons who actually live, there is perhaps not one whose criminal impulse may not be at some moment overpowered by the presence of some other emotion to which his character is also potentially liable, provided that other emotion be only made intense enough. Fear is usually the most available for this result in this particular class of persons. It stands for conscience, and may here be classed appropriately as a "higher affection."
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> *If we are soon to die or if we believe a day of judgment to be near at hand, how quickly do we put our moral house in order—we do not see how sin can evermore exert temptation over us.*
>
> Old-fashioned hell-fire Christianity well knew how to extract from fear its full equivalent in the way of fruits for repentance, and its full conversion value.

The italics are mine, used to emphasize the fact that, as he proceeds, the eminent psychologist and student of spiritual experience widens the scope of his statement and makes fear, or the aroused consciousness of infinite peril, an integral factor in the regeneration of all classes of men. "We" are moved by the same appeal, aroused by the same complex emotions, and induced to "get right with God" by being brought face to face with the same given realities as is the transgressor of the laws of organized society. The fact that certain temperaments shrink from the emphasis of the tragic and terrible, and react only to the manifest mercy of the Father, proves nothing to the contrary.

If the doubter still remains doubtful, and refuses to believe on the testimony of one witness, let him read Beecher (that inveterate optimist) on "Through Fear to Love," and Horace Bushnell (I have forgotten the title of the sermon), and "Twice Born Men," that clinic in Regeneration which thrilled a discouraged church a decade ago. Or let him turn to a larger and later volume—that of life itself—and find how the blasphemous and indifferent, the men who have been unmoved by the "gentle" appeals of "a more liberal spirit," are, in multitudes of cases, being brought to

themselves and to Christ by the visions of death and the judgment burned into their souls in the first line trenches. More than any abstract reasoning or scientific theorizing, that blazing inferno called the World War is proving beyond peradventure that if men are to be saved they must be brought face to face with and be made to feel the grim and terrible as well as the pleasant and glorious realities.

In the words of the doughty (though now antique) Joseph Cook, "God cannot be an enswathing kiss without also being a consuming fire," and the only appeal to which the generality of men will react must emphasize that fact.

The testimony of history, to be adequately cited, requires thorough treatment. In order to keep the present article within the limits of prudence only the general statement can be made, leaving the reader to challenge or confirm. Here it is: every great Christian age and every vital spiritual revival in Christian history has had at its heart the belief in and emphasis of the judgment and eternal consequences of continued sin, and, conversely, the periods marked by moral and spiritual decadence have been periods when the pulpit has been silent about, and the people have ceased to believe vitally in, the fact that "because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." And if at times the horrors of eternal alienation from God have been dwelt upon even more than the bliss of his presence, what theology lost in sweetness the saints seem to have gained in strength. The preaching of those first Christian centuries, and of Savonarola during the cleansing of Florence, and of the Protestant Reformation, and of Calvin on the continent and Knox in Scotland, and of the English Reformation under the Wesleys and Whitefield, and of the revivals in America under Edwards and Finney and Moody and Billy Sunday—the preaching of those great movements and great leaders has differed in many ways, but every bit of it has been marked to a greater or less degree by one thing—the insistent, persistent declaration that every man must give an account of himself to Almighty God for the deeds done in the body, and that he who faces the future without faith in and fidelity to Jesus Christ the Saviour is but committing his own soul to the black darkness of

spiritual death. No preaching that minimizes or is silent about man's responsibility to God and the eternal consequences of sin has ever a widespread revival of religion or led humanity to the heroic heights of abandonment to the will of God. It is a significant thing that Protestantism had its beginning not merely in the revolt of the monk Martin Luther against the cheapening of salvation by a corrupt church, but in the fleeing of the man Martin Luther from the miseries of hell, both present and prospective, to the cross of Christ for deliverance.

It seems to me that the conclusion is self-evident. The present silence of the Protestant pulpit on the solemn themes of hell and the judgment is a reaction from hyper-Calvinism. All reactions tend toward extremes and all extremes are pregnant of disaster. From the tyranny of a despot to the tyranny of the mob; from bald literalism to destructive higher criticism; from the excesses of emotionalism to the devitalized calm of intellectualism; from dogmatism to scepticism; from the rack and thumb screw to an easy-going tolerance born of indifference; from "mid-Victorian" prudery to the mad nastiness of the early twentieth century; those are a few of the chapters in the history of human progress. And this is like unto the rest. The pendulum has again swung to the end of the arc. If Jonathan Edwards and his frightful sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" represent one extreme, the modern preacher, with the doctrine (as Dr. Tuttle puts it) of "the dreadful consequences of unrepented sin continuing beyond the grave" laid carefully away in the attic of his intellect, may well represent the other. And the last state of the pulpit is at least as bad as the first. If the preacher of the gospel has no moral right to "put the devil on the throne and call him God," neither has he any right to let mankind think of God as a magnified and over-indulgent parent, who winks blandly at all forms of wrong. It would not be fair to assume that this silence in the pulpit is the cause of so much spiritual superficiality in the pews, or even suggest that it bears any causal relation to the moral rottenness which brought our boasted civilization down with such a tragic crash. But it is fair to remind ourselves that these conditions happen to be contemporaneous, and to recollect Carlyle's

striking words, "When belief waxes uncertain then practice, too, becomes unsound." And to the thoughtful man there will come those disturbing words from Jeremiah, "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace." No sane man would advocate a return to the religion of the November fog, whose chief function, as Brierley put it, is the exhalation of gloom. No one wants preaching that appeals to fear, and that alone. The Christianity which "walks in worried morality" is gone and never ought to come back. But thoughtful men, I believe, can already see the need of that balanced preaching which drives home to the consciousness both the severity and the goodness of God, the wages of sin as well as the gift of God, the horrors of hell and the glories of heaven as well as the call to social service. Then, and only then, will men be rid of their fatuous illusions and realize that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

Andrew Gillies

NATURE, ART, SOCIOLOGY: THREE LINKS OF RUSKINISM, 1819–1919

Nature spoke to him as she never speaks save to the initiate few. —ANON.

Most eloquent and original of writers on art.—FREDERICK HARRISON.

Ruskin is real to-day, not in the main for his criticism of art, but rather for his criticism of Life.—SATURDAY EVENING REVIEW, London.

IT is a long chain Ruskin forged. Some links seem battered with the blows of a Titan while others are wrought with the touch of the goldsmith, graven, enameled, set with mosaics, a Florentine artistry in words. In spite of dissimilarity of parts there is continuity of whole, while from link to link flows the electric current of a genius inveterately and disinterestedly devoted to noble ends. Any ring taken at random is typical of all, but the three here named may perhaps be considered most important in connection with the Ruskin Centennial.

I. It was a bit of unconscious autobiography when Ruskin said, "There never yet was a child of any promise but awakened to a sense of beauty with the first gleam of reason." When just three and a half years old, and standing for a portrait, he was asked what he would like for background. He answered naïvely, "Blue hills." Thus he seems born in tune with nature. Gifted with a temperament keenly sensitive to his environment, his highly organized being responded instantly and rhythmically to every appeal of sound, color, fragrance, and form. But Ruskin traded on his congenital gift industriously and cleverly. He gained infinitely, until he became the consummate interpreter of the material world in its aspects of beauty and sublimity. He sets voice of gale and tongue of flower telling of the Creator, showing how he has made everything good in its season and how the strength of the hills is his also. He points to the painted windows of the morning and the evening, never alike or repeated, and the tabernacle which God pitches for the sun in the zenith. He never drew the window shades of his sleeping chamber on retiring, in

order that he might note what the moon and stars were doing before he fell asleep and also catch the first sight of Aurora's rosy fingers on awakening.

Paradoxical as it may seem, this decoratively beautiful describer is also the alert and analytic observer, the minute and faithful recorder; exalting the very dust under his feet, finding a whole mountain in a single stone, apostrophizing a blade of grass as the narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green, and not overlooking the silken parachute of the dandelion. He notes the difference between the violet and the harebell, the economy of ultramarine in the gentian, the glow of orange fire at the center of the wild rose, the indescribable silky brown, the groundwork of other color in small birds. He sees the mossy roots of the Scotch firs clasping the crags with their crooked fingers, and how nature unites her hours to each other with exquisite touches of relief and change. Nothing is unworthy, everything repays investigation; even a steep bank of coarse earth exposed to the weather containing for him features capable of giving high gratification. He adopts inanimate objects as his loved companions, saying to a friend leaving for the Alps, "Give my love to the big old stone under the Brevere." Like Saint Francis, he is brother also to all the animate creatures of the lower orders, saying, "It would be better for us that all the pictures in the world should perish than that the birds should cease to build nests."

His transitions from great to small, and vice versa, are frequent and swift. He makes real the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea, and the sky, human in its passions, spiritual in its tenderness, divine in its infinity; firmament, flood, and mountan tell the glory of God. He sees in nature a universal manuscript, illuminated and gilded, which it is his heart's desire and prayer that all may learn to read; proffering his services freely as pedagogue to the illiterate. Small patience has he with scientists who cannot see the divine in the universe. When he finds one who does, like Linnæus, his very heart is knit to him. It is an open question whether the English or any other language contains more glowing, imaginative, and inspirational pictures of natural scenery than Ruskin's. He gathers up the

subtle and manifold fragrance, the iridescent hues, the lines of beauty in flower, foliage, and crystal, and of majesty in mountain, sea, and firmament, gold of sky, azure of ocean, and iris of cataract. To those who have read Ruskin sympathetically the world of nature can never be quite the same, certainly it can never be drab or insignificant.

Loving nature with such ardor, and believing in its essential sanctity, it is not surprising that in vigorous and caustic style he files his protest against her profanation, especially by the mechanic arts; the poisoning of streams, the darkening of sky, the running of tramways through the aisles of her cathedrals, eating off her high altars, drowning her gloria in shriek of steam whistle and clang of locomotive bell. Over against his woe to the desecrator he sets his beatitude for those who redeem the smallest plot of ground and guard it for the plants, animals, and birds who will naturally come to live in it; for those, too, who will cleanse a spring, brook, or pond, and who will keep it clean, so that fish, or at least crabs and minnows, can make it their home. It is now nearly three fourths of a century since Ruskin first raised his voice in protest and appeal. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the exact amount of his influence in the creation of the current nature-literature and instruction, the opening of bird preserves and refuges, forest reservations and reforestation, the stocking of streams and ponds with fish, protecting them, as well as birds and animals, by law; the cultivation of flowers and lawns around factories and railway stations; the mandatory or voluntary adoption of smoke-consuming devices; the incineration of refuse, and the multitudinous other ways of keeping air, earth, and water clean and wholesome. Take it all in all—his power to awaken to the beauty of nature by vivid portraiture, his finding of ethical values in natural environment, his philippics against the profanation of nature, his stirring appeals for her preservation —it is improbable that among prophets of nature there will ever be born a greater than John Ruskin.

II. Nature is the art of God. It is the expression in multitudinous forms of the divine ideal of the sublime and beautiful: it is the Creator's appeal to the imaginative and æsthetical powers

with which he has endowed his creatures. Corresponding to God's world of nature is man's world of art, minute, of course, and admittedly immature, but growing both in bulk and quality by the steady accretions of human genius. These two worlds are so alike that to love one is to love the other, to be past-master in the criticism of one is to be past-master in the criticism of the other. So Ruskin came easily from his place as the superb and rhetorical delineator of nature to his place as the greatest writer on art in the Victorian age and the founder of English art criticism. His comprehensiveness, patience, persistence, methodism, and analytic minuteness, his originality, his caustic criticism of the false, his enthusiastic praise of the true, all in all, is unequaled, if approached. He did for art what Luther did for religion: he inaugurated its reformation. So that, however men may deprecate it, the spirit and substance of his theses have permeated the entire realm of art. His espousal of Turner and the pre-Raphaelites is entirely consistent, for the "function of praise" which he affirms to be the true finding of art is the keynote to both. In the one it is the praise of nature in her ideal moods, in the other the praise of Christian virtue. Critics may differ, as they do, on the validity of Ruskin's canons, may disparage as they please, even write the epitaph of his influence if they choose, but there still remains substantial agreement that in his inimitable style he first arrested the attention of the average man and directed his mind to the world of art, thus in fact opening it to more people than any one before him, and in so doing performed a service notable, noble, and never to be forgotten.

III. That Ruskin should become a social reformer was inevitable. It was the last stage in the evolution of an absolutely unselfish and heroic soul. That he should emerge in the sphere of economics was the logic of the case. It has been finely said that his previous books were the forecourt, not the presence chamber. They led to but did not express his final conclusions. If he had been self-indulgent he would have shirked. He had nothing more to gain. Literary fame was assured, and he needed now but to minister to his æsthetic tastes, for which purpose he had a fortune at command. But the real glory of Ruskin is at this very

point. After a laborious career, when others would have said, "Soul, take thine ease," he went into painful training for the most serious contest of his life. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, though obedience to it was to cost dear friendships, æsthetic pleasures, and bring upon him epithets and stripes and the dread mental eclipse of the last years.

In his ideal, life for every man, woman, and child was to be a poem set to the rhythmic music of a triumphal march. The chief end of all nature and all art was to contribute to this. This the ideal; the real, how different! Man had the possibility of a rich and varied nature, but his palace of sight and sound was sadly dismantled. He was an exile from both paradises—Nature and Art. On his slightest approach to either a flaming sword was thrust at him. He who had talked so charmingly of light, sky, and fleecy clouds realized that for multitudes of his fellows, plunged in mines and factories and under the leaden pall of the city, there was practically no light, no sky. He who had named, as a minimum for a child, a garden and a window open to the stars, came bitterly to know that some children never saw the strip of fluted green and were fortunate if they had a small aperture into an air shaft. He found men converted into animated tools, human figures measuring degrees like cogwheels and human arms striking curves like compasses; he saw pins polished by the crystal sands of human souls; grouse and black cock, so many brace to the acre of English game preserves—men and women, so many brace to the garret of the London tenement. To him the vaunted treasures reaped in such a field were heavy with human tears, like an ill-starred harvest with untimely rain. To him competition might be the life of trade, but it was the death of men. The production of exchangeable "things" was to him something hellish. The measure from the pole of his ideal for humanity to the pole of its real condition is the measure of his awful fury at the existing state of things. He heard the terrific call of human crime for resistance and of human misery for help. It was the voice of a river of blood sweeping him down in the midst of its black clots. He was in alarm for the perpetuity of England, for he knew, with Emerson, that

> "Fear, craft and avarice
> Cannot rear a state."

Yet with lurking dread he had an overmastering optimism, and could say, with Tennyson,

> "Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

And in his delineation of the "newer world" he was not unpractical. He took human nature as it is, but at its best; not as the older economists did, at its worst. He tried to show how the best could be brought out and what the standards should be toward which education and legislation should direct immediate public attention.

Nature, Art, Sociology; these Three!

Davis W. Clark

A NEW EARTH

For four years and more this old world of ours has been having convulsions. Suffering and privation on an unprecedented scale have been its lot. What do these sufferings portend? Are they death pangs or birth throes? There are some who tell us that everything has failed. Civilization is tottering—Christianity is doomed. These prophets of woe lack both vision and faith. We are not attending obsequies. The mountain is in travail and it will not bring forth a mouse. We are witnessing the birth of a new world with attendant birth pains.

This is not a justification of war. To think that force is our Father's choice of weapon to accomplish his ends would be to nullify all the best in God as our Saviour has revealed him. But we are clearly taught that God can and will make the wrath of man praise him and that the remainder of man's wrath he will restrain. If evil plans could produce only evil results we would be in a sad state indeed. In answer to the disciples' request for instruction in true prayer, our Master has taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Certainly then such a consummation is coming, or our Lord is deceiving us. True prayer would not ask for impossible results. The kingdom is coming, despite men's wickedness. The evil purposes of self-centered men can be overcome and made to work out the good purposes of God.

The final message of comfort for the ages that fell from the Master's lips was "All power upon earth is given unto me." No man will be allowed to take the scepter from the nail-scarred hand. Our captain has no intention of abdicating. Once amid a storm on Galilee's lake, the disciples were fear-stricken. They did not remember that there could not be ultimate harm where the Lord of glory was. We would be as reprehensible as they if in this hurricane through which the ship of humanity is passing we did not discern at the wheel One who has the appearance of the Son of God. Evil cannot finally triumph. We are witnessing not death,

but birth. Our world of 1918 is no more the world of 1914, but the world of 1914 was that of one hundred and fifty years ago.

What are the new-born characteristics? First, let us mention the rebirth of justice. At the end of the war there will be no cynical carving of lands and peoples like the vivisection of Poland. There will be no ruthless amputation of any Alsace-Lorraine. Nationalities and rights are to be the deciding factors in subdivisions, and not gain or caprice. Justice, not the power to take, will be the decisive factor in allotments of territory. Nations must neither take nor keep the fruits of injustice. This is a new doctrine for victors in war. Might is not the final word even for a victorious nation, or league of nations. Even in the hour of victory right and justice must be the prevailing motives.

And we are witnessing the renascence of democracy. About a year and a half ago there came a suggestion from the Central Powers that the kings of the various contending nations should meet and talk over a possible settlement of difficulties. The world scarcely heard the suggestion. It was treated with the scorn it deserved. There was a day not so long ago when kings met to divide hemispheres and their peoples. But that will not be in the new earth now coming into existence. When the councilors assemble to settle the vast questions that the war has raised the arbiters of world destinies will be representatives of the people—Lloyd George, Clémenceau, Woodrow Wilson. These and others like them from the ranks of the common people will speak the final word. A real change of the basis of power from the privileged classes to all classes must be made if any nation is to have the right to share in counsels for the world to-morrow. Autocracy has been scrapped. As symbols of power, the throne, the crown, and the scepter will be seen only in museums in this new earth.

We are also seeing the rebirth of humanitarianism. America unsheathed the sword only when she believed humanity's cause was at stake. Narrow nationalism is being outgrown. France and Italy and Belgium will forever be closer to us because our sons have shed their blood on their soil, and are buried in those lands. Our sympathies have flowed toward violated Belgium and Serbia, toward plundered Roumania, toward devastated France

and Italy, toward bleeding England. Even the delusions and nightmare extravagances of groping Russia cannot overcome our deep interest in her welfare. And we want the people of the Central Empires to come to their own when their eyes are opened and they have freed themselves from the men and methods that have been enslaving them. Can these springs suddenly cease gushing when presently war's demands cease? We have been accustomed to think in these large terms of humanity. The new earth has a broad outlook even as our Master had.

And we are coming to a rebirth of faith. The forms of faith will probably change, the fact of faith will receive a large increment. Many of the millions who have gone out to war have told us of the growth of prayer in their experience and the increased certainty of the eternal. Add to this the spirit of sacrificial service that has descended upon these millions and we have a good foundation for a larger faith life. The certainty of God, the power of prayer, the spirit of service may not meet all the requirements for admission into some churches, but men who have these as firmly established principles of life are not far from the Christ and the kingdom. These are the bases upon which the enlarged faith life of the new earth will be builded.

Amid the convulsive movements of the ushering in of the new day we must keep steady. There are dangers ahead. Bolshevikism is not confined to Russia. The pendulum is always liable to swing too far when the spring that held it out of plumb is suddenly released. We shall probably see some dark days yet. Anarchy will doubtless raise its evil head when restraints are removed. A Christless socialism will seek to usurp the throne, using the modern movements as stepping stones. The natural lawlessness of war will not die down in a moment when peace is declared. Dark days will come. Clouds will gather. The thunder clap and lightning flash may be heard and seen. But it will only be the breaking up of the storm, if we keep steady and true. The clear sunshine of a new day will shine brightly after the storm has cleared.

E. G. Richardson

ALONG THE ROAD

The roads of India! How they radiate in all directions like a spider's web—from city to town, and town to village, and village to village. No map has fully charted them. They include all the *pákka* highways, hardened with beaten *kanker* stone and glazed by rain and sun into a dazzling whiteness that gives back the piercing sun-rays as from a mirror, and all the little *kátcha* by-ways that never in all their course so much as dreamed of aught but dust and mud, according to the season. The roads of India! They are both fit for kings to travel on and unfit for the hardened soles of peasants. Lying in an oxcart, if it be the polished highroad, one may ride along softly in dreamless sleep, or, if it be the village byroad, one may know himself upon the rack, tortured this way and that by the holes and the hollows that no man hath numbered. But blessed is the man that passeth along the roads of India, for he shall inherit the soul of India. There it is in all its wonder in the crowds that come and go. For India is ever on the road; it shines out of ruined palaces and living, mud-walled villages; it is fragrant in the mango and the guava groves; the monkeys in the *jáman* trees and the jackals in the *dal* fields have it; and every river and *nala* that is bridged sends it up to fill the senses.

On the day I have in mind, however, I was an unwilling pedestrian, for the rear tire on my bicycle had given hospitality to the long thorn of a *bubúl* tree. The sun was getting higher, a straight climb to the very zenith, and I was yet five miles from Kithor (pronounced Kit-hór). Suddenly I discovered that I was marring the harmonies of the road. Hundreds were passing me and hundreds more, as I looked before and behind, were going my way. The same sun looked down on all and the same slow-passing furlong-stones greeted Hindu, Mohammedan and Christian alike in his own tongue with cheerful message of progress made—but I was the only one rendering answers of impatience to sun and stone. I was the only one that chafed in the bondage of time and space. I was the only one that had lost all fineness of courtesy in

the presence of material forces and physical limitations that I could not control. The soul of India with its quiet good breeding was making me ashamed. I caught up with an elderly Hindu who was walking just ahead of me. He was evidently of the great middle castes of India. He gave me a polite greeting with almost a smile lurking about the corners of his mouth. I determined to walk with him.

India never resents any question of who or what or why when asked with courtesy; so his answer to my query was:

"I am a brass merchant, *Huzúr* (Your Presence), from the little town of Thánapúr, and I go to bathe in Mother *Gánga* (Ganges) at Garhmukhtéswar."

"It is a long way for an old man alone," I replied.

"Alone, *Huzúr?* How else does man travel?"

"In groups, *Lala* (a title given to a merchant)—like this company before us returning from the river where you go, with the great ox-carts for the aged, and the weary, and the little ones whose feet grow tired along these hardened roads of *kánkar.* The men of strength may walk and the women who are not newly mothers."

"They walk alone, *Huzúr,* each man of them."

"Surely your eyes are dim, *Lala,* and do not see as well as once. Their very *lathis* (staffs) touch, swinging over their shoulders."

"In Thánapúr, *Huzúr,*" and the old man chuckled, "they do not accuse me of poor eyesight. When I weigh the brass I know to a very hair's breadth when the scales swing level."

"And when they tip slightly to your favor, I warrant you," and I laughed in turn. He took it as a great compliment, and his merry eyes kept dancing accompaniment to his hearty laughter. In an instant all had died away and his face was grave.

"You men of *Waláyat*[1] do not understand, *Huzúr.* You would say, now, that that mother, with babe upon her hip and little girl trotting by her side, a weary day's march of many *kos* for the three of them, was not alone. Your saying, *Huzúr,* would be in-

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[1] A foreign land. Generally used for the white man's country. The British Tommy has corrupted it to Blighty.

correct. The mother walks by herself, the little girl makes the entire journey alone, for there is no mother's hand, and even the babe on the hip is trudging patiently along an endless road bearing heavy burdens."

"What is the matter with my eyesight, *Lala?* I do not see it so."

"It is your bicycle," he answered.

"My bicycle?"

"*Huzúr.* You ride so fast the vision is blurred and runs together. You men of *Waláyat* with your trains, and motors, and fine carriages drawn by fast horses have no way of seeing the vast spaces between men that walk together along the road. It is only when you walk that you see."

"I have been walking, *Lala,* yet I did not see it."

"*Huzúr,* you were thinking of other things. I am an old pilgrim and can tell you truly. When men that walk are thinking of discomfort, or of the daily tasks back home, their eyes are blind and their ears are deaf to the Great Teacher and his words. Men must be very quiet to hear his voice."

"Whose voice, *Lala?*"

"The voice of India's *Maharíshi* (Great Sage). It is the Road, *Huzúr,* that speaks to those that listen. It has thousands and thousands of *chélas* (disciples) to whom it is the *guru* (teacher). See them all about you. It is only the slow-moving ones, the silent ones, that learn. Ambling oxen and soft-stepping camels were provided by the kind Teacher for the weary and the heavy-laden among his devotees. Even the ponderous elephant walks the road with padded feet. Horses and bicycles and motors, *Huzúr,* were not made for our Roads. They drown the voice of the great Teacher by their loud noises. Men who ride on them are still fools when they come to the end of the journey, having seen and having heard nothing."

I looked at him and smiled. He did not mean to be personal.

"O *Huzúr,*" and he turned to me with a look of pain on his face, "Hindustan is rapidly becoming foolish. Not only *Waláyatis* who know no better, who have no Roads in their land, but Hindus are riding more and more in these your vehicles. When they

lose the old roads how will they hold the old truth and live the old life? Leave us our roads and you may take our temples!"

I raised my head in great surprise, but he had lapsed into silence. I followed him thither, for his words had sunk deep, heavily weighted as they were with his reasoning and his emotion. As we walked along I pondered, and as I pondered watched the men of India along the road, looking deep into their eyes.

After a long silence I asked him quietly, "*Lala,* what is it that the Road teaches you?"

He cleared his throat and adjusted his blue turban.

"It was talking to me, *Huzúr,* just as you ask the question. It was saying that I walk alone even while you walk with me. For you walk your way and I walk mine. My road is the road from Thanapur to Garhmukhteswar; yours is the road from Meerut to Kithor; and they are not the same. I walk the way of a brass merchant, selling brass of Mirzapur; you the way of a—I know not your profession, *Huzúr.*"

"Call me what you will, *Lala,*" and I smiled. "I do everything but sell brass."

Seemingly he did not notice my interpolation, as he continued:

"I walk the way of a middle-caste Hindu, you the way of a Christian. We worship different gods with different *rits* and *rasms.* Your way comes out of one unknown past and goes into one unknown future; my way from another to another. How can you say we walk together? It is but illusion."

"My way is one of joy and hope"—I would drive in an entering wedge, but he cut me short:

"You but confirm my words. It is even as I say—our roads are different. Your road to you is truth, my road to me is truth. Every road is truth—to him that walks upon it. You may have joy and hope upon your way; the Hindu's road may have but sorrow. What matters it? I must walk my way, you must walk yours. The sun may shine hot upon me, the sand-storms sweep in dust about me, and the feet of the brass merchant may step on thorns. Uncomplaining I must trudge on, for I am bound for

Mother *Gánga* at Garhmukhteswar and whatever lies beyond. But you—you have your bicycle, *Huzúr.* It is your way and you are born to it—the winds behind you blowing you along, a great pith hat upon your head to shield you, and friends to greet you at the evening hour. It is your lot. You are going to Kithor."

"But, *Lala,* may you not go to Kithor with me? Is there no common road for both of us? Are there not resting-places prepared at the end where both of us may lodge when the night hour comes? I know of such."

He shook his head vehemently. "It is impossible, *Huzúr.* Do Hindu and Christian ever lodge together—even in this life? I have my caste and you have yours. I have my food and you have yours. How could there be a common life when there is no common way or common truth? On this side of the road yon women are drinking from that well. They have let down with a long string their *lota*—it is Jaunpur brass, I can tell it from this distance. Their *lota* strikes the water and it fills. They pull it up. They drink around. They are refreshed and ready to take up the march. Hear them chatter in their merriment! Now look on the other side the road. There is another well. This time it is men, but three of them.. They have no brass, but only pot of village-clay. Down it goes. It strikes the water too. They are pulling on it. There it comes over the well's rim. Have they found water? One hand goes to the mouth to form a cup. The other lifts the vessel high as top of head. It tips. It is water, *Huzúr;* see the stream. From different wells, both sides the road, to men and women, to few and many, in beaten Jaunpur brass and baked village-clay, comes water for the journey. It is not so? There is no single common well along the road of life. Men of *Waláyat* drink of wells one side the road, and men of India the other."

At last I saw my chance. "*Lala,* I drink neither this side nor that. I carry my well with me along the road, and drink even while I walk. Its water is very sweet."

He looked at me in great surprise. "*Bhala!* Is it so? A well in your pocket!" and the old man laughed tumultuously. "I carry *Gánga pani* (Ganges water) in this jar when I return along the road, and sip it for a blessing—but it is no well."

"It gets foul-smelling—does it not, *Lala?*—before the last drop is gone."

He nodded his head. *"Huzúr."*

"Mine never fouls, *Lala.* It is living water. It comes up in great bubbles from fresh springs."

He was plainly mystified. "The *Waláyatis* have wonderful machines. I have heard of them. With what machinery do they carry wells in their pockets? Is the container made of brass?"

"I shall give you one, if you will listen while I tell you how it works," I answered.

He was all excitement: "A well with living water for my long journey? *Huzúr,* give it to me, that I thirst not along the way."

I was the teacher now and he the willing listener. "This well, *Lala,* is neither of the West nor of the East. It was found midway between in a little land far smaller than *Waláyat* or Hindustan. And the Man who gave it to us was neither brown nor white, but midway between. He was high-caste by birth, of royal Kshattriya lineage; middle-caste by occupation, a Vaisya carpenter; and low-caste by service, a Sudra to the Sudras. So he was for all—his well a common well of which we all may drink."

"But the well," he interrupted.

"I am telling you," I answered. I drew out a little book from my pocket. The old man eyed me quizzically. He was more surprised when he saw its *Nagri* characters which he could read.

"Is this the well?" His countenance fell.

"It is in here, *Lala.* This is but the container. Pilgrim of the Road, it was a pilgrim of the Road, who knew the Road, that spake these words, when, having walked his many *kos* at the midday hour, he sat weary by a well."

I thumbed the well-worn pages till I found the place, and marking it, I read:

> "Jesus answered, 'Anyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but anyone who drinks the water I shall give him will never thirst any more; the water I shall give him will turn into a spring of water welling up to eternal life.'"[1]

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[1] Moffatt's translation.

Looking into the face of the brass merchant, I explained its meaning. He still looked doubtful.

"But, *Huzúr,* I am not of his road, and the well is not for me."

"Lala," and my eyes were filled with tenderness, for I looked into the very face of India, "remember he was neither you nor I, *Waláyati* or Hindustani. He stands midway between us. If his well is not for you, then it is not for me. Yet I have found the water sweet. We may drink together and be one caste in him. We may walk together too—for, *Lala,* there is a common Road, with a common truth and a common life for you and me. See, it is written here. Read it for yourself."

I put the book into his hands and pointed with my finger as he read:

> **"*Yíshu ne us se káha, Maiṉ hi marg ao sátya ao jíwan huṉ.*"**
> **"Jesus said to him, I am the Road and the Truth and the Life."**

Long ere I had finished answering his questions I had to part from him. Handing him the book to keep, I heard him say, as he bowed in low salaam: "I am glad, *Huzúr,* that on my way to Garhmukhtéswar you have brought me to Kithór."

Oscar MacMillan Buck

TURGENIEFF'S NIHILISM AND ITS BOLSHEVIST IMPLICATIONS

The bursting of the Bolshevist bubble leads one to investigate the quiet forces which drive that bubble to the surface. Did the Bolsheviki simply leap to their wild conclusions, or were they urged forward by forces which lay dormant in their national life and national culture? The Slav is less rational than his European cousins, but he is more cerebral; he does not pull well in harness, but he is ready to take the bit into his teeth. Trotzsky is an enigma, but so was Turgenieff, so that those who desire to know what the Russians are up to must seek to fathom the dark and troubled waters of Slavic life. In making this attempt the most handy point of approach is to be found in the Russian novel. In distinction from our "best sellers" and what we call "reading matter" the works of Russian fiction are of psychological character and political intent. They were the medium by which the revolutionary minds of the mid-nineteenth century spread abroad the ideas that could not be aired from the platform or discussed in the newspapers. The nihilistic characters of those vivid volumes have burst the bindings and leaped forth from the pages of the novel with ideas. As a result the tender tales of Turgenieff are of no little import in the present crisis.

In the average Russian story there is a pathetic hollowness or metaphysical vacuity which leads one to pass upon it the judgment that "the book does not get anywhere." Dostoievsky will close a tremendous chapter, not with a violent conclusion, but with such an observation as, "The darkness and rain continued as before." Turgenieff will bring his hero to the place where he gazes up into the heavens or fixes his gaze upon the black earth. Behind these artistic situations lies the character of the enigmatic Russian, who is at once a Tartar and a Buddhist. In the tragic instance of the Bolsheviki, or those who "want more," there is a kind of violent Buddhism which argues to the effect that if the Bolsheviki have more others will have less, and in the end it will turn out that everything is nothing. Life, so the Bolshevik urges,

is nothing, and the sooner we discover this the better for us all. It is this style of psychologizing which makes Russian literature and Russian life things difficult to comprehend. British matter-of-factness may choke one's palate; French fineness is often too highly spiced; Teutonic meat is meant for the carnivorous only; but the samovar of the Slav brews an impossible beverage. With the tendency to melt under his own heat the passive Slav has become all too active, and shows the tendency to destroy himself. At first the Bolsheviki were wild animals that revealed the desire to return to the cages which the revolution had opened. But a taste of freedom has seen them exhibit the instincts of the early Tartar life. Then there awakens, as though from a long slumber, the Buddhistic impulse to witness the annihilation of all things finite.

To the Russian writer belongs the credit of seeking to know what spirit he is of. From Gogol to Gorky the Russian novel has pricked Slavonic veins for the purpose of securing a good smear of Russian blood; prominent among such vivisectionists was Turgenieff, who was exceptionally microscopic. In a sense, Molière may have done something like this for France, Heine for Germany, Ibsen for Norway; but the direct consciousness of one's own land is most intensive with such a writer as Turgenieff. He speaks of his own country as "anonymous Russia," and expresses the suspicion that all its life is but the outcome of the "Black Earth Force." He hates his country that he may love it—*odi et amo*—and leaves its borders that he may enjoy its life more perfectly. "This hatred of Russia," said Dostoievsky, "was quite lately almost regarded by some of our Liberals (like Turgenieff, we imagine) as sincere love for their country." For himself Turgenieff expressed his loving hatred of Russia by saying, "Orthodox Russia might sink down to the nethermost Hell, and not a single tack, not a single pin, would ever be disturbed; everything would remain calmly in its place." The German idea, familiar to all Belgians, was to the effect that if a nation evinced no Idea it should cease to exist; the Russian conclusion is to the effect that, since Russia stands for nothing definitive it should bring about its own nothingness. In the midst of all this destruc-

tiveness Turgenieff was animated by a spirit of matchless tenderness. Beside the Tartar lion lay the Buddhistic lamb.

Turgenieff's Russia was just as sterile of men as of institutions. There were indeed rumors of Humanity in the Moscow of the '30's, but in Turgenieff's novel these specimens of Slavonic culture were singularly unconvincing and ineffective. "There is as yet no man among us, look where you will. All are either small fry, squabblers, petty Hamlets, cannibals, or triflers." In this strange mélange of men it is the "petty Hamlet," the "Russian Hamlet," who comes in for most of the novelist's critique, for he cannot endure the mere bearer of the word or the man who substitutes elocution for energy. As Shakespeare, in one of his most serious moods, had pointed out the human tendency to substitute mere thought for action, so Cervantes had used Don Quixote to caricature, not only the man of passing chivalry, but the pseudo-idealist in general. These two literary examples were the poles between which Turgenieff described the sphere of his complete novel. If men are given up to dreams the Russian is exceptionally cerebral and romantic; if life evaporates in ideas and words Russian life is conspicuous for its inability to keep the bubbles from bursting. The Russian is thus meet for Nihilism; he is, as one of Ibsen's characters said of himself, "homesick for the mighty Nothingness."

To his underlying Asiaticism and its sense of universal futility Turgenieff added somewhat more than the skepticism of Shakespeare and Cervantes; he used the transcendentalism of early nineteenth-century Germany to fan the nihilistic flax. Schelling's æsthetic doctrine, to the effect that culture is best advanced when each nation develops its characteristic form of spiritual life, had been effective in creating the Slavophile school, among whom Dostoievsky was preeminent. Out of such transcendentalism Turgenieff extracted more nihilism than nationalism. Turgenieff knew Germany, and admired it as far as he was capable of admiring anything mundane. He refers to the "Russian Germans" of Moscow, and in at least one place alludes to the Schelling who had sought to place Russia, as all other nations, upon its own æsthetic foundation. In On the Eve the hero informs Elena that

his father is a "Schellingist," but the lightness of Turgenieff's literary touch leads him to change the theme from national culture to "nightingales," as something better adapted to the feminine mind. For himself, Turgenieff was suspicious of all æstheticism, and had no will-to-believe in such fineness for the Russian people.

But the sharp arrows of the mighty Teuton were to sink deeper than the region of things purely artistic, and Turgenieff did not fail to show himself a member at large of the school whose political consequences have been so frightful in the war. From the sinister side of Hegel's philosophy—the Left School as represented by Feuerbach and Stirner—Turgenieff's drew the conclusion that Man was just about to appear. "They will come? O, thou soil! Thou Black Earth Force! Thou hast said, 'They will come'? Behold, I shall put thy words on record." The interrogatives—need we say?—are Turgenieff's. Such remote and wistful futurism was about all that Turgenieff had to say in favor of real Russia. More interested is he in the nihilistic work which must precede the coming in of Man.

So limitless was the Russia of Turgenieff that men seemed dwarfish, their creative work of no account. Up to the time of Turgenieff's writing Russia had accomplished nothing, for even "the samovar and linden-bast slippers and the shaft-arch and the knot—those renowned products of ours—were not invented by us," said he. In the mind of Turgenieff all Russian civilization was so much smoke and steam. In the novel called Smoke he utters his lament over civilization generally by saying, "Everything is smoke and steam, everything seems to be constantly undergoing change, but in reality everything is exactly alike. Everything is hastening somewhither, and everything vanishes without leaving a trace, without having attained to any end whatever." This condition of "smoke," which is so promising in Pittsburgh, Birmingham, and Essen, fails to convince Turgenieff of any human progress, so that it is not difficult for him to indulge in nihilistic ideals. With such national ideals in front of them it was not difficult for the Bolsheviki to accelerate the general demolition of man's work on earth, for as Turgenieff spoke of the Russian's consciousness, Trotzsky has emulated the ideals of his conduct.

The Turgenieffian ideal of Nihilism, expressed definitely in Fathers and Children, was a doctrine to the effect that the whole visible order must be repudiated in order that the Black Earth Force, its bosom full of authentic men, might have its chance to repopulate the whole land. The well-balanced uncle, in the book which coined the term Nihilism, performed a literary service for us when he linked Turgenieff's doctrine with that of Feuerbach. "They used to be Hegelists, but now they are nihilists." The Russian Germans who have turned Teutonic transcendentalism into Slavonic Nihilism strive to change everything for the very sake of the change. Or, as the retroactive uncle in Fathers and Children puts it, and that with much of Molière's original sarcasm, *vous avez changé tout cela.* Just how the great turn in the world of men and things is to be brought about Turgenieff fails to tell us, for at the moment when the practical conclusion is about to be drawn the beautiful Fenitchka appears upon the verandah and the conservative uncle turns from argument to a cup of cocoa. Dostoievsky is equally disappointing, and one who has followed the steps of his æsthetic nihilism sees the chapter come to an end with the following suggestion on the part of the revolutionary nihilist: "Let's go listen to the band."

Turgenieff, who was born just a century ago, told but one tale —or two perhaps. The story is to the effect that when a young man and a younger woman stand in the attitude of lovers the romantic swain has neither the wit nor the will to turn his romantic sentiments in the direction of matrimony. When, again, this Romeo seeks to pursue the work of a political reformer, anarchy seems to be as serious as matrimony, so that the would-be revolutionist consummates by despair or death what might have been a real Bolshevist movement. The resulting philosophy seems to be that romanticism, æstheticism, intellectualism, and the like unfit one for both public and private life. Expressed in other language, the Turgenieffian message means, "Theory is fatal to practice; or, much learning tends to make one mad." On the political side, it may be said that the Jerichos of the established order are not in the habit of seeing their walls cave in before the trumpets and torches of beautiful doctrine; although it might be

alleged that pan-German frightfulness, with its Wotan, Siegfried and Parsival lines, has been just as much a romantic doctrine as anything else. Turgenieff believed that the great political change which Russia needed was to be brought about by the application of something sterner than transcendental romanticism, although he knew that one of his stories, like Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, had been instrumental in emancipating a large part of Russia's population.

There must have been considerable realism at the base of Turgenieff's romantic brain as he continued to harp upon the theme that fine ideas are as ineffective in renovating the older order as the planting of flowers would be in removing rocks and stumps. With a more direct contact with life, and a more thorough realization of Russia's needs, Dostoievsky ventures the assertion that "beauty will save the world." In face of the stubborn and malignant order of things in Russia, Turgenieff would have the Muscovite idealist see that his æsthetic sentiments are far from effective in removing the *facta bruta* of the political order. In the last of his nihilistic novels he makes Nezdanoff, his hero, say, "It is difficult for an æsthete to come into contact with real life." This has a plausible sound, yet the history of revolution always shows a certain poetical touch, a feeling that "beauty will save the world." Too much of the contemplative has unfitted the Turgenieffian hero for the real work of revolution. "O cursed æsthetics!" exclaims this same Nezdanoff. "O Hamlet, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, how am I to emerge from thy shadow?" There was in Turgenieff's mind "something rotten" in the states of both Denmark and Russia, but he shared Shakespeare's doubt as to the idealist's ability to cope with the actual situation.

The mental state to which Turgenieff keeps referring is that of the dilettant—not the party who merely affects encyclopedic culture, but the one who has surrendered himself to the spiritual excesses of learning, of travel, of emotional religion. The brain of such a dilettant has so exhausted itself with centrally excited ideas, as the psychologist would call them, that he is no longer in a position to carry on mental commerce with the exterior order. This subjectivism, from which, however, comparatively few suffer,

produces what Turgenieff calls the "superfluous man." According to the psychological critic Paul Bourget, "the word 'decadence' denotes a state of society which produces too great a number of individuals unfit for the labors of common life." The practical conclusion is that these unfit and superfluous people will give themselves up to dreams of reform, or to the mapping out of Utopia. Just at present we have no fear of decadence, but matters were otherwise in the Russia of the '40's and '50's. And Turgenieff was writing to the noble-minded but ideal aristocrats of his own day. Turgenieff's superfluous man knew better than to give himself up to Quixotic and Hamletesque dreams, but he could better diagnose than cure his own ills. "There are two men in me," says his Nezdanoff, "and one will give the other no peace; and so I think it better if both of them were to cease to live." Such a Siamese situation in the human mind, known as well to Goethe, was the secret of Turgenieff's psychology. Toward such a self-divided character he felt himself inclined to tenderness, perhaps because it was descriptive of his own soul.

The conflict between the indwelling intellect and the exteriorizing will was the first thing that Turgenieff showed in his description of the human soul. In private as well as in public life does the contemplator show his weakness. Turgenieff is at once chivalrous and frank in his avowal that "man is weak, woman is strong." This matriarchal principle, made so exasperating by Masoch, is a favorite theme of Turgenieff, as it was with Wagner, Ibsen, and Strindberg. Of course, masculine artists, all the way from the author of Genesis to the writer of Vanity Fair, have been in the habit of exploiting the male at the expense of the supposedly weaker sex, and Turgenieff may be doing no more than stepping into the line of chivalry. But Turgenieff takes up the doctrine in a characteristic manner while he aims to show that man, for all his masculinity, does not take the initiative as often as his vanity would lead him to believe. In Rudin the hero can talk love, and that quite convincingly, but he is disconcerted by the maid's practical question, "What shall we do?" In A Nest of Nobles Lavretsky is so romantically noble that he refrains from taking Liza in the "home," so that she seeks refuge in a convent. In Smoke Litvinoff

cannot measure up to the severe standards set by Irina with her "embittered mind." Nezdanoff, in Virgin Soil, must relinquish Marianna, not because she does not love him but because she "obeys" another of whom she is not so fond. Against the dark background of such masculine souls the personality of the woman stands out in exceptional light.

Having pointed out that nihilism is in vain, and that masculinism, as we might style it, has never been a success, Turgenieff takes up the problem of individualism; not the individualism of private profit, but the romantic doctrine of æsthetic personality. Toward such a conception of man he seems to be partial and optimistically inclined. For all the promise of the superman it must be said that scarcely a character in Turgenieff's novel stands out in clear silhouette; whence individualistic auspices look unfavorable. Turgenieff disappoints all those who stroll through his artistic orchard looking for a windfall of individualists, for his egos never ripen to the point of falling off the branches, nor are they shaken to the ground by the winds of nihilism. Bazaroff alone, in Fathers and Children, shows symptoms of selfhood, but his ego-mania does not prove as fatal as the disease which carries him off. Within the circle of his youthful admirers he is esteemed a "strong bird of prey," but the Turgenieffian ornithology appears to be somewhat at fault. In his scientific reverence for beetles Bazaroff fails to reveal any corresponding hardness in his own mental covering, and the very worst he can do is to revile romanticism and challenge the well-balanced old uncle to a duel. With his feminine egos, or egoistes, Turgenieff does somewhat better, although none of his novels reveals an Anna Karenina, a Nora Helmer, an Emma Bovary, or a Brunhilde. The trouble with the egoiste of the Turgenieffian tale lies in the fact that she spends her individualistic efforts, not on herself, but upon her male companion, whom she strives to urge on in the direction of selfhood. Here and there is found one precious soul who trims her locks and talks nihilism, but the woman of revolt, like Vashti or Antigone, is nowhere found among the artistic pages of Turgenieff's story. Turgenieff musters no woman's Death Legion, who swear eternal enmity to the old order. The best that his women can do

is to stand out in the form of complementary colors to the men of whom genuine individualism was expected. His feminine egos flutter, but do not fly; they chirp, but have no distinct song.

In spite of his political and philosophical shortcomings Turgenieff had a message for the Russia of his day, just as he has a kind of limited gospel for lands and times generally. In addition in the implied lesson of perpetual tenderness Turgenieff has a teaching to the effect that pure thinking, or cognition as such, can do as much harm as good in the life of the individual and of the nation to which he belongs. Thought for thought's sake is as decadent as art for purely æsthetic purposes. He who goes at life theoretically or romantically is likely to discover that the grim realities of the given situation will soon disconcert him. Did Turgenieff learn this of Flaubert, whom he met in Paris, or did Flaubert's opposition to empty intellectualism merely corroborate that which Turgenieff had learned of older masters—the Shakespeare and Cervantes referred to? Like his friend Flaubert, Turgenieff dreaded the dreamer, the doctrinaire; and this not merely because pure thought is paralyzing, but because the resort to action on the part of him who has led the contemplative life results in an impulsiveness with its wake of tragic harm. Trotzsky as Utopian dreamer shows what mischief the activities of the cerebral mind can originate, and it was against just this madness that Turgenieff was warning the Russian people.

In apparent opposition to the Turgenieffian doctrine of practical work, Gorky has sought to trace Russian ills back to the notion that men suffer as long as they remain in ignorance of what life and the individual are for. In the expression of this metaphysical ideal Gorky hopes to raise man from the Black Earth just as Turgenieff attempts to lower him from the clouds. Yet there is implicit agreement between these two Slavs, for where one would have the thinker act, the younger teacher is bent upon having the worker think. For himself and his doctrine, Turgenieff was bent upon enforcing the idea that thought must be turned into action of immediate benefit to mankind, so that the ideal man will assume the character of the intelligent worker. This is far from being romantic, and had Turgenieff laid stress upon the

positive side of his social gospel he would not have written attractive stories with psychological intensity. His hero would have been a Philistine, and his stories about him would have been about as interesting as the documents which are sent out by the Agricultural Department at Washington.

It is best, then, to look upon Turgenieff as an artist who knew how to display the most interesting things in Russian life. He depicted Russia, but not as robustly as Gogol had done before him. He analyzed the Russian soul, but, unlike Dostoievsky, he did not descend into the crater of the volcano. With Turgenieff it is never "artist-cruelty," as Nietzsche calls it, but artist-tenderness which guides his pen. The marvel of it all is that out of Russian life as it is now and as it must have been then he could draw pictures of things so exquisite. The Russia of to-day is far removed from the land upon whose spiritual possibilities Turgenieff loved to dilate. The Nihilism with which he played was no bloody creed, but a purely artistic conception. According to Slavonic authorities the Russian word "Nitchevo" is a term which has many meanings. The "Nothing" of Turgenieff was quite different from the "Nitchevo" of Trotzsky. Nevertheless the Russian has long been nihilistic, and it will take years to teach him a more plausible and palpable view of human life.

Charles Gray Shaw

BRITAIN'S JOB IN INDIA

"I've got a little job on 'and, and the time is drawin' nigh,
I wants to 'ave it nice and neat, and pleasin' to the eye,
And I 'opes the God of soldier men will see me safely through it."

How thoroughly the British have done their bit, and the part they have played as soldier men in the Great War, historians will be a long time in telling. There are events associated with the titanic struggle launched by the "unspeakable Turk" of Berlin that have been named miracles. To many students of these times the miracles have not been the battles fought and won by the Allies so much as the spontaneity and wholeheartedness with which South Africa and India, Boer, Hindu, Moslem, and the disciples of the "Great Gawd Budd" rushed men and money to the help of Britain in the hour of her need. Again we learn that the greatest thing in the world is not fear or force. "I've been to Woolwich and know which side to take" may have been the reply of the Nizam, India's greatest Moslem prince, when the Indian Mutiny threatened British rule in Hindustan, but a mightier force than England's arsenals drew Boer, Moslem and Hindu to Britain's side when the storm burst over Europe in August, 1914. Berlin thought she had mined the Moslem world from Morocco to Singapore with dynamite sufficient to destroy the empires of France and Britain when she dared set off the blast. Her fellow conspirator was eager for the deed. More malignant than Abdul the Damned, Young Turk and Hun failed, but with hellish malice they shot their bolt. Only Armenia, the martyr nation of the ages, suffered as tongue nor pen can tell. If justice fail not the twin Molochs, Turk and Hun, will atone for their unparalleled cruelty to the Armenians. Not unheeded is the prayer,

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old."

Yet France and England remained as strong in their farthermost

colonies as in Paris and London. As in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,

> "Ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew."

But for the loyalty of India, Egypt, and South Africa, loyalty that spared neither treasure nor blood, the British would have lost the fight. That Britain was not, as many say, caught unprepared let the devotion of her colonies attest. Stronger than guns and navies for defense, was the astounding loyalty of her far-flung colonists, diverse in creed and color, but one in devotion to the British Raj.

Now for my story. We were riding in a Pennsylvania limited, years before the war, when a dispute arose. "I know," cried a German who had the stage, "I know the practice of the British in India. They treat the natives as niggers are treated in your Southern States." "Have you ever been in India?" I gently asked. "No, but I have the facts upon the best authority. The British are tyrants, ruthlessly trampling upon the rights of the natives. Niggers receive no worse treatment anywhere than do the Hindus at the hands of the British." Born a Virginian, having spent seven years in India, I assumed that I was a competent witness. While I held no brief for the British, I proposed to state certain facts, as to a jury, and submit the matter in dispute to my fellow country men. It was in the early eighties. A new police commissioner had been appointed in Calcutta who proceeded to issue some new and drastic mandates, among them one bearing upon the right of free speech, a right imbedded in the Magna Charta of the Briton. The new rule, that created an Indian mutiny on a small scale, was that open-air speakers must receive a license from the police commissioner before they addressed crowds in street, park or bazaar. Shades of Hyde Park! Can Americans imagine the shindy that order stirred up? The town fairly sizzled, not with tropic heat, but with British fury. Being American, and accustomed to the mild rule of the Irish policeman, we abstained from offending and permitted the British to fight their own battle. I shall never forget the first evening following the new order. We, as was our custom, restorted to our old stand in Wellington Park, but this time we went there not to speak, but

to see the battle open. A crowd greatly magnified was waiting the first shot. Our soap-box pulpit was occupied by a one-armed British ex-officer. We knew him well. Captain J—— had had his arm chewed off by a tiger. At one time in his career the doughty captain had invaded Afganistan single-handed when the government was compelled to send and rescue him. He was itching for a fight with the police and eager for arrest and martyrdom. The policeman, Lamb, by name, unwilling to gratify the militant speaker, proceeded to "shoo" away the crowd. "Disperse, disperse," he cried, waving his long arms as he made rushes at the natives. Like water and the broom of Mrs. Partington, the Bengalee babus fell back only to surge in around and behind the shouting, gesticulating officer, while above the racket rose the voice of the preacher thundering defiance and daring the limb of the law to arrest him. By this time Lamb was getting wrathy. His language and manner belied his name. In one of his rushes he came to a very stout babu, left standing alone by the retreating crowd. "Disperse, disperse," cried Lamb. "How can I disperse, Sahib?" blandly replied the bowing and smiling native. But the joke was lost on the majesty of the law. The fun was ours. While this opera bouffe was being performed for our benefit a more tragic scene was being enacted in other parts of the city. The new order of the police commissioner had brought from their retirement five of the most distinguished clergymen of the city, ready to challenge the right of the police to invade the sacred privilege of free speech, dear to all Englishmen. The five learned divines were placed under arrest. This was not comedy, but tragedy. Five ancient and venerable clergymen were in, I should say "on," the hands of the police commissioner, who found that he had enmeshed five white elephants. What to do with them was the question. You are doubtless familiar with the story of the trial of the seven bishops, a cause célèbre in the days of the Stuarts, one of the famous trials of English history, a story eloquently told by the gifted Lord Macaulay. We were treated to another such spectacular trial in the High Court of Calcutta, though on a more modest stage and, alas! with no Macaulay to embalm it in matchless prose. The trial was pure tragedy to the police commissioner, and

ended in another vindication of the right of free speech wherever the Union Jack may float.

Now comes the application of my tale. The moral to my parable may furnish the key to the mystery of the British hold upon the fealty of her colonists. The right to free speech, a square deal, and a fair trial before one's peers is a right accorded to every man, without distinction as to class, creed or color, who lives under the folds of the flag of Britain. A striking fact connected with the trial of those five distinguished clergymen in Calcutta, away back in the eighties of last century, was that they appeared without protest before a bench of five bewigged and gowned judges, three of whom were men of color. Two were Hindus, two British, one Moslem. Before this mixed bench of judges five of the leading white citizens of Calcutta were tried because they dared claim in India the privilege of free speech, guaranteed to every British subject so long as he abstained from treason. That was a strange scene to a Virginian. Under the Stars and Stripes I had never witnessed such a demonstration of the principles of our Declaration of Independence. Be it said to our shame that Americans are not abreast of their Allies in their practical application of the ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity embodied in the American Constitution. Only once did Britain make the fatal blunder of denying to her colonists a square deal, but that was when she had a stupid German king on her throne. Like Englishmen, her Hindu subjects avail themselves of the right to grumble.

After all, the miracle of India's devotion with her seventy million Moslems to Great Britain is only the working out of the natural law in the moral world stated by Saint Paul, that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Prussia's greatest monarch once said, "That Prince is lost who confesses himself Christian." While Germany reaps the whirlwind let us heed Julian's confession, "O Nazarene, again thou hast conquered!"

J. Sumner Stone,

WHEN WILBUR FISK WENT ABROAD

Wilbur Fisk was the first president of Wesleyan University. He was one of the premier men developed by American Methodism. He was its first representative educator in the North. He came at a time when our Church had reached its educational crisis. To him it owes much of its success in academic and collegiate education. His ministry and leadership were always marked by a fine balance of power and grace. His life was so Christlike that in another Church it is likely he would be canonized as "Saint Wilbur." He raised Wesleyan to the place in the sun it has never lost or suffered to grow dim. To his students he was an angel of guidance. His deepest concern was for the great developing West. He wanted to save this new empire to an enlightened Christianity. He said: "I wish we could fill that country with sound, pious teachers. Indeed, I want to send out enough to set the world on fire! I have done educating youths for themselves; my sole object, I think, will be hereafter to educate all I can get for the world." He opposed the founding of separate theological seminaries, largely from the fear that they would become too speculative and result in mere dogmatism. Naturally, his broad learning and sound judgment made him a key-man in the highest councils of his Church, and he was several times a delegate to the General Conference. Twice he was elected a bishop. First, at the organization of the Canadian Methodist Episcopal Church. This signal honor he declined. Second, in 1836 he was elected a bishop by the Methodist Episcopal Church while he was abroad in Europe to recuperate his much overworked and delicate constitution, to bear the fraternal greetings of his Church to British Methodism, and to purchase scientific instruments for Wesleyan. So far as I can learn, he was the only man ever elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his absence. This expression of confidence and esteem touched him deeply, yet he felt he must refuse the office out of the conviction that he could do more for the cause of Christ as an educator than as a bishop. He had risen to honor

and influence while still a young man. At forty-seven he succumbed to the pulmonary disease against which he had struggled for many years. Besides the memory of his logical intellect and rare eloquence, and his permanent impress upon the educational life of Methodism and America, he left several volumes of sermons and controversial works. These books have been forgotten or neglected by the later generations of Methodists. As by accident there came to my hand the other day a mellow, fat quarto bearing the now rather unthrilling title, "Fisk's Travels on the Continent of Europe." How could such a country-mouse title allure in competition with our modern ones with the "punch" in them? Take this "charmer" as an example: "Travels, Trips, and Trots, On and Off Duty, from the Tropics to the Arctic Circle, by Major-General—(late Coloned 'the Buffs'). Comprises 'Journeyings in the West Indies': Barbadoes, Demerara, St. Lucia, Trinidad, etc. 'Scampers through Greece': Corfu, Athens, Olympia, Delphi, etc., etc. 'Rambles in the Peninsula': Lisbon, Cintra, Madrid, Cordova, Cadiz, Malaga, and other parts of Spain. 'A summer on the Gold Coast': Ashanti War, Fanti Girls, etc. 'To Thule and Ultima Thule': Iceland, Faroe Islands, etc. With many Plates and Illustrations!" Small wonder I scented the odor of boredom and was inclined to flip a coin as to whether I should thrust my mental plow into the fallow stretches of Fisk's long-neglected pages. Had I tried litmus-paper on them I should have expected it to turn red—as indication that the old book had gone sour. Of course, second thought would have assured me that could never happen with the sweet name of Wilbur Fisk on the title page. That name commanded me like the request of the government to cultivate a war garden. The first furrow has yielded a crop which I now serve as an entrée on the hardy war menu that lies on your intellectual table.

The passage to Europe was by the New York-Liverpool *fast* packet line. The trip took eighteen days. There was a cow on board to furnish fresh milk. Provisions were supplied by an ample stock of live geese, turkeys, ducks, hens, pigs and sheep. Paris was reached by way of Boulogne and Amiens. In Paris, Fisk was admitted into the intimate circle of the families of the

Wesleyan and American Presbyterian ministers stationed there. During the day he visited the places of interest in and about the city. The evening was spent generally with these friends. Before parting they would read and expound a portion of Scripture, with singing and prayer. What a procedure for a tourist in Europe! Napoleon's triumphal arch was then in course of construction and stood at one of the outlets of the city. The beauty of the Place de la Concorde could not obliterate the ugly historical memory that it had been the slaughter-house of the revolutionary guillotine. Boulevard signifies a bulwark. These wide streets were so named because they were laid out on the site of the early walls and fortresses. Faubourgs mean suburbs. This name was given them because formerly they were exterior to the boulevards or bulwarks, and so outside the city. The Tuileries got its name from the tile-kilns that anciently were located there. The Place du Carrousel was so named from the magnificent tournament held on that spot by Louis XIV in 1662. At the time of Fisk's visit the splendid features of Paris were but magnificent parts and points in a city the greater part of which was crowded together without order, miserably built on narrow and crooked streets mostly unattractive and dirty. One took but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. This description calls to mind certain words of Montaigne: "I love that city for her own sake. . . . I love her so tenderly that her spots, her blemishes, and her warts are dear unto me." The city has been transformed on such a lavish scale that, as Victor Hugo used to mourn for vanished Gothic Paris, so Fisk would not recognize large sections of Paris reborn.

The churches in France were kept badly and bore evident marks of neglect. The attendance was small. To Fisk the French seemed to be Catholics three times—at christening, marriage, and death. The Church of Saint Genevieve was no longer used as a church, but was called the Pantheon—a church for "all the gods!" and, "in *fact,* for *no god.*" In its present state it cost over three million dollars. Dismantled of its altars and shrines, it is now nothing but a plain naked monumental edifice consecrated as a burial-place for the heroes and illustrious men of France. The Hôtel des Invalides was at that time supposed by some to be the finest piece

of architecture in Paris. Fisk thought it bore a characteristic whimsicalness. Was not its conspicuous dome gilded in the following manner: The populace had grown restless. "'Go,' said Napoleon, 'go gild the dome of the Invalides.' It was done—and all the effervescence of public feeling passed off in admiration of this new wonder." When Fisk saw it its chief glory had not been attained. It was five years after that before the body of Napoleon was lifted from under the plain slab, without name or date, where it had mouldered for twenty years with only the willows of Saint Helena to weep over it, and was borne to its final resting place in the grand porphyry sarcophagus under the shining dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. The beautiful Madeleine Church, after more than a century of vicissitudes, was at last nearing completion. Instead of the Temple of Glory which Napoleon had intended to erect, in honor of the Grand Army, over the doorway Mary Magdalene kneels to supplicate mercy for the wretched sinners in the hands of the Judge. What an anomaly are the French! Even Fisk could not understand them. How many times they have proved themselves to be what the world thought they were not. Irreligious as they seemed, they had, at that time, originated some of the most noble philanthropies that have elevated the mind of man and ministered mercy to the sufferers of our race.

Père la Chaise cemetery held a fascination for Fisk which has been owned by all subsequent travelers. Intending to give it only a passing glance, the place held him from morning till nightfall. Its expensive and beautiful monuments charmed him. He tried to account for the excessive attention paid to the graves by thinking that it was due to the refined skepticism of the French, who looked upon the mouldering dust of the departed as though *that* were all. It seemed like an attempt to transform the valley of bones into a terrestrial paradise which could only tend to call off the mind from the paradise above. Yet he could not but notice that the natural flower mostly used in commemorating the dead was the yellow everlasting, originally from the Cape of Good Hope. The real secret of the attraction of Père la Chaise lies in the fact that it is a biographical dictionary of the illustrious men

of France. Here the stranger needs no introduction to the society of those moderns whose names are known to the world. What was it that irresistibly drew the pure-souled Fisk to the tomb of Abelard and Heloise? Was it the awe-inspiring defiance of the human will in moral rebellion and the divinity of the human soul in repentance? This it must be, more than maudlin sentimentality, that has prompted so many thousands to weep over the dust of those celebrated sinners and penitents and to cast a sprig of evergreen upon their graves.

As Fisk wandered through the marble halls of Versailles and the gardens populated with statues and adorned with gigantic fountains he turned philosopher. The vast pleasure palace cost possibly two hundred million dollars. Louis XIV burned the accounts to prevent the world knowing the extent of his extravagance. But the cruel folly of the Grand Monarque could not burn the law of retribution. His extravagance brought on the national poverty and distress that in the reign of Louis XVI terminated in the French Revolution. It was the maxim of Louis that the profligacy of princes was the wealth of their subjects. This is a false premise, because, while they take their wealth twice—once in taxes and once in service and materials—the amount is restored but once in pay for service and materials. Therefore the entire amount is a dead loss to the people and an annihilation of so much of the productive capital of the nation. This is sound economic reasoning.

The great Methodist educator was not always so happily clear in his perceptions and correct in his deductions. Like so many other outsiders, he was led astray by the erroneous statement that Paris is France. It has taken the present war to dissipate this persistent misconception. Henry James said that France may be Paris, but Paris was by no means France. Fisk wrote: "Paris is the heart; all besides in France are but subordinate organs of circulation, which beat slow or quick, weak or strong, just as the central influence and impulse act upon them and through them. . . . If, therefore, a traveler wishes to see France or become acquainted with the French he must go to Paris." Even in 1836 it was observable that the French character was becoming more

sedate and thoughtful. What with the fostering of literature and the fine arts and an unsurpassed system of public education, there was the indication of a solidity and gravity of mind that was full of promise for the future. Though a Catholic country, M. Guizot, a Protestant, was at that time minister of education. At the Sorbonne all the lectures were open to the public. Fisk heard the celebrated Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire lecturing upon a fish's head. The lecture rooms, where presided men with a reputation known all over the scientific world, presented a unique picture. Some were crowded, others were completely deserted. Some of the lecturers were clapped and applauded, but others were hissed. From a thousand to two thousand would crowd into a room. Little order was kept. The auditors kept their hats on or removed them at their pleasure. They stood on the seats or passed in and out in the midst of the most erudite discourse. The professors were not highly paid, but enjoyed privileges and retirement pensions which were continued to their widows. The honors paid to learned men attracted the foremost of the nation to professorial positions. Like many other unaccountable things in this unaccountable nation, in spite of successive political convulsions the social and educational institutions had grown steadily stronger. Strange to relate, the elementary schools were opened and closed with prayer. It was required that the Scriptures be read and portions committed to memory. Each child must receive the religious instruction preferred by the parents. Fisk did not believe that state colleges and universities like those of France would succeed in the United States. They would become hotbeds for political partisans and sectarian bigots. Their management had better be left to the religious denominations.

A French "diligence" of those days was an impressive structure. Its three rooms afforded a surprising amount of comfort. The occupants of two sat face to face, and the price varied with each apartment—the origin of first, second, and third class. The six horses which drew it were so ornamented with great bunches of artificial flowers as to appear half-blinded and suffocated. It traveled at the rate of about one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, going night and day. It rolled along roads that were built for

military purposes by Roman emperors. The route to Lyons from Paris was along the left bank of the Seine. Soon the Marne was crossed. Next the Yonne was reached. Up its valley the diligence rumbled and swayed until it crossed the Saone. On past the places where ancient heroes lived and fought, and where the monuments of their deeds were crumbling to dust. How the names of those ancient places shine on the red and gold threaded rosary of the brave and ardent nation that has always prayed in deeds! Melun, the ancient Melodunum, which resisted Cæsar's legions until overpowered by his lieutenant, Labienus. Here the first kings of the Capets made their favorite residence. Here in 1430 Joan of Arc led the people in driving out the English. Sens boasted of its cathedral as one of the earliest Gothic buildings in France. Even Canterbury borrowed the architecture of its choir. A glorious pageant passed up its aisles when Charlemagne presented fragments of the true cross. In this church Saint Louis married Marguerite of Provence. Again and again the old town has felt the shock of wars ancient and modern. Montereau was in the thick of battle in 1814, when Napoleon gained a victory over the Würtemberg troops under Schwarzenberg. These are a few of the many. Small wonder that in August, 1914, the soul of France blazed out anew in courage and idealism to play a thousand fold more sublimely another act of her stupendous drama.

The people of the agricultural districts live almost universally in villages. You may travel several miles over well-cultivated fields and see no dwellings. At length you come to a little town or village. Here live the laborers from several miles around. The houses are built of stone, which is plentiful. Brick and wood are scarce. The soil is chalky with limestone, like the white cliffs of Dover, for in remote geological ages there was no channel separating beloved France from the manly isle of England. In what strange ways does the nobility of the human spirit close the breaches and heal the divisions made by blind physical forces! The agricultural products were mostly grain and grapes. The vineyards did not hang in festoons, nor did the vines run in extended lines over trees and hang on rustic arcades. They were short and scrubby, sometimes in rows close together, again so far

apart as to admit other crops between. Thus the face of the country was plotted into lovely lawns with intermediate hedges of clustering grapes. The roads were wide, with rows of lofty trees on either side, which heightened the grandness of the scene. Trees also ranged the winding water courses. "Let the reader imagine himself on an eminence where nothing but the distant mountain or the arch of the sensible horizon bounds his vision; let him fancy an agreeable variety of extended but gradual slope of hill and dale spread out before him over which he beholds the surface of one boundless and undivided plantation, except the long and straight lines of various colors from the different crops and different modes of cultivation; and here and there double ranges, as far as the eye can follow, of these leafy colonnades of lofty trees already alluded to, and he will have, I think, a tolerable idea of a French landscape. It is not so beautiful as it is magnificent." Do we feel a heartpang because France has been despoiled ruthlessly of so much of her magnificence? No doubt these lines will prove prophetic:

"We traveled in the print of ancient wars,
Yet all the land was green,
And love we found and peace
Where fire and sword had been.

"They pass and smile, the children of the sword.
No more the sword they wield,
And oh, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!"

It is well to remember the truth that all wounds heal except those that are self-inflicted. As Joinville said of the France of Saint Louis so shall it be in the days to come: "In his day France was like the sun amongst the other kingdoms."

Orville S. Duffield

THE LATIN-AMERICAN HEART

The Latin-American problem is a matter of heart rather than of head or pocket. We can never adequately know any people until we get closer than diplomacy or commerce can bring us. Sympathy and understanding will do more to keep the peace than battleships and training camps, and in a very close and real sense the Latin-American must be reached through his sympathies and by personal approach. This neighbor is not deficient in intellect, nor is he lacking in the wiles of international adjustments, but his deepest and most dominant motives are those of his affections and friendships.

Back of ninety per cent of the misunderstandings and railing accusations that appear from time to time lies failure to comprehend the dominant motives of races and men. The lists of Latin-American faults and defects which we exhibit as excuses for our own failures to get along with our neighbors look different if we get at the heart attitude of the people with whom we deal. Apparent contradictions are dissolved when we approach the problem and the people from the heart side. We talk of weak initiative, forgetting that initiative is possible only where the human spirit has been set free from spiritual slavery. We complain of an idealism that fails to register in results, and forget that the fact of an undying idealism in the midst of insurmountable difficulties means a virile but caged inner spirit and life. Economic helplessness may be merely the by-product of a system that has taught the unworthiness of labor for ages past. Financial duplicity is the direct result of moral Jesuitism and financial faithlessness is not entirely confined to the peoples south of the Rio Grande River. Political instability is the most conspicuous defect of our southern neighbors, but successful democracy is never possible without that ingrained love of fair play that has been one of the finest and first fruits of free political institutions.

This is to be said: Those who know best the Latin-American like him most and make out a discriminating list of personal and racial qualities. They admit the presence of some or all of these

traits of medieval flavor, but they also tell us that, when given a free opportunity, these people show a remarkable response to the finest ideals and practices of American life and surpass us in certain other traits in which we are racially deficient. Those who best understand the Spanish-speaking American tell of his strong sympathies, of his high personal charm, of keen intuitions, of constructive imagination, of a wholesome idealism, and of unfailing loyalty to personal interests and friendships. These people not only have trained minds, but they possess an innate refinement and a culture of the arts and graces that we rather pride ourselves upon having neglected—we have been too busy "doing things." This is the Latin at his best, to be sure. But his best is the expectation and measure of possibility for the rest. And his best is a character of intelligence, refinement, and often of great fidelity; a temperament artistic, sympathetic, nervous, and sensitive, and mental processes that are deductive, active, and touched with a constructive imagination. That the peons and ignorant laborers are not thus described is to say that not all the peasantry of Europe has reached the level of those who have had a chance, or that the tramps and social undesirables of America are not in the same class with the men and women who have had the best that civilization has to give.

Many who know something of social conditions in South American countries will claim that in matters of personal chastity the Latin-American is far below the standards of his northern neighbors. There is something to be said about this item, but, on the other hand, if it were possible to compare the individual lives of the men of the north and of the south it might be that there would not be a very great discrepancy after all. Segregated vice districts are almost unknown in many cities. Concubinage is prevalent, and the per cent of illegitimacy is higher than in the north, but venereal disease is no more widespread, outside of port cities, and criminal operations are almost unknown. It is possible that if we substitute the terms mistress and prostitute, and transpose illegitimacy and malpractice, we shall see that conditions are not very different after all in the two continents. There is no possible defense for the double lives of the men of the south,

but it is to be remembered that for every unfaithful man there is also a woman in the case, and that far more women are involved where concubinage prevails than under North American conditions. This does not excuse the men, but indicates a relaxed moral standard that permits publicity for relations which are supposed to be secret in the north, but are very well known nevertheless. And so long as we tolerate our vice districts and brothels we cannot throw very many stones at our southern neighbors with their own imperfect moral practices.

The personal equation is strong with all Latin peoples. Every man who has sold goods to South American dealers has learned this to his profit or loss. The North American method of walking into a merchant's office, spreading out samples, delivering the ready-made speech as to quality and perfectness, and then taking out a watch and saying, "There are the best goods on earth. Take them or lose them. I will give you three minutes to make up your mind," merely means no business at all and a possible arrest for lunacy before night. Selling goods in South America is in part a matter of social adjustment. Afternoon calls for purely social purposes are a part of the day's program, but since these people are keen and unfailing in their social and personal intuitions it is useless to pretend an interest one does not feel. Unless the prospective seller of goods can really like these people, and cultivate a genuine personal interest in them, he had better secure territory elsewhere for his efforts. For this reason it follows that, when a man sells goods as a friend, it behooves him to sell honest goods and sell on terms advantageous to the buyer as well as to the seller. One unscrupulous deal will end all future business. On the other hand, a man's friends will protect him against the duplicity of those who would take advantage of him if possible. A traveling man in Colombia told me of a case in which he sold a large bill of goods to a stranger in a far inland city. The sale was a credit transaction and the buyer proved to be a rascal. As the time for the return of the salesman drew near, with its need of paying for the goods, the merchant went to his rivals in the city and offered them his entire stock at less than one half of what they would have to pay the traveling man for them. But the other

merchants were personal friends of the drummer and refused to take advantage of the situation to the injury of their friend. A month later they bought heavily of this man at prices more than double what they could have paid to their own rival. Such examples are not uncommon.

The impersonal nature of business in the United States is practically unknown in South America. If a man is "caught" on a shipment and loses money he inevitably blames his loss to the man who sold him the goods. The "give-and-take" of North American business is practically unknown. The northern merchant who finds that he has bought an unsalable article will blame himself, and say, "The joke is on me, I got caught that time," but the southern seller takes a different view of the case, and it behooves the traveling agent to handle goods that will sell to the advantage of the buyer. Confidence once established, large transactions will be completed with very little discussion and almost no bickering as to the prices and terms. In one southern country a transaction involving five million dollars was consummated within less than an hour because the organizer of the plan was well known to the three or four capitalists, and they made little inquiry further than to learn if the plan had his complete support. Diplomats and missionaries soon learn what the commercial traveler found out long ago. If we are to approach within real speaking distance we must travel by the heart route. No consul can succeed unless he learns to like the people with whom he deals. And the missionary who cannot get over his sense of superiority had better get himself back home as soon as possible. He will be but a hindrance to the cause here.

Letters of introduction have very high value here, provided they come from the "right" people. Before a cordial letter of endorsement from a friend homes and hearts open wide, and without suspicion or reserve the stranger is taken in and welcomed with a warmth that cannot but reach any heart that is not stone. And of the genuineness of this welcome there is no doubt. I have been often surprised and cheered by the sincerity and friendliness of welcome by people whom I had never seen before, but to whom I bore letters of introduction from friends or relatives.

There is no sure highway to the hearts of any people unless we know their language. And here is the rub. The "United Stateser," of all people, is the most obtuse linguist. He will not, and apparently cannot, bring himself to take the trouble to learn any language but his own. Why should he? He knows English already. Unfortunately there are others, people who do not speak English, but that is their misfortune and no fault of his. If they have anything to say to him let them learn to speak English. And if they cannot do so, why, they can have nothing to say worth hearing. Besides, there is too much talk anyway. Surely Adam spoke English and heaven understands it. It's good enough for him, therefore for the rest of the world. Now the Latin-American is broader-minded than his northern neighbor in matters of language. Practically all educated people can speak some other language than their own, and most of them do know a little English. This, however, does not excuse the North American from learning Spanish or Portuguese if he is in Brazil. The only direct route to the hearts of a people is through their speech. The road is through the ear this time. And he who would understand and win the hearts of the Latin world must learn to talk something besides English. Spanish is a heart language, rich in expressions of affection and tender in shades of personal relationship. Beside its mellow inflection and sympathetic shading our rough English seems crude and immature. We manage to get along, to run the country and sell goods and do our courting, after a fashion, in English, but the latter business could be better done in Spanish; and Spanish is a more exact, scientific, and expressive language than English.

The innate courtesy and kindliness of Spanish character is evidenced by the pains that almost any Latin-American will take to assist a student of the language. The North American is apt to laugh at the mistakes of the foreigner and mock his brogue, but the Spanish American is more of a gentleman. He always shows interest in the attempts of foreigners to speak his language and never fails to give a courteous answer to any request for information as to how to say it. To make the most faltering effort to speak Spanish with the natives is always to receive encourage-

ment. A book could be filled with examples of the blunders and stubborn ignorance of Americans who are content with a mere mouthful of garbled words and depend on vigorous gestures and the intelligent guessing of the native for the rest. Of "interpreters" who interpreted by a mixture of English, jerks and profanity there would have been no end. The traveled American who offered to assist a would-be purchaser of ducks at a ship side, by the question, "Cuanto vale ease quack, quack, in the bottom of the boat?" is but one of a myriad. An American regiment in the Philippines employed a native cook who knew no English. No one could speak his native Tagalog, but he knew some Spanish, and at last one soldier volunteered to interpret the order for dinner. "Aqui, hombre, vamos them beans into that pot promto!" When someone laughed at this effort the interpreter remarked, with a shrug of disgust, "O, well, I am sorry I ever learned the blamed language any way." To acquire a working knowledge of any language is a task, but Spanish is probably as easy a language to learn as any in the world. Aside from its complicated verb and annoying gender, it has few great difficulties for the English-speaking student who has had some Latin as a beginning. To every person who sincerely desires to know the Latin-American a knowledge of language is essential. There are a score of methods and systems and self-called "easy lessons," but be not deceived: there is no short cut and there is no easy method. It takes work, hard work, much work, and persistent work and practice, to learn Spanish, but it can be done; and for the man or woman who wishes to know Latin-America the effort is sure of reward. The only way to speak Spanish correctly, the only way to write it accurately, the only way to read it intelligently—is to learn it. And the only road to the worth-while understanding of the Latin-American is that of sympathetic personal acquaintance and genuine friendship.

George A. Miller

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE SINN FEIN[1]

The discussion of this question is forced upon us.

On Monday, December 2, the day before Mr. Wilson was to sail for Paris, two Catholic priests left Chicago to present to the President a petition "signed by 1,500 Catholic priests and dignitaries, asking his aid for freeing Ireland. The petition was to be presented to the President just before he sails for France." A great number of such petitions from "priests and dignitaries" in various parts of the nation have lately been transmitted to the President.

June 18, 1917, in Dublin, Ireland, a similar document was signed by a number of men convicted of high treason against the British Government to be presented to the President of the United States and to Congress, calling upon them to indorse the efforts of the Sinn Fein "to secure the complete liberation of the Irish Nation." This document was officially presented to the President of the United States by the Irish Envoy, Dr. Patrick M. Cartain; it was formally brought before the Senate by Senator J. Hamilton Lewis.

By this time this business has assumed such proportions that the issue is squarely drawn and forced upon the American people: Is it proper for the President of the United States to stand at Versailles as the champion of this propaganda? It is a question that can only be answered by appealing to fact; in the light of fact, and not in the light of academic dreaming merely, our attitude and the proper attitude of the President may appear.

It is to be observed that the propaganda is for excluding Ire-

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[1] We hold back this January number and alter its make-up in order to admit this article of supreme and imperatively urgent importance, an article every word of which is absolutely true and just and fair. Nothing has appeared in print more illuminating concerning the situation in Ireland, the southern part of which is under the control of the Papal Church and is the only disloyal and turbulent and traitorous spot in the whole vast benign British Empire.—[Editor of Review.]

land altogether from the British Empire. The British Empire is a Commonwealth of Nations. Ireland is not asking for Home Rule such as the Australasian nations or the Dominion of Canada possess, independent and self-directing, but a complete severance of relations, the erection of herself into a sovereign state.

It is a little surprising, on the face of it, that the President of the United States should be crowded into a corner where he will be expected to be the instrument for disrupting the British Empire. During the past four days we have seen monster demonstrations throughout this land in honor of the good feeling and close relations between the United States and Britain. In a sense, it visualizes at last the celebration of the Hundred Years of Peace. The treaty of Ghent was signed late in the afternoon of December 24, 1814, and in 1914 everything was being staged for a joyous celebration on both sides of the Atlantic. The world war burst in fury in August, and now the opportunity fitly offers itself for the first time to express our national feeling.

At the same time Great Britain has shown an attitude of friendliness for this country deeper than ever and apparently wholly sincere. The last Fourth of July was celebrated through England. At the London celebration at which our great friend, Lord Bryce, presided, a message of the greatest friendliness was sent through President Wilson to the American people.

It does not end here. To save us from the heel of the Hun as well as to save other peoples, the British Empire raised an army of 8,000,000 men. She might have felt her share of the war duly discharged when she kept the seven seas the whole world round open and free. But in England her 35,000,000 population gave nearly 5,000,000 men; Wales, with but 2,000,000 population, 280,000; Scotland, with 4,500,000, 620,000; and Ireland, with a population and an area practically equal to that of Scotland, only 175,000. Compare Wales, one fourth the area of Ireland, with Ireland, also Scotland with Ireland. We shall pursue such an investigation a little below.

This pressure on the President of the United States is that he shall make one object of his presence at Versailles the disrupting of the British Empire. Under circumstances like the foregoing

it seems somewhat incongruous to say the least. And all the more so when the parties who first undertook this pressure on President Wilson had just previously been tried and convicted of high treason. They turned from murder to President Wilson. Moreover, it is worth noting that when Sinn Feiners came to this country and preached their programs, Mr. Wilson's officers arrested and interned them as enemy aliens.

I

Up till a couple of years ago the Irish agitators have stood out for Home Rule; that is to say, autonomy within the empire. That is now thrown to the discard. The clamor now is for absolute disassociation from the empire. It is made, too, in the face of the fact that there is a minority, the best element in Ireland, which will die in their tracks before they will submit to this expulsion from the empire, in which they are prosperous, content, and happy.

The agitation for this independence is founded, fostered, and manipulated by the Sinn Fein. The Sinn Fein makes this declaration:

> *SINN FEIN comprises in its following 90 per cent of Nationalist Ireland, that is 80 per cent of the whole population of Ireland.*
>
> *SINN FEIN has a President, an Executive Council, and a National Assembly of 142 delegates.*
>
> *SINN FEIN is now recognized and obeyed by 90 per cent of Nationalist Ireland as the existing Provisional Government of Ireland.*
>
> *SINN FEIN prevails. No English law or regulation is recognized in National Ireland except under military compulsion.*
>
> *SINN FEIN, exercising the right of a sovereign state, raises and maintains volunteers in a military force to be empowered only in self-defense, as a final resort against compulsion from alien sources.*
>
> *SINN FEIN has an organization of 2,500 branches (one to every 12 square miles), knitting together all Ireland.*

Question: What has been the attitude of this Irish party toward our ally during the dark days of the war? Answer, Roger Casement—secret Irish dealings with Germany—the necessity of maintaining a standing army in Ireland all through the war.

In this connection it is not wide of the mark to quote Von Bernhardi in a statement made a little before the declaration of war: "It is not without interest to know that if it ever comes to

be war with England, Germany will have allies in the enemy's camp itself and are resolved to bargain, and at any rate will constitute a grave anxiety for England and perhaps keep fast a portion of the English troops." The attitude of Sinn Fein is seen in the fact that when in the darkest hour Great Britain, her back to the wall, was nearly whipped to her knees, Sinn Fein would not volunteer, but through the founder of the Sinn Fein officially declared in Tipperary: "If England to-morrow attempted conscription, this we would say, that we would sooner see every man in Ireland dead on the hillsides of Ireland than dead on the hillsides of Flanders and Mesopotamia (tremendous cheering)." There is also this incidental evidence of the attitude of this party toward the allies: they stoned our American sailors in the streets of Cork. And these are the men who are putting the pressure on the President of the United States.

It is most repugnant to us to drag in the religious question. We have no creed more basal than that of a religious liberty. But can you discuss this pressure on President Wilson and leave out the Roman Catholic Church?

We answer the question by asking a question: From whom have these efforts at pressure on the President come? From Ulster? From Protestant Ireland? The Associated Press dispatch which we quote at the head of this editorial notes that it is "two Catholic priests representing 1,500 Catholic priests and dignitaries" who press the appeal on President Wilson. Do not set our reference to this fact down to intolerance. We shall see presently whether it can justly be so charged.

II

We print herewith photographic reproductions of the pledge of the Sinn Fein.[1] It is noticeable that there are twenty-seven signatures of bishops; there are twenty-seven Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland. It shows that the entire Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland are solidly behind Sinn Fein.

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[1] We have not room for the facsimile; but the pledge is here given literally. [Editor Methodist Review.]

SINN FEIN PLEDGE

If the reader will place a lens over the lines below the word "Declaration" in the second plate he will see that—

> *The bishops direct the clergy to celebrate a public mass of intercession on next Sunday in every church in Ireland to avert the scourge of conscription with which Ireland is now threatened. They further direct that an announcement be made at every public mass on Sunday next of a public meeting to be held on that day at an hour and place to be specified in the announcement, for the purpose of administering the following pledge against compulsory conscription in Ireland:*
>
> *"DENYING THE RIGHT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO ENFORCE COMPULSORY CONSCRIPTION IN THIS COUNTRY, WE PLEDGE OURSELVES SOLEMNLY TO ONE ANOTHER TO RESIST CONSCRIPTION BY THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS AT OUR DISPOSAL."*

David Lloyd George in dealing with Sinn Fein pointed to the fact that "Germany had nearly succeeded in landing arms in Ireland in 1916, and that since then arrangements had been made by Germans with this party for another attempt." Lord Curzon said and he proved that "The Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland advised their flocks, under penalties of eternal damnation, to resist conscription to the uttermost." Now could they do else under the mandate of the hierarchy quoted above?

As late as June 27, 1918, Lord Curzon printed in the London Times the details supporting his indictment of these Roman Catholic priests in Ireland. We quote but one sample: "The Rev. Gerald Dennehy, Eyries, County Cork, asserting to his congregation that any Catholic policeman or agent of the government who assisted of putting conscription in force would be excommunicated and cursed by the Roman Catholic Church; that the curse of God would follow them in every land; and he asked his hearers to kill them on sight; they would be blessed by God, and this would be the most acceptable sacrifice that could be offered." We are quoting Lord Curzon.

When Ashe, member of this dominant Irish party, the Sinn Fein, which is behind and the mouthpiece of this movement at

this juncture to cut Ireland absolutely out of the British Empire, was found guilty of treason and committed suicide by hunger strike 200 priests headed the funeral procession. When De Valera, the Sinn Fein President of Ireland, spoke at the Irish town of Ennis, he was escorted from mass by 29 priests who surrounded him while he addressed a huge Sinn Fein mass meeting.

What we are saying is that this Sinn Fein movement to cut Ireland out of the British Empire is an Irish Roman Catholic movement pure and simple; that it is fomented in Ireland by a party which "by the most effective means in our power" tried to make the allies lose the war.

A little time before the formal organization of the Sinn Fein Major McBride outlined a real Sinn Fein program in a speech in Kilkenny. He said: "I appeal to you most earnestly to do all in your power to prevent your countrymen from entering the degraded British Army. If you prevent 500 men from 'listing you do nearly as good work, if not quite so exciting, as if you shot 500 men on the field of battle, and also you are making the path smooth for the approaching conquest of England by Germany."

We submit that the President of the United States should carefully review this pressure, from such a source, before aligning himself with such a movement that used "its most effective means" to betray civilization over to the Central Powers.

It is true that as late as October 23, 1917, Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader, made a plea in the House of Commons that foolish arrests were being made for making speeches that amounted to nothing. But the Sinn Fein are attempting to make them amount to a great deal, even to securing the backing of the President of the United States.

III

But in all this, for some strange reason, the most prosperous, educated element of Ireland is being overlooked.

Has any one heard of any petition coming to President Wilson from Ulster?

What of Ulster? Yes, what of Ulster? Ireland is divided into four provinces: Levister, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught.

The province of Ulster has nearly forty per cent of the area of Ireland. It possesses no natural advantages over the other provinces; indeed it was the more barren and inhospitable. But it has now one great commercial center of the world. It is a great center of the linen trade; and this is not due to natural advantages, but the overcoming of serious disadvantages and obstacles. The linen industry was practically unknown before the Union. It was introduced to give employment in the poor house. Ulster has contributed to the British Empire some of its greatest statesmen, soldiers, administrators, and jurists. Ulster is overwhelmingly Scotch and Protestant.

It cannot be said that the opposition of Ulster to being cut off from the United Kingdom is due to unreasoning hate; it is not from political prejudices; it is the logical and well earned fear of a people who have made their portion of the land prosperous and contented, to hand themselves over to the forces already described in this editorial, to sections backward and hostile, and to a church whose interference with the free action of its subjects—as far as Ireland is concerned—is shown in our photographed reproduction of the Sinn Fein pledge.

Consider: Ireland is a land having only 32,586 square miles: that is to say considerably less than one third the size of Colorado. Outside of Ulster it is about one quarter the size of Colorado. And yet this little area has a Catholic hierarchy of four Archbishops, 1,087 parishes and 3,688 priests (Catholic Cyclopedia, 1910, Vol. VIII, p. 114). It has 543 convents and many monasteries, including two Cistercian or Trappist, all in this area. With only 3,000,000 Catholic population it has more mitred prelates than Germany with 21,000,000. A Roman Catholic writer relates that "a Jesuit writer to Ireland on being asked how did he find the priests in Ireland, replied, 'the priests in Ireland—there is nobody but priests in Ireland. They are treading on one another's heels.' " Belgium, with a larger Catholic population, has but one Archbishop and five bishops. In Ireland, the priests and prelates, says this Catholic writer, are "the despotic managers of all primary schools, and can exact what homage they please from the poor serf-teachers, whom they dominate and keep eternally under their

thumb." The habit and political intrigue of the hierarchy and clergy are already set forth above.

The men of Ulster do not wish to pass under such a power. And what is to the point, they will not pass under Sinn Fein, and the Church that pulls the strings, without a struggle.

This writer chanced to be in Europe as Orange Day approached, just two weeks before the declaration of war. He improved the opportunity to hurry to Ulster to study this question on the ground. He saw the men of Ulster in that historic meeting in Belfast, and again at Drumberg, where 112,000 people gathered to hear Sir Edward Carson and others. This much he may set down at this time: The men of Ulster are solid, substantial, Scotch blooded men. These men do not propose to be crowded out of the British Empire, or even out of the United Kingdom. They are satisfied. They are loyal. Their response to the call for soldiers was an outpouring like that in Wales or Scotland. It was with Ulster as it was with Ontario and Manitoba; it was with the Sinn Fein Ireland as it was with Quebec.

Can it be possible that Great Britain will thrust out of the Empire such a people? Sinn Fein Ireland can have Home Rule any hour it wants it if it will leave Ulster alone, contented and loyal to the British Parliament. But the platform on which the Sinn Fein elected its leader, De Valera, on July 11, 1918, contained a resolution "to subdue Ulster if Ulster should resent the new government, provided that the Sinn Fein party succeeded in winning independence for Ireland."

What is the attitude of the men of Ulster? They have expressed their mind in no uncertain words. It is summarized in "The Covenant" which they have made. We quote its essence:

> *"Being convinced in our consciences that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious freedom, destructive of our citizenship and perilous to the unity of the Empire, we, whose names are underwritten, men of Ulster, hereby pledge ourselves in solemn Covenant throughout this our time of threatened calamity to stand by one another in defending ourselves and our children, our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, and to use all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland; and, in the event of such a Parliament being*

forced upon us we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognize its authority. In sure confidence that God will defend the right we hereto subscribe our names."

Has President Wilson been favored with any appeal from Ulster praying him to "aid" their expulsion from the British Empire? Will their voice be stifled when they do speak? Will the United Kingdom force them out of their fatherland? In fact does not their appeal represent exactly the rights of peoples to which Mr. Wilson has pledged himself?

Here is a question that focuses the whole issue: Would the Sinn Fein party be willing to become an independent nation and leave to Ulster the same rights of determination which the Sinn Fein movement claims for itself? The question is answered in the quotation from the platform of July 11, 1918: Sinn Fein Ireland must have Ulster to pay the Sinn Fein bills.

In fine, the President of the United States may well review this pressure and intrigue to make of him a catspaw before the civilized world. The Sinn Fein is a part of prelatical politics, instigated by the Roman hierarchy. In America one of the most virulent abettors of the Sinn Fein is Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, as his recent address in New York city showed.

Claudius B. Spencer

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

ILLIMITABLE LOVE[1]

What is the biggest thing on which the human mind can be exercised? In what can we most easily lose ourselves in the overwhelming sense of the immeasurable? There are the vast lone spaces of the stellar fields, peopled with countless worlds, crossed by mysterious highways with stars as the pilgrims, ever moving on their unknown journeyings. We can lose ourselves there. There is "the dark backward and abysm of time," opening door after door in ever-receding epochs, back through twilight and dawn into the primeval darkness, where the inquisitive mind falters and faints. And we can lose ourselves there. There is the appalling wilderness of human need, beginning from my own life, with its taint of blood, its defect of faculty, its dreary gap in circumstance and condition, and repeated in every other life in every street in every city and village and country throughout the inhabited world. And we can lose ourselves there. And then there is the deadly, ubiquitous presence of human sin, in all its chameleon forms—well dressed, ill dressed, blazing in passion, mincing in vanity, and freezing in moral indifference and unbelief. All these are stupendous themes, and the mind that ventures upon them is like the dove that ventures upon the waste of waters, and soon growing weary of wing returns to the place of its rest. But there is something more majestic than the heavens, more wonderful than the far, mysterious vistas of time, more pervasive than human need, and more abounding than human sin. The biggest thing with which the mind can cope is the infinite love of God, and all our sanctified powers, and all the ministries of holy fellowship, and all the explorations of eternity will never reach a limit in its unsearchable wealth. The biggest thing you and I will ever know is the love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. There will always be a "region beyond," and for the already wondering eyes there will always be a new surprise. "The height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and to know the love of God which passeth knowledge."

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[1] By John H. Jowett.

1. Let us reverently gaze into the "height" of the love of God. In love the scale of height is measured by the degree of purity. The height in the scale of diamonds is determined by an analogous standard. A diamond is of the "first water" when it is without flaw or tint of any kind. And love is lofty in proportion to its brilliance. Love can be deteriorated and degraded by the tint of jealousy. It can be debased by the tint of envy. It can be vulgarized by a strain of carnal passion. These earthly elements may be mixed with the heavenly substance, and its spiritual value is reduced. So that the first test to apply to any love is the test of purity, which is the test of height, the test as to how far it is sublimated, and separated from selfish and fleshly ingredients which dim and spoil its luster.

Now it is here that the Scriptures begin in their revelation of the love of God. They begin with its brilliance, its holiness. "In him is no darkness at all." How would that be as a description of a diamond? "No darkness at all!" Nothing sinful in his love! But more than that. Nothing shady in it, nothing questionable: nothing compromising or morally indifferent! "No darkness at all": no blackness of faithlessness: no twilight of forgetfulness: "no night there!"

And thus it is that, when the Book guides us in the contemplation of the eternal love, it first of all leads us into the contemplation of the eternal light. Always and everywhere this is where we begin. If I listen to a psalmist, he leads me into the holy place: "Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill: for the Lord our God is holy." If I listen to a prophet I am led into the same sacred precincts: "The high and lofty One whose name is holy." If I listen to the mystic seraphim of the Old Testament I hear them cry one to another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts." If I listen to the songs of the Apocalypse, I find them burdened with the same theme: "They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." If I reverently listen to the Master in his secret communion with the Unseen I hear him say, "Holy Father." And if I listen to the prayer which he himself teaches me to pray, I am led immediately to the holy glory of the Lord: "Our Father . . . hallowed be thy name." Always and everywhere this is the beginning of our contemplation. We are led away into the light, into the unshadowed brilliance, into the holiness of God. If therefore God's love be symbolized by a mountain, its heights will be clothed in the dazzling whiteness of the everlasting snow. Love's heights are found in love's holiness. "God is light," "God is truth," "God is love."

From this primary teaching I wish to adduce two inferences. And the first is this: The force of love always depends upon its height. We find the analogy in water. The force of falling water is determined by its height. In an English home, if your shower bath is lazy and loitering, chilling you rather than bracing you, your remedy is to raise your cistern, and in the increased height you will get the requisite tingle. The tonic is born in loftiness. It is even so with love. There is a type of love which has no vigor because it has no height. It is a weak, sickly sentiment which just crawls about you. It is low and therefore it has no enlivening force. It is mixed with earthly elements and therefore it has no heavenly quickening. It enervates, it does not invigorate. The more holy love is the higher it is, and the more fraught it is with vitality. How, then, must it be with the love of God? Born in holiness it has power enough to awaken the dead. Have you seen an Alpine river, born amid the snows, and rolling gloriously through the vale? That is the figure we need. "And I saw a river of water of life, clear as crystal," proceeding from "the great white throne," out of the unshadowed depths of eternal holiness. "There is a river which is determined by the holy heights in which it is born."

And the second inference is this, that the ultimate ministry and goal of life is also determined by the height of its holiness. Once again seek your analogy in water. Water rises no higher than its source. Water can lift no higher than its source. It is even so with love. Our love can never raise a loved one higher than love itself. There are aspects of that law which are altogether staggering. Take the love of a parent for his child. Our own tainted love will not lift our child into purity. Our own jealous love will not lift our child into an unembittered disposition. Our own envious love will not lift our child into moral serenity. Our love will not lift above its own level. That is the solemn responsibility of a lover, that if the love be low it will scarcely lift the beloved above the plains. If we want to lift higher we must heighten our love. How then is it with the love of God? His love, so glorious in holiness, can raise to its own level, and lift us into "heavenly places in Christ Jesus." "They shall sit with me on my throne." "*God so loved* the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have *everlasting life*." God's love imparts its own loveliness until one day we too shall be "altogether lovely."

I have been spending part of my holiday on the Island of Arran.

From the supreme height of the Fells there comes rolling down the granite slopes a gloriously alive and vitalizing stream. They call it "The White Water," and it is well named! It gleams on the slopes like the whitest foam! Out at sea, when everything else was obscure, I could see the white water running on its ceaseless errand! And oh, the loveliness of its bequests, and the unutterable beauty of its dells and glens! It feeds the bracken, it nourishes the stalwart heather, it moistens the retiring fern. The White Water endows its haunts with its own loveliness. And the white water of the eternal love, ceaselessly flowing from the holy heart of God, brings with it power to make everything lovely, and at last to present everything spotless before the throne. "O love of God, most high!"

2. Let us gaze into its depths. Let me link together detached sentences from the Word that in their associations we may discern what is meant by the depth of the love of God. "The high and lofty one whose name is holy" . . . "He is gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner!" "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God . . . began to wash the disciples' feet." "And one cried with another saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!'" . . . "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!" All these are suggestive of what is meant by the love-depths of our God. And on these I want to build this teaching, that it is only the really lofty that can truly reach the really deep. The arm that can reach far upward is the only arm that can reach far downward. It is the only holy love that can deal with humanity's deepest needs. A low love has no depths of service. Low love is a thing of compromise, and has no dealings with extremes, whether of holiness or of sin. Pharisaic love had no height—"I thank thee I am not as other men are." That is not loftiness: it is superciliousness: it is not the vision from the snow-white hills. And because Pharisaic love had no height it had no corresponding depth, and when the Pharisee saw one descending into the deep pits of human need he cried in self respecting amazement, "He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners!" Holy love, crystalline love, goes down and down into human necessity and is not afraid of the taint. Sunbeams can move among sewage and catch no defilement. The brilliant, holy love of God ministers in the deepest depths of human need. God's love is deeper than human sorrow, and how deep that is my appointed lot gives me daily and deepening experience. But drop your plummet line into the deepest sin of sorrow, and at the end

of all your soundings "underneath are the everlasting arms." God's love is deeper than death, and there are hundreds here who know how deep grim death can be. "Just twelve months ago," said a near friend of mine a week or two ago, "I dug a deep grave!" Aye, and I know it was deep enough. But the gravedigger's spade cannot get beneath our Father's love. God's love is deeper than the deepest grave you ever dug! "And entering into the sepulchre they saw an angel," and you can never dig into any dreary, dreary dwelling of death which is beyond the reach of those white-robed messengers of eternal love. Yes, God's love is deeper than death. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

And God's love is *deeper than sin.* When I was sailing home a week ago, one night about six o'clock, an officer of our boat told me that we had just passed over the spot where the Titanic went down. And I thought of all that life and wreckage beyond the power of man to recover and redeem. And I thought of the great bed of the deep sea, with all its held treasure, too far down for man to reach and restore. "Too far down!" And then I thought of all the human wreckage engulfed and sunk in oceanic depths of nameless sin. Too far gone! For what? Too far down! For what? Not too far down for the love of God. Listen to this: "He descended into hell," and he will descend again if you are there. "If I make my bed in hell thou art there." "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." "He *bore* our sin": then he got beneath it; down to it, and beneath it; and there is no human wreckage, lying in the ooze of the deepest sea of iniquity, that his deep love cannot reach and redeem. What a gospel! However far down, God's love can get beneath it!

"Stronger His love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot tell the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height!
O love of God, how deep!"

3. Let us gaze into its *breadth.* Here again I want to say that the breadth of love is determined by its height. Low love is always very confined and exclusive. Lofty love is liberal and expansive. Low love is like a lake: lofty love is like a river. We can imprison a lake within our own estate: we cannot imprison a river. It will be out, and about, and on! And sometimes we foolishly try to imprison the love of God. "We make his love too narrow by false limits of our own."

Men have tried to appoint social limits, and national limits, and ecclesiastical limits, and credal limits. We may as well try to break up the sea into allotments as to "peg out" the love of God. The love of God is as broad as the race, and nowhere is there a single man in any clime, or of any color, in congested city, in tropical jungle, or on a lonely frontier line where a pioneer has built himself a primitive home —nowhere is there a single man, woman, or child, who is orphaned of a place in the eternal Father's heart. "If he lose *one* he goeth out!" . . . O love of God, how broad!

4. And what of its *length*? There is no end to it. To what length will it not go? "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." To that length! "Becoming obedient unto death, even the death on the cross!" To that length! "Goeth after that which is lost until he find it." To that length! God's love is as long as the longest road. God's love is as long as the longest day. God's love is as long as the longest night. God's love is as long as life. God's love is as long as eternity. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Love never faileth" . . . O love of God, how long!

GOING OUT OF ONESELF[1]

It is the nature of things, that have life, to break free from confinement. We cannot tell what life is—any kind of life—but every kind has certain distinctive features which we can observe and about which we can make no mistake; and one of those features is a certain inherent disposition to go outside of itself. The chick declines to remain in the egg. The acorn goes about to squeeze itself out of the shell.

No matter how rigid the obstruction, life, according to the measure of its vigor, proceeds straightway to rise against it and to make war upon it. In passing through a forest you have seen tree roots fighting it out with masses of rock, dense and seemingly impregnable, but succumbing to the root and opening a way for its ingress. Whatever is vital shows an inherent disposition to trespass beyond its own frontier and to extend over a widening range the sway of its influence.

Of people also the same tendency holds, according to the tensity

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[1] By Charles H. Parkhurst.

of their life. Not only is it true of them physically, as shown by their bodily growth, but true of them likewise in the inner life of thought, affection, purpose and ambition. We all of us have a sense of being caged and of trying to break jail, and of tending to fill the surrounding area with the pressure of impulses contained inwardly; in that respect like the sun which with its sunbeams fills millions of times as much space as it occupies with its own immediate solar body.

The tendency thus illustrated is modeled after that of the great living God, who, because he is *a living* God, is, by the ordinance of vitality, made incapable of confining himself within himself as the sun is incapable of locking its light and heat inside its own structure.

So that we can say that it was impulsive with God to go outside of himself and to create and minister to the works of his creation. It was instinctive with him. It belonged to his nature that the energy involved in his omnipotence should find exercise. No rational view of the divine being could satisfy itself with any other conception of him.

God meets the demands of his own being by going out of himself, and in all ways filling space and time with the products of his wisdom and omnipotence. The contents of his being are not sealed contents, but open to the great world's disclosure and appropriation; he gives himself out and the world is the playground over which the various attributes of the Eternal exercise and disport themselves, varying in the character of their action according to the nature of the object with which he occupies himself.

When then he occupies himself with the things which he has made and which he sustains—this earth of ours, for example, and what is upon it, and the planets and all the stars and systems of stars—we can understand that the goings-out of his exerted influence will be of one kind; but that when that outflow of his spirit energy is toward such objects as men and women and children, the influence he exerts will be of a different order, for now he is dealing with creatures that are to such an extent copies of himself—modeled after his own image and likeness—that there is opportunity for sympathy between himself and them, and in consequence quite a different set of impulses work their way out toward them from within him.

When a person is engaged with material matters, as, for instance, building a house, or reaping a harvest, the feelings and thinkings that come into exercise are quite different from those that come into play when he is in the midst of his home circle and his interests are upon

his wife and children. Their humanness matches his humanness, their feelings groove into his. Thoughts that when exercised toward mere things are cold thoughts now become warm thoughts and soften into feelings and sympathies and loves.

So, while it is—as we have seen—the very nature of life, of the divine life, that it should go forth in spiritual exercise and influence, it will take a complexion according to the object out toward which it moves. It will become one kind of power and effect when it touches material objects and another when it touches upon personal ones, just as sunshine will put upon one kind of material one complexion of color and upon other material a different complexion. Simply think of God as being what the psalmist calls him, a "living God," a God therefore that in obedience to the ordinance of life is forever putting himself forth; what the psalmist in another place vividly represents as "the fountain of Life," a reservoir of influence that is in process of eternal play.

This spirit influence all the time emanating from him brings to us every kind of message and all sorts of impulse. Borne upon the current of that impulse there reaches us the impact of his affection; something perhaps as the fervor of the sun, brought to us by the sunbeams, makes a warm spot upon the palm of the hand. The illustration is inadequate. Yet we are dealing with realities here, however imperfect may be our intellectual or our spiritual grasp upon them; and the illustration is in strictest accord with the very terms of Scripture. "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us," which means that his love is borne to us on the current of his Spirit influence flowing toward us from out his open heart.

All of that is to affirm as existing in God's relation to us what we are perfectly familiar with in its occurrence in human relations. Celestial relations are no more mysterious than human ones, and they are very much of a piece. A human relation being familiar does not eliminate its mystery. There is a spiritual communication that goes on between you and your dearest friend. Spirit tells on spirit, just as actually as that blow tells on that desk. And the sense of your friend's love for you comes to you borne upon the current of that spiritual communication. You are assured of his love, not because he tells you he loves you. Not because he loads you with material tokens of his affection, but because he has spiritually touched you and in the touch was told to you his heart's story. Things below are

very much like things above. "Things on earth are patterned after things in the mount."

Love, then, is a force, a force emanating from the lover reaching and telling upon the person whom he loves. Dismiss from your mind the thought love is merely a name or an idea. It is a force and as substantial a one in the spiritual realm as gravity is in the physical. It produces results, and only force can produce results. We cannot understand how it is that the outgo from one heart can reach over to another heart, but we can understand it just as well as we can understand how it is that the outgo from one material body—say a planet—can reach over with gravitating effect upon another planet. If we waited till we could explain things we should never get anywhere.

Spiritual energies between soul and soul are as much a fact in the spiritual world as are material energies in the material world. You have observed the softening effect of love. You have said at some time or other that "love begets love," which is to say that love is a producer and if it produces it produces because it is a force, beginning in one heart and passing over with effect upon another heart. All results come from the play and interplay of energies.

The spiritual realm is as real as the material, and its energies are as real as those of the material. The intangibility and the invisibility of the latter is nothing against them, any more than the invisibility of gravity or electricity disproves their existence.

Love begets love. Love is a worker then. Your love operates on the heart of the one you love, or tends to, makes it tender, softens it, enhances its own capacity of affection. As objects that stand in the path of sunshine are thereby made able to shine because the sun has come down upon them and touched them, so hearts are made able to love because love has put its gentle but irresistible pressure upon them, and some heart has been forcefully at work upon them.

St. John in his First Epistle states the case when he writes: "We love because God first loved us," which means that the love with which a soul is visited tends to change the quality of that soul, and to engender the impulse of affection and to stimulate it. Your friend's love in such a way strikes upon your heart that movings of love are started in your heart. It is all very mysterious, but very wonderful and beautiful. His love drops upon your soul as rain drops upon the dry soil and sets the roots to lengthening, the leaves to expanding, the blossoms to unfolding. Love is thus a very practical potency.

There is nothing so beautiful as love and nothing that can produce such profound results deep down in the soul.

"God is love," by which we understand that tenderness toward his children is one of the supreme energies of his being which he exercises upon his children in quickening in them a similar tenderness toward one another. Love began with him. All the real love there is in the world, if it could be analyzed to its ultimate, would be found to show symptoms of its divine source, just as it is scientifically claimed that all the light there is here on the earth is directly or indirectly traceable to the sun. The gospel is the recognition and the celebration of that one attribute and potency.

To have the kind of love in our soul that is set agoing in us by impact of God's love is what makes us Christian; and it is the only thing we need in order to be Christian, for it draws every other finest quality of the soul after it. Loving with that kind of love we shall be right and do right, for such love is the fulfilling of the law.

To that extent it renders the Ten Commandments superannuated. The Ten Commandments are the product of Judaism and are relevant to the will. The heart, if it is replete with such love as comes at the touch of a love that is celestial, will itself take care of the will and bend it to the behests of affection. There is no willful reluctance or obstinacy that such love will not soften down into the most tender compliance. That is why warm Calvary is an infinite advance over cold Sinai.

In all of this we see what a tremendous means of influence is secured to us in our possession of the power to love. The fact that such love-power is what God is depending upon in his effort to save mankind, recover man from sin and build him up in the beauty and efficiency of holiness is sufficient to convince us of the native potency of affection. Man cannot be saved except as he is reached at that point in him where lie his bottom springs of action, that is to say, his heart.

The heart dominates everything in us. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and it is at the point of a man's heart that the impact of another's love for him reaches him. Let the heart be controlled and the entire man is controlled. He is not controlled by your thoughts and opinions, for them he can resent and cast aside. He is not controlled by your will, for while you may compel his act, the man himself in the whole current of his intention and resolution will defy your compulsion. But love reaches an underlying feature and relaxes the cords of intention and opposition. It does for the soul what a

rising temperature does for the frost-stricken soil in spring. This illustrates the helplessness and comparative worthlessness of mere indoctrination. Doctrine and law are neither of them adequate to the work of effecting in man a radical change.

But we cannot in our efforts to participate in God's love-purpose of saving the world accomplish results by merely knowing that love is the saving efficiency. The love must be in our own hearts before we can use it in bringing it to bear on other hearts. We have to be strong before we can strengthen; we have to be bright before we can illuminate; we have to be warm before we can raise the temperature, and we have to be lovers before we can do lovers' work. Having a clear conception of the fact that love is the finest thing in the world and that the gospel is an economy of affection does not secure in us any gospel efficiency. Familiarity with God's plan of redemption does not make us redemptive.

So that our first step toward efficiency is to take the measure of our love-effectiveness. Of course we have considerable of what Scripture calls natural affection. All people have that. It is a part of our carnal nature to be more or less kindly disposed toward other people. Brutes have natural affection. The cow caresses its calf and the cat its kittens. As much as that is necessary to keep the race and the breed alive, but it does not elevate the breed nor redeem the race. It was not natural affection that brought Christ into the world.

It is not natural affection that takes young men and young women out of comfortable homes and sends them across the sea to labor for the saving of South Sea Islanders and Hottentots. When a soldier goes into battle he takes his ammunition with him. Now love is our ammunition. Love is the power with which we are to strike into human hearts. We feel kindly and amorously disposed toward cultivated people, refined people and nice people. But is it not a great deal more their culture, their refinement and their niceness that we love than it is the people themselves? Is there enough of divinely wrought spiritual temperature in our hearts to melt any of the frost that is in other hearts? Has God's Spirit ever brought us enough of his own love-power to furnish us with love-efficiency sufficient to work in others any saving result? If we do not love the souls of people with a love like that with which God loves, of what use can our services be as a saving agency, if such love as that with which God loves is the one exclusive redemptive expedient?

Such a question as that is a serious one. You love your children

because they are your children. Would you care anything about them if they were not your children? Would your heart go out to them? Would it go out so strongly as to put you in condition to visit them with an affection so pure, sweet and self-effacing as to start in them new tendencies and impulses?

Have you made any study of Jesus Christ in this particular and of the way all that was in him went out toward all sorts and conditions of people and not only went out toward them, but went down deep into them? Let us read that love chapter in Corinthians, and while admitting it as a wonderfully sweet and alluring picture of a soul that has been touched and made fervid by the love of God, let us ask ourselves to what extent it is a true picture of our own soul.

And when we have truthfully answered it we shall know about how much we are individually worth as agencies for carrying forward in the world the redemptive work whose prime expedient lies in loving with the love wherewith God has first loved us.

THE ARENA

EASTER AT THE FRONT

It was Easter morning. I had reminded myself of it the night before and read the wonderful story of that wonderful first Easter. The light stole into my heavy eyes and it was a full moment before my sleepy senses really comprehended that it was Easter. I was alone; the bed had actually become warm and now was compellingly comfortable. Weary and aching muscles recorded the reactions of miles of walking through mud and rain the day before. A crucifix on the opposite wall told me that I was not at home. Strange, that figure looking down upon me. The noise, too, so unlike that of any other Easter. There were no bells ringing; but the roar—not the surf? An explosion! and some bits of plaster fell.

I was awake. The steel hat was on my head, the gas mask at hand. The dressing took place between the bed and door. Were the Huns bombarding us again? I shot a glance from the window across the hallway; a Yank was slowly coming down the street. He was not excited. I stopped and looked out.

It was Easter, after all. The sun was bright and the unmistakable fragrance of spring blew in upon me. A dancing bird was singing in the cedar tree, and there were pale green leaves on the rose bush beneath. The solitary Yank stopped, looked up at the clear sky, swung his arms over his head and seemed well pleased. He puckered his lips and sounded

a few notes. He came on down the street, humming a tune; then breaking out, he sang,

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hark! for the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna to your King!"

Truly it was Easter morning. In front of me stretched a town with every building torn and broken. Torn and broken men were in the hospital beyond the hill. My own habitation was pock-marked by shrapnel and there was an *abri* under one corner. In the entire city there was no woman or child or old man. Soldiers, only soldiers; and they lived like muddy animals in holes. Over head shells "crescendoed" and "mininuendoed," then exploded somewhere.

We were in the Verdun salient and cannon roared on three sides. Avions sailed above us with recording eyes looking down like eagles searching for prey. Anti-aircraft guns awoke and painted a line of creamy clouds around them. The man-birds darted, zigzagged, spun, whirled. One came down, down, down. Thank God! may the other follow. But it escaped to its evil nest across the lines.

The Yank has been seeing it, too. Now he turns the corner and I can faintly hear,

"Hosanna to your King!"

At ten o'clock I am eight miles away in a half-mangled town where there is to be an Easter service in a Y hut. It is still too near the front to be a nice hut; it would be a waste to build expensive huts where the Hun could reach them. It had a floor of earth strewn with the shells of nuts and bits of cigarettes and chocolate wrappers. The secretary had been up nearly all night serving a company which came in late. The company was to leave for the trenches at noon.

It was Easter day. The men came into the hut and sat upon uncertain benches, with steel helmets on their heads. We were arranging for the service. A tobacco box covered with a towel was the pulpit and table. A soldier's kit supplied the cups and plates, a canteen held the wine, another towel was spread over the elements.

The men looked on, many not seeing. Their vision was of the church at home; mother, father, brother, sister, themselves there; the minister, the choir, the friends. They listened to familiar hymns, saw lilies crowding the chancel and even caught the sweet odor. But—they were not there. They were here and—in two hours would be going to the front trenches. "I wonder if—— What if I should not come out?"

We did not sing the hymns very well. All of us sang and sang fervently, but a city choir would not have thought our singing good. But it helped us: we were not thinking of the singing; we were thinking of the "once despised Jesus—thou Galilean king."

The sermon we preached was not according to any model. The preacher was thinking of men, not models; he was talking about a Friend and was unmindful of balanced sentences. He knew One who wanted to

go to the trenches with these boys and was telling them he wanted to go. Would they take him? He was the Prince of Peace and the God of Battles, too; the helper of those who sought righteousness. Would they take him?

The cloth was removed. The sacred words were repeated. The wine and bread were offered. The roar of the guns mounted, whining shells gashed overhead. But we sang, "O Lamb of God, I come, I come." Officers and men, every one, took the bread and wine. There was a prayer, a prayer from the soul's depths; a silent moment; the upraised hand in benediction, and one by one we went out. Immanuel, God with us.

President CARL G. DONEY.

Willamette University, Salem, Ore.

NOT PLAYING FAIR

I AM a member of the United States forces at present engaged in the world war. Since coming into the service I have observed and read many things which have caused me to wonder at the trend which things are taking nowadays.

I believe every good soldier, after seeing service and feeling himself a part of the grand army struggling to achieve the mighty issues at stake, feels a deeper religious significance in life than ever before. Religion has a new meaning for him that he never realized existed. At least this was my experience, and from conversations which I have had with my fellows I believe it is nearly universal in some degree.

One of the first things which struck me upon beginning my training was the great activity in camp of certain representatives of the Roman church. Now, I have been brought up as a Protestant, but have always looked upon the Catholics without any animosity or hatred whatsoever. I always believed that they were seeking to do right in their own way just as we are in ours, until certain events brought forcibly home to me the power of government of their church and its forces at work.

I was not actually surprised at first to see much activity in this organization, but as days went by and I saw new evidences of their zeal I became curious to know what it all meant, being positive that there was some "deep game" underlying it all. I think I understand the game now, and am submitting my solution.

One day at camp I came across some of that church's publications, left conveniently in a Y. M. C. A. reading room so that everybody could look them over. I wished to learn some things, and picked them up to glance through them. It was not long before I was deeply absorbed in the new doctrines set forth, and felt I understood everything at last. The mottoes of these magazines were: "The Ultimate Triumph of the Church," "Ut Omnes Unum Sint," etc., and the pages themselves were the most illuminating commentary on the meaning of these words.

From articles I read in these Romanizing magazines I am constrained

to believe that the Roman church looks upon this war as a great crusade, the final outcome of which will be to plant her supreme over all nations of the earth. I could quote abundant statements to back me up. Catholics everywhere were urged to pray for the church's victory. Protestantism was laughed at and insulted. Union of the Protestant sects was called unthinkable. "From its inception," said one of these journals, "Protestantism had in it the seeds of sin; and the wages of sin is death." They state that the soldiers to-day are seeking for a religion—not a pretense—and that that is why they are turning to Romanism in such numbers to-day. This was indeed startling to me. I had always looked upon Protestantism as an ever-growing force, not a decadent one. An article I saw later, on page 35 of the Literary Digest for January 19th, helped to confirm me in my suspicions of Catholic activity.

If these statements are true, and if this so manifest Catholic activity has been called into existence for the destruction of Protestantism and for *their* own exaltation, it seems to me it is time that the Protestants wake up to their danger.

One article in one of these papers was of especial interest to me. It stated that our glorious allies—England, France and Italy—had entered into an agreement to bar the Pope from participation in any peace conference after the war. They denounced our comrades-in-arms unmercifully for this, but hinted that they looked toward the power of America to secure them justice and a representation when the final terms are drafted. "The hand of Pope Benedict," they said, "must be felt at every turn."

This statement amazed and exasperated me. I remembered that the Pope had been conspicuous by his refusal to condemn the Huns in their abominable practices, and has never shown himself to be in sympathy with the allied cause. Only recently it was discovered that the Vatican was working hand in hand with Germany to establish a Papal Nuncio in Peking, and German's cooperation with Romanists in China, I have heard, has been very marked in recent years. That the Pope, and church of which he is considered the infallible head, could be in alliance or sympathy with the enemies of civilization, astounded me.

During the last few months I have come to believe, indeed, with Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal: "Democracy is but a side issue. The paramount issue, underlying the issue of democracy, is the religion of Christ and Him crucified; the bed-rock of civilization; the source and resource of all that is worth having in the world that is, that gives promise in the world to come; not as an abstraction; not as a huddle of factions; but as a mighty force and principle of being." John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has also made public his ideals for the Church of the Future, which I rejoiced to see were not Romanist ideals, but the ideals of the true man: Faith and Love.

I am not so great a calamity-howler or pessimist as to predict a religious war, but I do think that if the Catholics have a great work to perform to-day the Protestants have a greater one. And if they enter upon their task in the right spirit it seems to me they should win, for their ideals are the ideals of humanity. We are fighting this war for Liberty and for

Democracy; because we refuse to have our life and thought made to order for us. Just so surely as Democracy must triumph, with God's help, even so surely must Autocracy, whether it be autocracy in government or in a religion, fall. I am confident that we are in the war to make these ideals come true.

I have no anarchical tendencies whatsoever, and have tried to look at this problem in a sane and sober light; have "kept my trap shut" about these matters rather than arouse any uncalled-for dissension.

October, 1918. ONE WITH THE COLORS.

ALMOST HUMAN

Do you see that picture of a dog over my desk? It was painted from life (after he was dead) by a hand that he had so often caressed in his loving way. Is he not handsome? "Handsome as a picture," you say. But the real dog was handsomer than any picture could paint him. I will tell you something about him.

He lay on the broad doorstep of a shoemaker's shop on a side street. I knew every dog in that town and every worth-while dog in the county, but as I looked him over I was certain that here was a new one that was as good as the best. I stepped inside and inquired for his owner. He sat on a cobbler's bench in a corner, and I learned that he was an Irish setter (the dog, I mean, not the man), and that his name was Prince. "Pure blooded?" "No; just a strain of water spaniel." "Been trained?" "No; never been worked at all."

His master was a tramp cobbler, who had left his family "back East," and was trying to make himself believe that he was working his way out to western Nebraska to take up land under the homestead law. But I found out later that he had a weakness for drink, and his money never took him further than the next saloon town.

I got the privilege of trying Prince out, and found him all that I had guessed. Of course, true to his breed, he was a "bird dog," and his spaniel strain made him especially apt at retrieving game from the water. So in two or three weeks, as his master got a fit of wanderlust, I bought him. I paid a hundred dollars for him. That is, I gave the man one dollar in cash, four dollars of railroad mileage toward Nebraska, a postal money order of forty-five dollars for his wife back east, and a temperance lecture that was well worth fifty dollars if put to immediate and permanent practical use. And so Prince became my property. He soon became a good deal more than "property" to me, for he was one of the kindest, brightest, and most companionable chaps I have ever had for an associate. We became very fond of each other.

And now I must introduce you to another dog, that (who?) will have a considerable part in this story. He was a big mongrel named Joe. He belonged to a near neighbor, Mr. Wallace. He was a good house dog, and would run after squirrels, rabbits, and other such four-footed beastics, but he would have nothing to do with feathered folks. But he and Prince

soon became pretty good friends, spending most of their spare time together, and quite usually sharing each other's kennels.

And now comes what I think is the most interesting part of this story. In a few months I had to move away. I was going to a quite large city, where I could not very well keep Prince, and Mr. Wallace agreed to keep him with Joe. When I was all ready to leave I took him down to Mr. Wallace's and bade him good-by. Then, as I turned to come away, and he started to follow me, I told him to go back and stay there. *And now listen!* Instantly Joe grabbed him by the throat, and would have killed him on the spot had we not pulled them apart and shut Prince up in a secure stable. You see that Prince was all right as a neighbor and playmate, but as soon as Joe got a hint that he was to be one of the Wallace family he was jealous and hated him. And for the next several months—all through that winter—he jumped onto Prince, every chance he got, and tried to kill him.

Well, early the following spring Mr. Wallace wrote to me that the wild geese and ducks had begun to come in, and I went out there for a few days of sport. We took Prince out, but as Joe was not a bird dog we left him at home. We went down by the big river, and my dog worked beautifully all the afternoon, retrieving wild fowl from the floating ice. At night we had to wait on the platform of a flag station for a belated railroad train, and being soaking wet, Prince caught cold. We did not think it was serious till the next morning, when we found him choked up with a cold so that he could hardly breathe and so weak he could not stand. I got the very best doctors, and we did everything we could for the poor fellow, but pneumonia set in and the next day he died.

And now, *listen some more!* Just as soon as Joe found that Prince was sick he began to be nice to him. He would cuddle up to him, to try to get him warm, and he tried to tempt his appetite with choice morsels from his own private "table." And he kept kissing him on the face, dog fashion. And, finally, when Prince lay dying, with his head in my lap, Joe bent over him with the most loving and pitying look; so that the last view that the dear fellow had of earthly things was the face of this choice friend—restored to him by his sufferings.

But this is not the end of this story. We buried my Prince in a corner of the apple orchard and covered the grave with brush that had lately been pruned from the trees. The next day Joe was missing. Had he been stolen? Had he wandered off in a disconsolate mood over the loss of his companion? It was two or three weeks later that the mystery was solved. When Mr. Wallace went out to clean up his orchard, he found Joe's lifeless body by the side of Prince's in the open grave. The broken-hearted creature had crept in, through the pile of brush, and had opened the grave with his paws. And then, with his "arms" about the neck of his ill-fated friend he had given himself up to die. And thus, to the full measure of sacrifice, he had attempted to retrieve the past, with its record of shame and sorrow. *Was not that "almost human"?*

HENRY E. WING.

Cannondale, Conn.

PERFECT IN LOVE IN THIS LIFE

A PAPER has been handed me stating objections to a question put to our candidates for the ministry and asking for help. It occurred to me that others besides this brother might welcome light on a matter of tremendous importance to early Methodism, but which is not quite so congenial to present day thought and ways.

As far back as I can trace, perhaps to 1746 (two years after Wesley held his first Annual Conference), the following questions were asked men offering as "helpers" or traveling preachers: "Have you a lively faith in Christ? Do you enjoy a clear manifestation of the love of God to your soul? Have you constant power over all sin? Do you expect to be perfected in love in this life? Do you really desire and earnestly seek it? Are you resolved to devote yourself wholly to God and his work?" These or substantially these questions were also asked candidates in America from the very beginning of their orderly reception, and from 1784 to the present receiving preachers in full connection in the Conference has been done with the following: "Have you faith in Christ? Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect (changed from 'perfected' in 1789) in love in this life? Are you groaning after it? (Changed to 'Are you earnestly striving after it?' in 1880.) Are you resolved to devote yourself wholly to God and his work?" Notice the thoroughly practical tone of this heart-searching probing. To be a Methodist preacher in early times meant appalling self-sacrifice, and Wesley knew it was only those who were cleansed from sin and bathed in divine love who were competent for that arduous way. Not only so, Wesley and all the Methodists of his time and long after were bitterly opposed to the general teaching that Christians must rise and fall, backslide and return, and be perfect in everything except their Christianity, but that they must necessarily make a botch of that. With what was then daring faith they took the commands and promises of the New Testament at their face value, and were simple-hearted enough to think that the familiar prayers were meant to be answered: "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," and, "That we may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy name." Besides, those who have read Wesley's Journal will remember how frequently he comes to this subject, with what anguish he records any shelving of this aspect of the gospel, and his conviction that the progress of the work was in direct proportion to the fidelity with which this doctrine was preached and lived.

Let us now come to the objections. The question, Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? "implies a definite experience giving complete freedom from sin, evil thoughts, evil tempers." On the contrary, it implies only what it says. It is perfection in love only, and that not angelic, nor divine, but an *evangelical*, or relative perfection, the same which Christ not only commends, but *commands* or as good as commands (Matthew 5. 48). The question means only this: Do you expect to love God and man as well as you can love them, *in this life*, or will you postpone the striving after that love to the next?

"The Scriptures do not teach such a doctrine." Has the very thing which Christ came to do failed? Matthew 1. 21. See Matthew 5. 48; Luke 6. 40; 1 Thessalonians 5. 23; Philippians 3. 8-16; Colossians 2. 10; 4. 12; Ephesians 3. 14-21; 5. 26, 27; 2 Corinthians 5. 21; Philippians 4. 19; Galatians 5. 22, 23. Read also John 14 to 17 (use American Standard Version).

"The tendency of this doctrine has been to spiritual pride, ascetic morals, schism and heresy." How can love lead to "spiritual pride," etc.? If any form of religion has ever led to these, it has not been the love of which our Church speaks—it has been the lack of it. Nor has this been the tendency of the doctrine in our history. How can love and goodness lead to anything but love and goodness? How can divine seed bring forth evil fruit?

Nor is it correct to say that perfect love has "not been essential to Methodism, which is the recall of masses to vital faith and clean living." Wesley said over and over again that whenever perfect love was preached and practiced the work advanced, whenever it was neglected the work languished. He said that the main object of Methodism was to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands (and that included all lands). "Vital faith and clean living" is just that very doctrine. "Vital faith" produces perfect love and a perfect life, just as the sun produces light, and a perfect life includes clean living.

"The spiritual nature of man is a unit, not compartments, one of which may become perfect while others remain imperfect." The doctrine does not say that man's life or soul is in compartments. It says that love is the crowning or organizing grace of the Christian life, and that when perfect in love the whole life or nature will be lit up with heavenly light. The doctrine is as true philosophically and psychologically as it is true in Scripture and history. No truer word in psychology or in any other science was ever spoken than, "Love is the fulfillment of the law" (Romans 13. 10).

"The doctrine is too individualistic, ignoring social perfection." The doctrine does not only *not* emphasize individualism, it directly opposes it and cuts it up by the roots. The second half of Christ's commandment of love—love to the neighbor—it teaches as well as the first. Love in *the nature of the case* must be social. Methodism in the eighteenth century did more for social reconstruction than all the other factors working then, and it was because of this truth of Perfect Love and the truths related to it.

"The only perfection which the Christian attains in this life is the perfection of Christ imputed to the believer by faith at justification." Kindly show us the Scripture where the only perfection is that of Christ's imputed righteousness. How can you impute perfection? If there is any progress, or beauty, or power, or conquering glory, in the Christian life, we need it here and now in this sad world.

"Paul says he has not yet attained, and is not yet perfected," etc. (Phil. 3. 12.) In that wonderful passage Paul is not speaking of perfect love, or a perfect salvation from sin, but (verse 10) the power of Christ's

resurrection, the fellowing of his sufferings, and the resurrection from the dead, or, in other words, a *perfect apprehension of Christ*, which in the nature of the case (except the sufferings) can only take place in eternity.

"I take the lines of the sainted woman, 'There are depths of love that I cannot know,' etc." But every Methodist believes in that hymn just as much as the writer of it, who was herself a Methodist.

If the New Testament teaches anything at all it teaches salvation from all sin here and now, and as perfect love to God and man as is possible here and now. If it does not it is a sham religion, and we ought to look for some worthier faith. A half dozen people who have gotten the doctrine out of proportion, out of the analogy of faith, do not discredit the doctrine. Read the great books on the subject, like Fletcher, Checks to Antinomianism (parts relating to this); W. B. Pope, Theology (see index); R. S. Foster, Christian Purity; George Peck, Christian Perfection; J. T. Peck, Central Idea of Christianity; sermons, journals, and treatises of Wesley, Charles Wesley's hymns, the Theologies of Watson, Raymond, Burwash, Curtis, Sheldon, and especially the New Testament, which is saturated through and through with the idea that the salvation which Christ *has brought* us (not will bring, in Purgatory or Paradise) is sufficient to supply all our needs. Among those needs is negatively to be saved not from a few of our sins but from all sins and all sin, and positively to be so filled with the love of Christ that we shall live such a perfect life of love to God and men as Paul lived, as John and Peter, and millions more in all ages of the world since their day. For the experience which Wesley taught from the New Testament has been illustrated by vast multitudes outside Methodism who had the "vital faith," and therefore lived the life, though they did not put it in our (Scriptural) phraseology, and many of them even combated our view.

John Alfred Faulkner.

Drew Theological Seminary,
Madison, N. J.

UNCLE BARNABAS AND HIS NEPHEW, JOHN, TO DATE

An interesting feature of the New Testament is its occasional touch of family life that makes it seem so modern that it might have been written to-day. The glance which it affords us at the relations existing between Jesus and his parents and brothers, the glimpse which it gives us of the home circle of Lazarus and his sisters of Bethany, are examples of this. The outline picture of Uncle Barnabas and his nephew John is another. It is not always desirable for a young preacher to have an uncle for a district superintendent; for the chances are that the superintendent will, on the one hand, show a partiality that will subject the boy to the jealousy of his brother preachers, or he will be so much afraid of doing so that he will bend back almost to the breaking point in his efforts to avoid it. Uncle Barnabas seems to have been of neither sort exactly, but he leaned toward the former attitude. Mr. Marks, the

proprietor of the "largest department store in the city," has "nothing on" John; for the latter was the Rev. John Mark, a local preacher; perhaps a "supply under the elder," as we used to say when there were presiding elders; or he may have been "on trial" in the Asia Minor Conference. Anyhow, his uncle, Dr. Barnabas, afterward district superintendent, and Bishop Paul took him along with them from Jerusalem to Antioch on their return from the former city, where they had performed a mission in the interest of the work of the church. That word "took" sounds very much like compulsion. Well, sometimes young men are very nearly compelled by over-zealous officials to go "into the work." Perhaps Uncle Barnabas thought it would be a fine thing to have a nephew in the conference. So poor John was dragged off to Antioch. What was the result? The most natural one in the world. Just what might reasonably have been expected. John became homesick. Probably he had never been away from his mother before in his life. And we cannot blame him very much, for he had a good mother. We know this, because she had permitted a cottage prayer meeting to be held at her house on one occasion. He had, as already intimated, been over-persuaded to go to Antioch, and now he wanted to see his mother. And see her he would, and no doubt did. Not immediately. He was a good young man and tolerably submissive to authority. He tried to preach, undoubtedly, and to do errands for the bishop and the district superintendent. He appears to have remained with them for some time and to have traveled with them. He got as far as Pamphyllia and there he bolted. And his objection to going farther with them may not have been all homesickness either. It is not the most agreeable thing to be lackey to even a couple of saintly older preachers; for the same saintly preachers, even bishops and sub-bishops, have their peculiarities. I wish we could hear John's side of the story, as to what he endured at the hands of those two saints whom we have mentally canonized and whom John, possibly, at times would have enjoyed cannonading. But Bishop Paul, not being a relation, was the worse of the two. Undoubtedly these great and good men loved their protégé and gave him plenty of good advice—free. It may have been the allopathicalness of it that drove him from them. At all events, for some reasons, good or otherwise, he went. He was not the only young preacher who has gotten discouraged and gone home, as he probably did. And it may be, too, that he was more dissatisfied with himself than with either Bishop Paul or Uncle Barnabas. Maybe some well meaning member of one of the churches told him that he "couldn't preach," or that he would "never make a preacher" (as if they knew!), and he was inexperienced and foolish enough to believe them. Or maybe one day, when he had preached one of his greatest (?) sermons, no one came up to him afterward and said, "Brother Mark, I enjoyed your sermon." And he had been congratulating himself that he had done particularly well that day, too. So he said to himself:

"I'm going home. I'll go back into the store with father. I'm not cut out for a preacher, anyhow. Bishop Paul and Uncle Barnabas can go—anywhere they like, for all me."

Have you ever been there? I have. What young preacher has not? He may think that he has mistaken his call. Perhaps John did. So he went, and that fixed him with the bishop. He had thought of sending him at the next Conference to Tunburg, but that was all off now. The slate would have to be changed. John had lost his "grade" for all time with Bishop Paul. If John should ever come back and ask for a charge again, if he gave him any, which is uncertain, he would send him to Pumpkinville Circuit. And, by the way, he might fare worse.

But it seems that John did not stay in Jerusalem—supposing that he went there at all; which is not sure, only natural—but that he kept "hanging around." It may be that he did some preaching during the interval preceding the session of the Annual Conference.

Now, when Bishop Paul was about starting on an episcopal tour over his area, Uncle Barnabas was going to accompany him and he proposed that, as John was not serving a regular charge just then, they take him along with them for the sake of giving the boy a little experience. Kind-hearted, generous Uncle Barnabas had long ago forgiven John's little slip. And then, too, was not the young man his sister's son? But not so with stern Bishop Paul. He was kind, also, but had some very strict ideas.

"I am not in favor of it, Barnabas," he said, with considerable emphasis.

"O, we mustn't be too hard upon the young fellow, bishop. He came back, you know. He was just a little homesick and discouraged, I guess," argued Barnabas.

"I guess nothing of the kind. He is vacillating and unreliable. I want a man that I can depend upon. I prefer Silas. He is dependable."

The bishop added,

"Just because he is your nephew, you needn't show favoritism."

"Well, bishop, you take Silas and go where you please. I'll take John with me and go where I please. I think that you are unreasonable."

Thus these really good men disputed until they finally separated. I am not sure that they fell upon one another's neck and embraced each other; if they even said, "Good-by." The people seem to have made a big fuss over the bishop and Silas—because he was with the bishop—and gave them a great send-off, while poor forgiving Uncle Barnabas and the objectionable John sailed away to Cyprus, John's birthplace, without any special notice from the Quarterly Conference, who do not seem to have passed any complimentary resolutions concerning them.

We are not informed in so many words as to whether or not John ever "made good" as a preacher, but a word dropped by Bishop Paul in a letter written to Timothy, whom he affectionately calls his "son in the gospel," shows a "change of heart" on the part of the now aged minister. He is complaining of being deserted by Demas, who has accepted a more lucrative position in Thessalonica because, as Paul says, he has become worldly: Crescens and Titus, for other and better reasons, have gone, and only Luke is left, and he does not appear to have counted much in the bishop's estimation. So he said to Timothy,

"Do your best to come to see me, and take Mark and bring him along"—he does not say John—for "he is useful to me for ministering." Yes, I guess the old soldier has mellowed down some and has partly changed his mind about Barnabas's nephew. But note the phraseology that he uses: "Take him." There it is again. Compulsion. I wonder if the poor fellow broke out again. "Useful to me for ministering." What kind of ministering? I would like to know. I wonder in what way he was to be useful to Bishop Paul. Was that all he had learned good of John Mark—that he was useful? Well, that is a pretty good thing in its way, too.

Knowing the imperfections of the translations from the original text into English, we will give good old Bishop Paul the benefit of the doubt and try to believe that he freely and fully forgave John and really wanted him with him as a helper in the work of the ministry. Maybe he wanted to give him an appointment to one of the most important churches in his episcopal area. Time is a great healer, and we may hope, for John's sake, that such may have been the attitude of Bishop Paul toward Uncle Barnabas's nephew; for in Philemon, the twenty-fourth verse, Mark, *through the bishop*, sends love to the churches.

T. M. Furey.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE FUTURE OF MESOPOTAMIA

The term Mesopotamia, from two Greek words, *mesos* (middle) and *potamos* (river), has been current from the time of Alexander the Great to our own days. It is the term applied to the territory "between the two rivers" Euphrates and Tigris, and extending from the southern slopes of the Armenian mountains to the Persian Gulf. Let it be said, at the outstart, that there is no complete agreement among scholars, either as to the meaning of the Semitic word rendered Mesopotamia in our English versions, or to the exact boundaries of the land so designated. It could not be otherwise, for a territory which has been the scene of so many cruel wars and has changed masters as often must have necessarily shifted its boundaries time and again.

It was known to the Egyptian scribes as early as the sixteenth century before our era as N'h'rin, evidently a transliteration of the Semitic Naharin. The term used in the Hebrew Scriptures is Aram Naharaim, that is, Aram or region of the two rivers. For the purpose of this article it is not necessary that we should fix the ancient boundaries of the land called Mesopotamia in our Bibles, for we shall employ the term as including the territory drained by the Euphrates and Tigris rivers and their tributaries, from Armenia to the Gulf of Persia, as well as considerable stretches west of the Euphrates and east of the Tigris.

Mesopotamia has been called the cradle of the human race. In it,

we are assured, was located the Garden of Eden. It was for centuries one of the most fertile spots on the face of the globe, and thus maintained a very numerous population. It was from here that the Sargons, Gudea, Hammurabi, and other mighty rulers extended their conquests, and it was here that they established their empires. It was from the southern part of Mesopotamia, as we use the word, that Abraham, perhaps a contemporary and a subject of the great Hammurabi, emigrated to Canaan, where at a later date his descendants developed into a select people, destined to have a paramount influence in the religious world and spiritual affairs. It was in Mesopotamia that Babylon, Nippur, Assur, Calneh, Ur of the Chaldees, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, Kerbela, Bagdad, Basra, and other important cities flourished for many centuries. Had Alexander the Great lived to carry out his plans he would most likely have built his capital in Mesopotamia, the land where the armies of Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Parthia, Media, Greece, and Rome, as well as the legions of the Hittites, the Amurra, the Mitannites, Arabs, Mongols, and Turks fought some of their bloodiest battles in various ages of the world.

As we pen these lines another change of government is impending in this ancient land. The redemption of Mesopotamia has come at last and a brighter future is not only a hope but a certainty. Let us all thank God that the Turk has lost his power of oppression and that militarism has received its death blow. For, had the Turkish-Prussian alliance gained full control in the Tigris-Euphrates countries, Christianity might have suffered a greater check than it did from the Moslem conquests of the distant past.

Though there are still a few large towns and many prosperous villages in Mesopotamia, alas, its ancient glory has gradually passed away. The greater part of this once fair land has become a wilderness. The prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah and other Hebrew prophets regarding it have been most literally fulfilled. Not only have the palaces, temples, and massive walls of Babylon and other cities "become heaps, a dwelling place for jackals, an astonishment and a hissing without inhabitant (Jer. 51. 37), but the beautiful gardens and productive fields around them have become a wilderness, a dry ground, and a desert" (50. 13).

What the prophets of Israel predicted concerning Babylon has been fulfilled and equally true in the case of Nineveh and other cities. Indeed, some of them have been so utterly ruined and blotted out as to leave no traces by which they might be identified. A modern writer speaking of Nineveh says: "So complete was the desolation that in classic time the departed Nineveh became a myth." The numberless ruins throughout Mesopotamia bear eloquent testimony to the former glory of the country, and they also utter a silent prophecy of what it may yet become with proper cultivation under the protection of a just government. War usually causes desolation and devastation, at least for a season; but time usually restores also the places laid waste by the ravages of war. In Mesopotamia seasons of war and ruin alternated with those of peace and prosperity. From the earliest ages down to A. D. 1516, when the Turk became master, Mesopotamia was a prosperous territory. But with

the advent of the Turk and his oppressive dominion this fair land has become more and more of a wilderness.

Canon Parfit, who spent many years as missionary in Mesopotamia, and knows it as well possibly as any European, draws a dreary picture of its tragical desolation as he saw it in the years immediately preceding the Great War. He emphasizes the destructive and non-constructive character of the present inhabitants. Incidentally, in speaking of the work done by European archæologists, he says: "The Turks themselves preserve nothing and have left no monuments of their own behind them. There is not a single building—not even a ruin—a canal, a bridge, a single tree to which we could point as a worthy monument to the centuries of Turkish occupation of Mesopotamia. This most fertile region of the earth, that enriched the inhabited world for thousands of years, has been gradually reduced to dust and ashes, and even the precious monuments of its ancient glories have suffered from the ruthless folly and vandalism of the Turk."

But there is an end to all things. It now looks as if the end of Turkish dominion in the Euphrates-Tigris country has also come. The unspeakable Turk, utterly unfit to rule, especially over other races, is to be shorn of his power. This has been foreseen for many years. No people saw it more clearly than the Germans. They have no love for the Turk. They have simply made a cat's-paw of him in the hope and expectation of gaining possession not only of Constantinople and Asia Minor, but of Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt as well. The Germans have studied every phase of the "Eastern Question" most thoroughly. They have been planning for many years how to swallow up the Turk and his decadent empire. This accounts for the fact that Germans of more than ordinary culture and efficiency are found everywhere throughout the Turkish empire. They know full well that whatever country rules the territory along the Bagdad railroad from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf holds the key to the government of the entire world.

Mesopotamia, by nature fertile, and abounding in unlimited possibilities, than which few countries on earth are capable of greater productiveness, and which under scientific cultivation may yet become a paradise, or, to use a scriptural term, "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose," and furnish abundance of food not only for the millions who will settle in this favored redeemed land, but also for the millions more less favored in adjacent territories. The Euphrates and Tigris rivers instead of being a curse to the regions watered by them may be made sources of greatest blessing. Instead of overflowing their low banks, their shallow beds may be deepened not alone by dredging, but by a system of levees or embankments, in such a manner as to avoid needless floods and destructive inundations. The ancient network of canals between the rivers will be reopened and utilized for drainage, irrigation, and navigation. With these canals throughout the entire country, and with the Euphrates and Tigris rivers navigable for hundreds and hundreds of miles, will come a great impetus for trade and commerce. These great highways, on which boats of all sizes will be employed for inland as well

as foreign trade, will prove a great benefit for the people of Mesopotamia. They will serve the domestic population with their various needs and will carry the surplus products to lands less favored by nature. Besides these natural water routes Mesopotamia will have more than one great trunk line pass through its borders. There will be too a number of branch roads, either steam or electric, as in all densely populated districts of Europe and America.

With these additional transportation facilities wonderful changes will take place in this territory now cursed by Turkish misrule. The good work has already commenced most auspiciously in the southern part. Ever since the occupation of Bagdad by the Entente Allies new life has been put into every branch of business in and around this old city, and a new spirit is apparent among all the people. Many of the villages and towns, only a short time ago breeders of disease and pestilence, are already showing improvements in various ways, especially on sanitary lines. As already said there are many prosperous towns and villages in portions of Mesopotamia, but the greater part is still a wilderness, either dry and arid or marshy and swampy, unfavorable for human habitation. Other large sections are infested by robber bands under the semi-official protection of those representing the Ottoman government. These marauders subject those passing through their territory to great inconvenience and injustice. When they do not plunder or even murder these foreign traders, like the robber knights of old, they exact exorbitant tribute from their victims. These old caravan routes will give way to safer and more rapid means of transportation; for with the redemption of Mesopotamia will come the suppression of these professional bandits. The railroad, the electric car, and the automobile will put an end to their depredations. Such changes will help not only Mesopotamia itself, but indirectly many other lands. "It will," as Canon Parfit has said, "be the dawn of a better era for the inhabitants of all five continents."

Large portions of Mesopotamia are not only fertile, but adapted for the production of great varieties of foodstuffs, such as wheat, barley, maize, rice, beans, millet, and other cereals. Olives, dates, figs, melons, and vegetables of all kinds can be cultivated most successfully. Cotton, hemp, and wool of the finest kind are also abundant. Thus all that is needed to feed and clothe the people will be found in paying quantities. There will be plenty to supply the demands of the home population, and then some left for exportation. It will take much outside capital and some immigration to bring about such improvements, but that willing investors and colonists will take advantage of the opportunities offered no one can reasonably doubt.

Then again the great oil fields in Mesopotamia and adjacent lands will be a source of enormous revenues. These have been either overlooked or neglected by the ignorant and non-enterprising natives. Mesopotamia, says Parfit, "contains many underground rivers of valuable petroleum which here and there finds its way to the surface." Not far from Gyarah, on the Tigris, a large black rock protrudes from the middle of the river from which flows "a stream of oil almost as thick as a man's

wrist, polluting the river for many miles below." Think of this waste! The day, however, is at hand when European capital and modern conservation will make use of every drop of this precious fluid now stored up in its subterranean reservoirs, or allowed to ooze out to corrupt land and water. The time is at hand when oil will to a great extent replace coal and wood as fuel, not only in our factories but also for boats and locomotives.

As Babylon, Nineveh, and other cities, as well as Ctesiphon and Bagdad at a later date, were for many centuries not only great capitals, but also leading commercial centers, where merchants and business men from every quarter of the globe met and exchanged commodities, so it will be again after the rehabilitation of the Euphrates-Tigris countries. These old cities, together with new ones which will spring up, will become great *entrepôts* and emporiums for the distribution of the world's products. We must not look for the reestablishment of royal pomp or imperial parade, for the return of the Sargons, Gudeas, or the Nebuchadnezzars to rule it over their myriad slaves; nevertheless we are justified in expecting that the countries immediately east of the Mediterranean and in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, the very center of the western world, may regain their former glory and commercial importance.

After all the world is small. The North and the South, the East and the West are to be brought into closer union. The golden age of democracy is to replace Prussian militarism and Turkish misrule. It has been well said: "The maintenance of peace in the East as well as the progress of the Western peoples depend mainly upon the permanent expulsion of the Turk, with all his robber bands, from the world's highways, and the grant of a charter of freedom for all the dwellers of Mesopotamia." The day has at last dawned after this long night of cruel oppression. The redemption of little nations oppressed by Turkish despotism has commenced. Palestine, Syria, Armenia, and other persecuted lands are to be liberated and are to enjoy freedom in the highest sense of the word. Since right, not might, is to be the watchword of the future, the smallest nation will be treated like the greatest.

The new League of Nations will make us all friends and neighbors. The day is not far when one may step on a Pullman car at Paris, Madrid, Rome, Geneva, and for that matter, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, and other large cities and ride without change, not only to Constantinople, but also to Mosul (ancient Nineveh) and Bosra on the Persian Gulf, and from here take another car, which will take him to Bombay, Calcutta, Peking, or Shanghai; or should he be so inclined, he may change at Aleppo and proceed south to Damascus, Jerusalem, Mecca, Medina, Suez, or Cairo and thence to the uttermost parts of Africa. And, thank the Lord, this will not be, as planned, on railroads controlled by Prussia. These main lines will have innumerable branches radiating in all directions. Besides, short sea trips from various ports in many lands will connect with these great highways. Thus we may expect "a straight line from London to India, and another from Paris to Peking, and from Petrograd to the Cape" of Good Hope. No country will be more benefited by these

marvelous changes than Mesopotamia, nor will any territory pay a higher dividend for the blessings received on account of these great transformations than will the "land between the rivers." The intercourse of the natives with the managers and operators of these railroads will open their eyes and they will not be slow to recognize between Turkish oppression and modern democracy. As Mecca and other leading Moslem centers have abandoned the Turk and his ruthless cruelty, other lands, crushed under the heels of despotism, will catch the vision and follow suit. Myriads of Mohammendans in India, Arabia, Egypt, and elsewhere where the British flag waves, though firm in the Moslem faith, have deliberately chosen to fight in the armies of the Entente Allies, fully convinced that force and atrocities must give way to justice and good will. We say again, no land will be more greatly benefited by the struggle now closing than Mesopotamia.

Not so profitable from a material standpoint, nevertheless of very great importance to the student of history and civilization, will be the archæological discoveries which are bound to be made in the reclamation of Mesopotamia. From the far north, where the Euphrates and Tigris take their rise, even to the point where the Shat-el-Arab empties into the Persian Gulf, there have been found cuneiform inscriptions of great antiquity as well as other evidences of a prosperous past and remote civilization. The land is literally dotted with *tels* and ruins, silent witnesses of past prosperity and dense population. Much has been done by way of exploration during the last half century in several of the larger ruins, as at Nippur, Nineveh, and Babylon. The discoveries made have astonished the learned world and given most valuable information of the distant past. But not one hundredth part of what may be done has been so far accomplished. We are told by archæologists that it would require at least twenty-five more years to finish the excavations which have been in progress by the Germans for many years in Babylon alone. What is true of Babylon would be true of other cities. The construction of new buildings, to say nothing of scientific excavations, cannot but bring to light many a treasure, many hidden documents which have guarded well their secrets for millenniums. Not the least benefited by the discoveries still to be made will be the student of Holy Writ. Whatever else the restoration of Mesopotamia will effect, it will certainly enlarge our knowledge of sacred history as chronicled in the Old Testament.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

PROBLEMS AND FORCES OF CHRISTIAN RECONSTRUCTION

In view of the stupendous issues of the present hour and the confusion that still reigns in many quarters, we will not venture upon the rôle of prophet. Yet in the persuasion that there never was a time when Christians had greater need of perfect clarity of vision we modestly offer

our contribution to an understanding of our task. We must have a well-defined standpoint, a clear and sure aim, and the largest mutual understanding.

There is something glorious in our triumph over Prussian militarism. There is an unspeakable satisfaction in beholding the downfall of despots and the prospect of the establishment of democracy in their place. It cheers us to think of all the good things that seem now to be at the doors—things of which we used fondly to dream—general disarmament, a league of free peoples, protection of the rights of the small nation, the abolition of every species of political despotism everywhere. Yet the disciples of Jesus should not for one moment waver in their conviction that only as we build upon God's eternal truth do we build enduringly. No institutions nor conventions of men can avail except in so far as they express and realize the truth of God. All true Christians will gladly further every movement to express in the social order and in national and international relations all those principles of liberty and justice and mercy which we know to inhere in the divine character and government. But no thorough Christian hopes for the fruits of the kingdom of God, if God is left out.

The war would not have broken loose upon the earth but for the unbelief in God, who made of one all nations to dwell together upon the face of the earth. And our war is not won until that faith, which involves also the full sense of the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God, is triumphant. It is a preliminary war that we have won. The great decisive war is yet before us. It is something great to have brought the wild beast of militarism and despotism to bay, to have removed a vast obstacle to human progress. But that war will not really have been won, or it will have been won to no purpose, unless the Christian forces move on valiantly to win that next war.

We must in the first place clearly recognize the futility of every substitute for Christianity. Many a reform which might be very salutary *as a reform* becomes thoroughly vicious when it pretends to be a cure-all. When, therefore, any form of idealism, any Kultur, any political or social program offers to open the door of the kingdom of heaven—to lead us into an earthly or a heavenly Paradise—the well-instructed disciple of Jesus believes it not. The sane Christian will, of course, not despise the technique of social and political organization and progress; but he knows that only spiritual forces—indeed, only the very truth of God—can bring us to the goal.

In England and America the war has brought on a new phase of the problem of the reunion of Christendom. In England the problem involves questions which as yet are scarcely felt in this country. For the leaders of the Church of England recognize the need of finding a way to an understanding with Rome as truly as with the Nonconformist bodies. The subject is an alluring one, but we pass it by with a single observation. The war has made us feel the evil of separation, but—fortunately—it has not made us fancy that union is possible upon a creedless "practical Christianity." We perceive that the true function of dogma is to be

intensely pragmatic—to set forth clearly the basis of fellowship not only in our worship, but in our practical tasks. The war will help us to simplify our creed—to eliminate whatever is not of the essence of discipleship to Jesus and fellowship with believers in him; but it will also help us to see the vanity and futility of a fellowship based upon an undefined and undefinable sentiment.

The Christian problem in France is immensely interesting. Our readers are referred especially to Dr. Charles S. Macfarland's report of his observations of the religious situation in France. Without doubt the devotion of the French clergy has won back to the church many who had become quite disaffected. But we cannot believe that even a revived Catholicism can do for France what she needs to have done. The renewed zeal of French Protestantism and the cordial feeling of many French Catholics toward the Protestantism whose works they have been witnessing seem to signify that there has been opened in France a great and effectual door for the gospel. In proportion to their numbers—some half million—the French Protestants have a very considerable number of strong personalities in their pulpits and theological seminaries. But they sorely need our help.

The Russian people are said to be very religious in their way. But we see a country in which the orthodoxy of the Eastern Church is utterly unequal to the task of holding or guiding a bewildered populace. If ever there was a country sounding the Macedonian cry, that country is Russia to-day.

The former dual monarchy, Austria-Hungary, included many races, but in respect of religion there was some approximation to unity. The Roman Catholics formed the overwhelming majority in all parts of the realm. But it is very significant that the new Czecho-Slav republic has proclaimed complete religious freedom, and has promised the separation of church and state. In Bohemia there is a faithful little branch of the Moravian Church, besides some other evangelical Christians, including a mission of the American Board. In the archduchy of Austria, the Lutheran and Reformed confessions have a footing, with a theological faculty in affiliation with the university at Vienna, supported by the state. Methodist missions in Austria have had a good deal to contend against, but they have been fairly successful.

What may be the immediate future of evangelical Christianity in Austria-Hungary we do not venture to prophesy. We believe, however, that in Bohemia the outlook is good. As to Catholicism, one may be tolerably sure of the powerful influence of the church to prevent a sweeping dissolution of the social order. On the other hand, these countries do not have the religious life to bring about a swift regeneration of society.

If we look for a moment at Belgium, it must be clear that the prospect of a turning toward Protestantism is out of the question. The whole course of the Catholic Church in relation to the people during the war has been such as to bind the people more closely to the church. Cardinal Mercier has been the most conspicuous of all ecclesiastical

figures that have taken a hand in the spiritual conflicts involved in the war. A man of rare courage, tact and eloquence, he has not only endeared himself to all Belgians, but has held them fast to the church and to Rome—for Mercier must be called a loyal ultramontane.

The attitude of the Pope has been somewhat disappointing. It is, of course, wrong to think of him as pro-German; yet his effort to maintain his influence over Catholics of all lands made it seem impossible for him to do much toward bringing about any proper sort of peace. The papal dignity has suffered no little loss because of the war—especially in Italy itself. If there is an open door for evangelical Christianity in France, there is surely the same in Italy. In both countries the ministrations of the Y. M. C. A., known as non-Catholic, have been welcomed and appreciated.

The Christian problem in Germany is difficult, but we are very hopeful of the ultimate outcome. That the influence of the organized Christian forces in these troublous days of the armistice is comparatively slight is evident. In the nature of the case the state church has been much discredited along with the government which so effectually controlled it. Even long before the war very large circles of the German people had become estranged from the church—from the church more than from religion. The sufferings of the four years of war have doubtless turned the thoughts of many to God, but it is almost certain that the state church has definitely lost her hold upon great masses of the people. And such vital Christian forces as exist within and without the church must be finding it extremely difficult just now to obtain a sympathetic hearing.

But we should not for one moment doubt the existence of these forces. The question concerns not the existence of a "saving remnant," but its relative numbers and its energy. It is a problem, too, for these forces to find a footing, a place to stand, from which they may move the world. We must bear in mind the deep but silent tragedy of the church's long subjection to the temporal power. This means, among other things, that the clergy—even the spiritually minded among the clergy—do not know what to do with their newly found liberty. And the people will be suspicious of any set of men who were until a few weeks ago the organs of a power now overthrown. On the other hand it is probable that the pulpits can now be used with a freedom hitherto undreamed of.

It would be immensely interesting to know what the clergy are attempting to do in these days. And what of the so-called "sects"—the Methodists, the Baptists, the Irvingites, and the rest? Perhaps they will be able to develop a great and beneficent activity; but for the time being it is clear that they have not the prestige nor do they possess the leaders that are necessary to gain the attention of the mass of the people. In the immediate future the leaders must be sought among the clergy and laity of the state churches.

Apparently there is no evangelical clergyman in Germany who combines the necessary qualities to unite and command great forces. Probably Stöcker might have done it, but he is no longer living. Per-

haps Naumann might have done it, but for his having so greatly compromised his spiritual influence by his questionable political career; his extreme theological liberalism, too, would disqualify him for leadership of a united movement. Samuel Keller can always reckon on a large hearing, but for leadership in a great constructive movement he has not the requisite qualifications. Undoubtedly there are men who are able to exert a powerful influence in their own parishes. Some of these have, or will quickly acquire, a national influence. We are speaking now of pastors and superintendents. Men like superintendent Theodor Kalftan, of Kiel, or superintendent Lahusen, of Berlin, will have a pretty large influence. It is certain that such pastors as Hunzinger in Hamburg, Conrad in Berlin, and Meinhof in Halle, will give a good account of themselves. Even Court-Preacher Dryander will probably be able to find himself.

But what of the university professors—especially those theologians among the ninety-three who signed the document assuring the world that Germany's garments were spotless? Doubtless our hope of the immediate moral and religious future of Germany would be livelier if some of these men should come forward with a confession of their former delusion and an unqualified repudiation of Germany's crimes. We can for a time excuse that earlier manifesto on the ground of a temporary infatuation and an all too credulous attitude toward the government. But it is now time for a recantation. Thus far, of course, we have no information bearing on the newest phases of the matter. We shall, however, not do amiss in indulging a fair hope. Certainly some of those men have shown in the past an admirable spirit of Christian brotherhood and international conciliation. We cannot doubt that such men as Haering and Schlatter and Loofs and Thinels and Rade and many others will take an unmistakably Christian stand.

Our war, we know full well, will have been fully won only when Christian brotherhood has triumphed over national arrogance and greed. If there is glory in beating German arms and overthrowing Prussian autocracy, what of the surpassing glory—which will be God's alone—when the spirit that breeds wars has been cast out? But we ourselves must seek to be purged from the leaven that threatens to leaven the whole lump. Imperialism or materialism in one form or another still has charms for millions of men in all lands.

Our task is restoration, and this involves forgiveness. We must learn how to forgive as God forgives. We have no right to *excuse* the wrong. But we also have no right to close the book with an *unconditional condemnation.* The problem of the Christian Church is to *forgive.* Now true forgiveness never annuls law, never lowers the standard, never makes a concession to a wrong. It is the divine way of reestablishing the right. It is the restoration of fellowship *on the basis of right.* It is an exercise of the love that refuses to recognize the seeming mastery and triumph of sin. It refuses to be overcome of evil, but insists upon overcoming evil with good. Of course all this is immeasurably difficult. It is quite impossible with men, but not with God. As children of God

the disciples of Jesus must humbly strive to lead the people of Germany to recognize and turn from the wrong which they have done. We cannot rest until a genuine Christian conciliation has been reached.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Service and Prayers for Church and Home. By Bishop Thirkield. 16mo, pp. 309. New York and Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

It was prayer meeting evening. The parsonage family had just finished supper, when a messenger rang the doorbell. An only son, aged 21, was dying half a mile away: would the minister come quickly? He sent word to the sexton in the church to ask one of the stewards to conduct the prayer meeting, and was soon sitting at the young man's bedside holding his hand and praying tenderly and comfortingly. The minister had visited him often during his sickness, received his confession of faith, given him the sacrament and put his name on the church book as a member. Presently the dying boy moved his fingers, beckoning his father, who bent close to the almost silent lips. "What is it, my son?" "You and mother join the church right away." The strong man sobbed out, "Yes, Theodore, right away." Not long after, the boy ceased breathing and went to be forever with the Lord. After the burial the father said to the minister: "I can hardly wait till Sunday to join the church." He knew little about religion or church life, but his heart was now broken and contrite. His Lord had found him at the deathbed of his boy. On Sunday the whole family, he and his wife and two young daughters, publicly gave themselves to Christ at the altar of the church. In a few days the minister, visiting the family, saw this illuminated announcement, framed and hung in the front parlor: "This House for God;" whereby all comers were notified that he who says "Behold, I make all things new," had transformed and taken command of that home. From that time the family were always at every church service and prayer meeting and liberal contributors to expenses and benevolences. The father immediately wanted to set up a family altar in his home, but he knew not how to pray and his speech was broken and stumbling. So he came to the minister to ask if there was such a thing as a book of prayers suitable for family worship. The Methodist Church at that time had no such book, but the minister managed to find such a collection published by another church. It was fairly good for its purpose. Years after, when that book had been worn out by use, the man asked the minister to get him a fresh copy. That was but a few years ago. O, if we had only had at that time this admirable book of prayers compiled by

that true apostle of Jesus Christ, Bishop Thirkield, which is the best book we know of for church and family use! It is similar to the collection used by Mr. Leroy in his Pine Tree Inn at Lakehurst, and by Mr. Smiley at Lake Mohonk in conducting daily morning worship in the hotel parlor, lending to the house such dignity, sincerity, peace and comfort as could not otherwise be there. Bishop Thirkield's book is a marvel of compendiousness. Also it is the most compact and convenient pastor's manual we know of, containing a great variety of prayers and Bible readings for every conceivable occasion, together with the ritual for Baptism, Reception of Members, Matrimony, Funerals and Burial, Dedication of a Church, etc. Besides, it is so low-priced, so small and light and portable, and pocketable, fit to be the pastor's comfort book. Here is one of the morning prayers: "Blessed be God, the Father of all mercies, for the mercies of the past night; for shelter, safety, comfort, rest, and peace. How precious are thy thoughts unto us, O God! how great is the sum of them! When we awake we are still with thee. So would our hearts rise to thee, O Lord, with the morning light, with the incense of prayer and praise; yea, we would present our bodies unto thee a living sacrifice. May this, our reasonable service, be made holy through the blood of Jesus, and acceptable through the Spirit of all grace. May the Holy Spirit descend and rest upon us, making our home and our hearts the abode of peace. Help us this day to live unto thee, and in all our works and ways to do that which is well-pleasing in thy sight. Prosper the labor of our hands, our studies, our various callings; bless to us the means of knowledge and improvement; make us thoughtful of others, considerate of the poor and afflicted, wise and ready unto every good word and work. We commend unto thee our kindred and friends, beseeching thee to grant them the promise of the life that now is; and in the world to come, life everlasting. We pray for thy holy church universal, for the coming of light, peace, and salvation in all the earth; through Christ our Lord. Amen. (The Lord's Prayer.)" This is an evening prayer by Augustine, a great sinner, who became a great saint: "Watch thou, dear Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or weep to-night, and give thine angels charge over those who sleep. Tend thy sick ones, O Lord Christ. Rest thy weary ones. Bless thy dying ones. Soothe thy suffering ones. Pity thine afflicted ones. Shield thy joyous ones. And all, for thy Love's sake. Amen." This is one of Louis Stevenson's inimitable morning petitions: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen." Even more inimitable is this naive, semi-seraphic, sincere Sabbath morning communion with the eternal Father by Bishop Quayle: "And is it true, O Lord, that thou art trying to talk to us, and we are not much inclined to listen to thee? The saying seems so totally out of relation to rightness, not to say righteousness, that when we name it, we deny it. And yet, O Lord, when we think it over we must acknowl-

edge that it is true, that God wants to talk to us more than we want to talk to him. We are shamed by this perfidy of our lives. We cannot account for it. The bias in us toward evil seems to override us so. God, the King of earth and the King of souls and the King of eternity, wanting to talk to us, and we so busy or so indolent or so frivolous or so foolish or so wicked, we don't want to talk to him! O Lord, shame this from our hearts this morning. Let the statement of our case be not only our own condemnation, but may it lead to our reformation. May we this morning take up life's glad business afresh. Let us begin our Lord's Day with talking to God. It is so sweet to talk to him: it is so quieting to the tangled lines of care that run through and through our lives, so quieting to the tingling nerves, so restful to the deepest heart. It makes such smooth sailing on wicked waters. It makes such good work when work is hard. It takes the tiredness out of the shoulders and the feet and the breast. O God, let us all learn the sweetness of talking to thee, the rightness of talking to thee, the deep gladness of talking to thee. Let us learn that, like as the bough that springs back when the bird flies from it, so should our lives spring back to God. Help us, Lord. Amen." There are prayers for all classes of church workers. For a specific purpose we venture to quote one, the prayer for Deaconesses: "Father of mercies, we beseech thee to guide, protect, and encourage those consecrated women, who minister, clothed with sanctity and gentleness, in homes of want and misery and degradation. Enable them with pitiful hearts, inspired by the joy of service, to give counsel to the unwise, strength to the weak, succor to the tempted, courage to the despairing, and Christ to every soul. Help them to gather the little children into the tender Shepherd's care, and to lead the youth to the altars of God, and to open the gates of heaven for the dying. In moments of perplexity, discouragement, or peril, be thou their shield and support, and cause them ever to hear thy voice, 'Lo, I am with you always.' So prosper thou their beautiful and blessed work. In the name of our adorable Saviour, Christ. Amen." We quote this particular prayer in order to call attention to the dignity and beauty and very urgent importance of Deaconess work. If our Church were as wise as the Romanist and Episcopal churches we would make more use of our gifted women in this form of Christlike service. We would support it adequately instead of meanly, and make it compellingly attractive to our spiritually minded and devoted young women. And so we would make this fine branch of service efficient, worthy of so strong a Church and acceptable to our Master. We have slighted and trifled with it long enough. In addition to many prayers and select Scripture readings, this compendious, comprehensive little book contains The Wesley Sunday Service, the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Baptism, Reception of Members, The Lord's Supper, Matrimony, Burial, Dedication of a Church, The Articles of Religion, The General Rules, Special Advices, and The Junior Catechism. Truly the pastor's handy *Vade Mecum.*

The Rise of the Christian Religion. A Study in Origins. By CHARLES FREDERICK NOLLOTH, M.A., D.Litt., Oriel College, Oxford. 8vo, pp. xii+608. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $4.00.

THIS volume marks the recession from adverse and dogmatic criticism. It is an attempt to mediate between the extremes of erratic radicalism and untempered conservatism. Such a task is by no means easy, but Dr. Nolloth has accomplished it successfully by reason of his progressive moderation. The mere specialist is unable to deal with large issues, for he is too absorbed in pettifogging details to get the vision of the whole of truth. On the other hand, he who takes a large survey is apt to become superficial, unless he is qualified by wide reading and ample learning. Originality is a vice against which the historian, more especially, must guard himself. It is more important that he should be accurate and reliable than novel in his exposition. Our author states that his aim is "to deal with certain movements of thought which are central for any clear understanding of early Christianity, and to emphasize events that form epochs in its history." He is convinced that Christianity was due to the direct and immediate interposition of God in human history. But an interposition is not an interruption of the course of life: it is an introduction of a new and better order. The chapter on "Miracles and History" is particularly fine for an understanding of this aspect of truth. From the standpoint of God there is no distinction between the ordinary course of his action and an extraordinary or "supernatural" activity. "It is from our own standpoint that the 'miraculous' is removed poles apart from the ordinary, or 'natural,' as we call it. And when we draw the distinction, we are not 'handing over the natural order to some power which is not divine;' rather we are allowing to God the freedom to act in His own world in a manner which is not that of his ordinary working, and which may, on occasion, be something wholly unique, as in the Incarnation itself." Scholars have always been impressed by the "singular moderation" as to the miraculous in the gospels. When the Son of God became incarnate he did not enter an alien order of being, but subjected himself to the conditions of a finite life in time. How the finite and the infinite met in a single Personality, is considered in the chapter on "The Two Natures," which is at once lucid and convincing. Dr. Nolloth is right in dealing with this question, not from the metaphysical, but the moral and spiritual side. The difference between God and man as regards moral and spiritual qualities, is one of degree and not of kind. "Love, whether in God or man, is divine; so are truth and sincerity. You have not to form different classifications when you speak of the highest characteristics of God and man. These considerations may make it easier to see how in the one Person of Jesus Christ two whole and separate natures, that of God and that of man, could dwell together in unity: the divine expressing itself in the language and manner of man, the manhood mediating for men the presence of the Divine. No formula of the schools has yet been found to set forth a theory that can logically account for the facts and bring them together in such a shape as to be completely satisfying. But we know enough of the two natures to be able to see in the

light of a fuller knowledge of what is involved in personality, that the gospel picture of the Incarnate Son of God can claim not only the adherence of our faith, but of our reason. In the chapter on "The Resurrection" he argues that, "unless the Resurrection was an objective reality, there has been, so far as we can tell, no victory over death, no vindication of Christ, no triumph of good. Evil, in the supreme effort of Satan, has had the last word." After disposing of the familiar attempts to explain away this historic fact, he reminds us that the march of scientific discovery is lessening our difficulties, and concludes: "Unless we do violence to every principle of psychology, we must own that a hope which was so shattered could not be revived without a cause equally definite and irresistible. No sane thinker doubts the story of the Cross. It is graven imperishably in the records of human experience. It stands before us, a fact that nothing can gainsay: and we have full proof that to the disciples it meant the ruin of their Master's cause. No one dreamt that such a death was the moment of victory. All was over. The form which devotion took proclaimed despair. Then on 'the third day' there comes the stir and movement of a new hope—the conviction that the Dead is alive again. And unless we run counter to all we know of life and experience, we have to say that such a change in such men, under such conditions, was due to a cause external to themselves. It was not in them to produce the Easter Faith. The life that since that day has gone coursing through the veins of every servant of Christ is not the creation of a credulity struggling with despair. It springs out of truth and fact." There are several chapters which bring out the doctrinal significance of the life of Jesus Christ. They throw needed light on the days of his flesh and the redemptive ministry which was begun under the Syrian blue and continues to our own day. The eschatological school of thought is deservedly scored, and it is shown that its leaders have underestimated our Lord's knowledge "of the capacity of the human mind, of its power of development, of its latent resources." When it is further remembered that the object of his coming was to reconcile the world to God, and that his work of redemption looked Godward, not manward, in that it was the bringing back of man into peace with God, we can understand that his teaching was influenced by this preeminent purpose. "To expect language suited to the requirements of scientific demonstration rather than to the understanding of his hearers is to miss the purpose of his appearance among men. He came, bathed in eternity, to speak to perishing men about the things which eternally matter; and he would not be drawn from his purpose." In reply to the charge that our Lord's teaching is wanting in originality he writes: "If to be able to open out a whole vista of thought by the utterance of a single phrase, to stir the pulse of men of every race and nationality by a word, to touch the heart of the hardest by a loving appeal, is not originality, it would be hard to find it elsewhere." Turning now to the earlier section of this instructive volume, we are impressed by the quiet, dignified, and scholarly discussion of questions pertaining to the Christian documents. Since this is a matter of historical investigation the aim is to arrive at truth regardless of prejudice, whether of the conservative or the liberal. Those writers who insist

that Christianity in the first century should have been certified by its enemies or by those who were indifferent to it forget that such testimony would have been less trustworthy than that of the Christians themselves, whose deep interest in their cause would naturally lead them to furnish the best available evidence. The bearing of this on the paucity or the absence of references to Christianity in the writings of contemporary Jews or pagans, is of considerable significance, as Dr. Nolloth well points out. His discussion of the New Testament writings is quite sensible, and his conclusions confirm many of the traditional positions as to date and authorship. Five chapters are devoted to the subject of Preparation for Christianity on the Part of Judaism, the Dispersion and Philo, Greek Thought, Greek Religion and Roman Religion. Such preparation was not deliberate but providential. The non-Christian nations were not expecting the Saviour in the sense that they were awaiting his arrival; but forces were at work which led the way to the visible fulfillment of the yearnings and desires of the human race in Jesus Christ. These chapters deserve the closest study because they enable us to understand the historical setting of Christianity, how perfectly it met the needs of that early age, and how it is uniquely fitted to reveal God to every age and to disclose the spiritual heights and depths of which manhood is capable." The later chapters in this volume deal with the Apostolic Church—its leaders, institutions, and teachings—and are as thorough as we expect them to be within the space devoted to such an extensive subject. The discussion of "Early Christianity and Ethics" is of real value. When the creative period of Christianity was succeeded by that of initiative activity, the results were not wholly deplorable. What it lost in the intensity of its life it gained in diffusion and in adaptability to new conditions. But the principle of growth has never ceased to operate. "As a living organism, endowed with the presence of its living Head and instinct with his Spirit, the Church of Christ moves and grows along with the movement and development of life and thought. It is always open to receive new light. It has no repugnance to ascertained fact. It has no conflict with knowledge. It does not hesitate to revise its methods where they are shown to be outworn, to correct its dogmatic statements, if they are proved to be irreconcilable with truth and fact." This view of the Church can hardly be borne out by its history. It is, however, a worthy ideal, which the Church of to-day and to-morrow would do well to follow. Since all advancement must be in harmony with the teaching and testimony of the first age of the Church it is incumbent on us to know everything that pertains to the sacred deposit made by Jesus Christ and his first disciples. We are grateful to Dr. Nolloth for leading us in the right direction.

The Conversion of Europe. By CHARLES HENRY ROBINSON, D.D. 8vo, pp. xxiii+640. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. Price, cloth, $6 net.

THE author of a History of Christian Missions in the International Theological Library, is a historian of rare ability. That work is the best manual in English, and will continue to be used by all who desire reliable

information on the progress of the Kingdom of God. His later book is not a flattering recital of events, and might more correctly be entitled, The So-called Conversion of Europe. Whoever reads it will be better able to understand some of the situations which have deluged Europe with blood during the last four years. Indeed, the history of Europe has been one of warfare and bloodshed all through the centuries. And if anyone asks why Christianity has not prevented such tragic scenes, we can answer in the words of Chesterton: "The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and left untried. Men have not got tired of Christianity; they have never found enough Christianity to get tired of." To which might be added a remark by Lord Acton, the most learned man of the last generation: "Many things contributed to help portions of mankind to accept Christianity without helping them to act upon it." What some of those things were, are pointed out in passing by Canon Robinson. The book is not arranged according to the chronological progress of Christianity, because that would doubtless have meant the constant crossing and recrossing of countries and nations, with inevitable repetitions. A chronological outline of the advances of Christianity should, however, have been given in an appendix, and we hope this will be done in a later edition. He has arranged his material "in the order in which Christianity became generally established as the religion of its peoples." He begins with Ireland, and gives separate chapters to Scotland, England, Wales, France, Italy, the Balkan Peninsula, Spain, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Poland, Denmark and Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Russia, the Islands of the Mediterranean, and the Jews. One melancholy fact is repeatedly noted as to the inadequate message and the defective methods employed. Far too common was the exercise of force in the spread of Christianity, accompanied by intolerance toward non-Christians on the one hand and compromises with paganism on the other. It thus followed that superficial conversions abounded in every country. There were also compulsory conversions with their dismal and humiliating consequences. "Had the conversion of Italy and of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean been less superficial, and had the missionaries and early Christian teachers succeeded in inspiring the population of these countries with the true ideals of the Christian faith, the subsequent history of Europe would have been far other than it has been." The same remark applies with equal force to the other countries. When King Olaf ascended the throne of Norway he recommended Christianity to all his people, but those who opposed were punished by being killed, mutilated or banished into exile. It is needless to point out the bearing of such a procedure in multiplying hypocrites, who were a menace to spiritual and moral reality not only in Norway but also in other lands. One outstanding lesson obtained from this history is that whenever Christianity was adopted as the state religion its spiritual vitality was at once lost, beginning with the so-called triumph of Christianity under Constantine. The last chapter, on "Attempts to Convert the Jews in Europe," is very depressing reading. For instance, at the time of the first Crusade the Jews in Rouen—men, women, and children alike—were shut up in a church, and all who refused to re-

ceive baptism were murdered. But such a spirit of bigotry was repeatedly displayed toward other peoples as well, inspired as that spirit was by a species of ecclesiasticism which still pervades Christendom, and which endeavors to dominate the world by the sowing of its poisonous seed. The long chapter on Germany throws light on the modern Teuton, a true descendant of his barbarous ancestors, whose veneer of Christianity was but a pretext. "There is a note of pathos, not to say tragedy, in the story of the conversion of Pomerania and of Prussia, inasmuch as in both cases the land did not become Christian till the inhabitants whom it was sought to convert had been practically exterminated, and this as a direct result of the process of conversion. In both instances the church which was eventually established was in chief part composed of Germans or men of Teutonic race, who forcibly supplanted the earlier Slavonic inhabitants." The saying that history repeats itself is strikingly illustrated in the chapter on "Belgium," from which we quote a few sentences: "Early in the fifth century the development of Christianity in Belgium was interrupted by the invasion of Huns, Vandals, and other tribes, who, in 407, crossed the Rhine and devastated the land, destroying the churches and killing or reducing to slavery its inhabitants. Jerome, in a letter written in 409, refers to the cities destroyed by these marauders in Belgium and France, specially mentioning Tournai, Thérouanne, Rheims, Arras and Amiens. The final result was that a large part of the work of the Christian missionaries had to be done over again, as was the case in England after the invasion of the Saxons. Remigius, bishop of Rheims, after baptizing Clovis and his warriors on Christmas day, 496, sent Vedast to Arras and Antimond and Athalbert to Thérouanne, but for at least a century no extensive missionary operations were carried on within the limits of what is now Belgium." But this volume is by no means a captious or cynical history. The author is too good a historian to confine his attention only to the dark and infamous series of events. He pays more than one tribute to the self-denying services of the missionaries. "Wherever the foot of man has trod the missionary has followed, inspired by love to his Master and by the belief that the revelation of this love is the one only cure for the world's sorrow. He has traversed seas, threaded his way through forests, braved starvation and want amidst hostile tribes: misunderstood, ridiculed, persecuted and tortured, he has shown himself to be the sympathetic friend of all, and has ministered to the wants alike of their souls and their bodies. He has shunned no difficulty and been daunted by no danger, but has rebuked sin, worked righteousness and wrought reform amongst all races with whom he has lived. His only visible weapon of attack has been a book, his only means of defense the 'shield of prayer.' Whilst conscious of his many shortcomings and repeated failures, he has been upheld by the conviction that amidst all his sorrows and difficulties his divine Master walked ever by his side, and by the knowledge that the task to which He called him was divine." Another testimony is worth quoting: "During the first three or four centuries after the Christian era the Church's missionary task was accomplished not so much by the action of individuals or pioneer missionaries as by the steady attraction exercised by Christian communities."

What was true of the early centuries is also the case on the mission field to-day. What, then, is the conclusion of this extended survey? "The conversion of Europe is an event which lies still in the future. The more carefully we study the records of the past the less surprise shall we feel that the methods by which Christianity was spread throughout Europe resulted in superficial success, which, in many instances, only fell short of complete failure." Such a reliable judgment is a summons to the modern church to gird its loins with truth and undertake the exacting and urgent task to set the praises of Christ not only in Europe and America, but throughout the world.

Religious Training in the School and Home. By Professors E. H. SNEATH, GEORGE HODGES and H. H. TWEEDY. 12mo, pp. 341. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Religious Education in the Church. By HENRY F. COPE. 12mo, pp. viii+274. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The Second Line of Defense. By MARGARET SLATTERY. 12mo, pp. 189. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

IN the recent books on religious education the emphasis is laid on the principle of growth and development in harmony with ideals. This is in accord with the idea that the test is not merely creedal but ethical and religious. The old system of insisting on memory drill was too wooden and it did not take adequate note of the need of training the whole life. The aim of religious education is to secure loving obedience to God's will on the part of the child; and this is accomplished not by teaching ethics and theology but by establishing the child in the virtues and building Christian character. "The child's religion must be real enough to be lived, to move him, to permeate every part of his being. . . . The greatest need in the moral and religious nurture of the coming generation is for the wise use of a large variety of expressional activities. We need to ponder daily the familiar warning of William James concerning unincarnated thoughts and unused emotions. Many of our boys and girls are poor even in these, so far as religion is concerned. The only chance for them to keep what they have, to say nothing of any joyous, positive growth in Christian character, is not merely to learn their Sunday School lessons, or to go to church, or to memorize the catechism, but to do the things which they have good and sufficient reason to believe their Lord commands them." If this is to be done well, attention must be given to the influences outside the confines of church and school. Miss Slattery points out very vividly some of the factors to be reckoned with in this outside world, in conserving and nurturing childhood and youth which are the second line of defense in the war against evil in all its forms. Her book is an earnest and enlivening challenge to business men, parents, teachers and churchmen who have the opportunities to exercise right influences in guiding the coming generation. There are certain forms of work which should not be permitted to girls and women. She quotes from the report of

the Committee on Health of Munition Workers, the following timely warning: "At the present time, when war is destroying so much of its best manhood, the nation is under special obligation to make sure that the rising generation grows strong and hardy both in body and character. It is necessary to guard not only against immediate breakdown but also against the imposition of strains that will stunt further growth and development." The plea is addressed not only to business men but also to parents, who, because of their stupid negligence and shortsightedness, are largely responsible for the physical and moral wreckage of their own boys and girls. "The American home needs once more to be the center of inspiration for deeds that must be done for the new liberty and the true democracy, struggling more desperately than ever it has struggled since the world began, to free itself from the bonds that bind. The conflict to-day is not a conflict between men and men, nation and nation; it is far more than that; it is the deadly struggle between ideals. . . . America calls upon all parents, the well-to-do and fortunate and the poor and unfortunate, to make the discipline of their sons and daughters not the discipline of convenience but the regular and definite discipline which is just and character-forming." What is true of the need in the public school is equally true in the Sunday school as to teachers who *teach*, who not only understand how to bring out and develop what is latent in the pupils but who also have sympathy to protect them from discouragement, which is due to many causes. The closing chapter deals with some of the imminent and urgent duties before church people, men and women; she puts the case so strikingly that no one can make excuse. "Facing courageously all that menaces the physical well-being, the moral health and the mental power of that second line; all that would exploit it, make selfish profit out of it, handicap or harm it in body, mind or soul, will you, American, in the spirit of your sons, take up the Allies' call and standing shoulder to shoulder cry, 'They shall not pass'?" From this vigorous appeal for something to be done, we take up the book on Religious Training, which contains a full program. In successive chapters the authors first deal with aim and method, and then present practical suggestions looking toward bodily efficiency, intellectual discipline and social progress through the family, the school, the community, and relations to animals. A criticism which is none too serious is made in the chapter on the Family. "It is a sorry fact that in most homes the religion of the parents is not sufficiently vigorous and attractive to be contagious. There is no evidence which the child can see that God plays an important part in their lives. The attitude toward God and man incarnated in Jesus does not manifestly control their tongues and their tempers, or fashion their ideals, or inspire their deeds. The fruits of the daily intercourse are not always love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, meekness, and self-control. Where this state of affairs exists, a normal religious development of the child is impossible." The chapters on the economic, the political and the æsthetic life deal respectively with the vital problems of earning one's living, of practicing the duties of citizenship, and of cultivating the taste for the beautiful in the arts and in nature. The authors have the right idea as to

the place and purpose of religious training, and their discussions, which are free from technical language, will be found profitable by those who desire definite ideas expressed with clearness and force. Dr. Cope's volume deals with problems of readjustment and he outlines in what directions the educational work of the church should be conducted. Since education is a *spiritual* process, the church that would carry it out must accept as its primary responsibility the task of developing persons to the fullness of their lives. The function of public worship receives deserved consideration. "Worship is man's search for the society of God. We meet to worship God, not because he needs our praises, but because we need the stimulus, the inspiring, the up-pull of the consciousness of the divine reality, of the things that are before us." On the subject of "Congregational Teaching," much is said, and to the point, about the ministry of teaching in which the pulpit must more largely engage. The world-embracing mission of the Church is related to the program of religious education; this aspect of it is well treated in several chapters, where questions of environment, heredity and social service are thoroughly discussed in their bearings on well-poised Christian character. He goes over ground covered by the other two books and yet at important points he supplements them. In summing up the benefits of religious education Dr. Cope shows that wherever such a program is carried out, it gives a sense of vitality and reality to the work of the church, a new depth and meaning to the spirit of reverence, and a new confidence and faith as to the realization of her ideals and hopes. It moreover secures the spiritual development of the church, imparts a new sense of the present-day reality of religion, and gives growing young persons a new sense of the dignity and worth of the church. Where so much is at stake and so much feasible through training on a broad basis, every effort should be consecrated to realize the most and the best for the Kingdom of God.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Silver Shadow. By F. W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 272. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, $1.25 net.

The Boreham vogue is spreading fast and far. We commend the sagacious enterprise of our book editor and publishers in securing so many of this essayist's richly suggestive output. Noticing one of his earliest books we said: "A most suggestible person is this Tasmanian essayist. To him every event and object is suggestive; wherever his glance strikes it ricochets to something else. His eye is like the poet's, which sees a poem hanging on the berry bush; like Shakespeare's, to which the whole street is a masquerade when he passes by. An expert deriver of thoughts from things and illustrator of ideas by things is Boreham. He has the gift of Vision." What we said then is true now. His force and quality do not stale; fresh and full-flowing as maple sap in spring from root to topmost twig and fluttering leaves. To Boreham

the universe is a coherent and conversing unity, part signaling to part intelligibly as by wigwags and by wireless, and he captures the flying messages. Our readers are aware that our favorite method of advertising is that of the successful salesman, by showing samples of the goods. Pursuing that method, here is one, chosen at haphazard from these twenty-five essays. Was there ever such an essay on earthquakes as this: Have I ever written on earthquakes, weddings, sermons, and similar volcanic disturbances? I think not; and will therefore endeavor to repair the omission. In my old New Zealand days I used to indulge in porridge regularly and earthquakes occasionally—although the order seemed now and again in danger of getting reversed. I remember, soon after my arrival at Mosgiel, going to stay at a farm on the top of the hill—a farm that is already familiar to my earlier readers as the home of "Granny." On retiring the first night, I was told that the family breakfasted early, but that I was to lie still until I was called. Being very tired, I consented without violent demur, and was soon lost to all the world. I was awakened, however, by a loud noise. It seemed to me that somebody was not only banging at the door, but endeavoring to wrench it from its hinges. I sprang up, struck a match, and consulted my watch. It was just five o'clock. "If this," I said to myself, "is the indulgence allowed to guests, at what weird hour, I wonder, does the family take breakfast?" There was no time, however, for nice mathematical computations of that sort. I hastily dressed and hurried out into the great farm kitchen. The daughter of the house stared at me as if she had confronted a ghost. I apologized for having put her to the trouble of calling me. "Calling you!" she exclaimed. "Why, nobody called you! The boys are not up yet!" I described the din that had scared me from my bed. "Oh," she replied, her face suddenly illumined, "that was just the earthquake!" I resolved that never again would I be victimized by a practical joke of that kind. After that I had worse experiences, but they were less humiliating. At dead of night I left my unsteady bed and, looking out of the window, found the birds flying around the swaying trees and the cattle tearing about the shuddering fields—all in the wildest confusion and dismay. But the antics soon ceased. The earth grew still; the starlings returned to their nests among the firs; the terrified cattle became calm; and I stole back to bed. Again, in November, 1901, on the occasion of the famous Cheviot earthquake, I happened to be staying within the zone of disturbance. How vividly I recall the groaning of the doors and the cracking of the windows! I was standing in my room at the moment, and I remember sitting abruptly down in order to save Nature the trouble, in the course of her frolic, of reducing me compulsorily to horizontality. It may not have been dignified; but, when tricks are being played, it is usually best to enter cheerfully into the spirit of the thing. Now we happen to be living on a world in which earthquakes are the fashion. On the average there is an earthquake every quarter of an hour. About thirty or forty thousand occur annually. Every few minutes the earth shakes itself, like a dog coming out of the water; and, like the dog, the earth seems to feel all the better for the convulsion. The globe on which

we live, for all her stolid appearance, is a nervy creature and has a creepy skin. She is all twitches. Earthquakes are good things. How do I know? In two ways. First of all, they happen; and is it thinkable that the earth would quake every few minutes, year in and year out, unless earthquakes were good for her health? And then, too, the great geologists say as much, and thus philosophy is fortified by science. You never hear of an earthquake in a desert. Perhaps if you did, the desert would remain a desert no longer. What is it that Macaulay says in his essay on "The Principal Italian Writers"? "As the richest vineyards and the sweetest flowers always grow on the soil which has been fertilized by the fiery deluge of a volcano, so the finest works of the imagination have always been produced in time of political convulsion." A farm is nothing without a plow. The earth needs to be torn up every now and again. That is why we have earthquakes. The best description of an earthquake is Robinson Crusoe's. But, unhappily, Crusoe was too frightened, when he felt his island rocking to and fro, to hear what the earthquake had to say for itself. Had Crusoe listened, this is what the earthquake would have said to him: "Think yourself lucky, O Robinson Crusoe," it would have observed, "that you were building a hut and not a palace. We earthquakes come to teach the world simplicity. If men live in their tents or wooden cabins, we earthquakes never hurt them. But if they live in castles or palaces, we bury them in the wreckage of their splendor!" If I remember rightly, Gibbon has something to the same effect. In describing the loss of Berytus by volcanic disturbance he remarks that, in the day when the earth reels, the architect becomes the enemy of mankind. The hut of the savage or the tent of the Arab may be thrown down without injury to the inhabitant; but the rich marbles of the patrician are dashed on his own head and an entire people is buried beneath the ruins of their stately architecture. Did not the Incas of Peru deride the folly of the Spaniards who, with so much cost and labor, erect their own sepulchers? An earthquake gives a savage cause to laugh at civilization. But there is more in it than this. Robinson Crusoe first began to think seriously about eternal things when he found his island rocking beneath his feet. An earthquake is an eloquent preacher. It sets a man wondering if he ought to build all his hopes on a thing that shakes and reels and twitches. Ought he not, to use Victor Hugo's simile, ought he not to be

> . . . like the bird
> Who, pausing in her flight
> Awhile on bough too light,
> Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
> Knowing that she hath wings?

But this screed of mine has already received its baptism of fire. It has run the gauntlet of criticism. Even before the last sheets have been written, the first sheets have been read. And my severest, yet most appreciative critic demands an explanation of my very first sentence. "What on earth do you mean," she asks, "by grouping '*earthquakes, weddings,*

sermons, and similar volcanic disturbances' under a common heading? What has an earthquake to do with a wedding? And what has either of them to do with a sermon?" I am afraid that on this occasion my grand chief critic is exhibiting something less than her usual insight and perspicacity, for, surely, the connection between these things is sufficiently clear! If a wedding is not an earthquake, what is it? If a sermon is not a volcanic eruption, what can you call it? I am really surprised that there should be any dubiety on that point. To prove that a wedding is an earthquake, and a good one, I shall call a pair of witnesses—a lady and a gentleman. And by the time I have done with them I confidently anticipate that all the ladies and gentlemen who know anything about it will clamor for permission to give corroborative evidence. The witnesses whom I have decided to subpoena are Miss Rosaline Masson and Mr. A. C. Benson. While Miss Masson is getting her breath we will take the testimony of Mr. Benson. Mr. Benson, as everybody knows, is the son of an archbishop, and is himself a schoolmaster and a brilliant essayist. A few years ago Mr. Benson gave us a characteristic essay entitled "The Search." Mr. Benson tells how he had been spending an evening with a rich and elderly bachelor. They had dined "with that kind of simplicity that can only be attained by wealth" at this gentleman's finely appointed house in London. Then they settled down to talk. Mr. Benson asked why his friend, possessing so much, worked so hard. The reply was startling. He worked so hard because it did not suit him to be unoccupied—to think! "And then he suddenly said, with great seriousness, that he felt rather bitterly, now that life was nearly over, that he had somehow lost his way, and that he had always been bustling about on the outskirts of life. He went on to say that the mischief had been that he had never married. 'What I feel that I want now,' he said, 'is the kind of unavoidable duty which comes from having people whose lives are really bound up with one's own. To put it at the worst, if I had a fretful, invalid wife and some ill-conditioned, ungainly children, *that* would be at all events a reality. I should have people to consider, to conciliate, to defend, to help, to keep on good terms with, to make the best of—and I hope, too, that some love would come in somewhere! But——'" That is all. But is it not very much? It means that there had been no eruption, no earthquake. The depths had never been broken up. As I said just now, you never hear of an earthquake in a desert; if you did, it would be a desert no longer. That was precisely the tragedy of Mr. Benson's friend. Was I so very far astray when I included earthquakes and weddings under a common heading? But I must apologize to Miss Masson for having kept her waiting so long. Miss Masson has given us a lovely little monograph on Wordsworth. But on the last page she confesses that Wordsworth lacked a certain indefinable something. He could sing, as nobody else has ever sung, of skylarks and linnets, of redbreasts and butterflies, of daisies and daffodils. But, after all, life does not consist of daisies and daffodils. Wordsworth lacked something; what was it, and why was it? The secret is, Miss Masson declares, that in his own life the poet suffered no over-

[illegible]

whelming experience of personal passion; there was no tremendousness in him; he never trailed his clouds of glory through the fire. Wordsworth never experienced an earthquake. At a concert one evening I heard a beautiful girl sing a beautiful song. And yet when the last rich note trembled away into silence, I had a vague feeling of discontent. I missed something, I knew not what. I confessed this to a friend on the way home. "Yes," he replied, "I noticed it. Some day her heart will be broken, and after that she will sing the song again; and then, if you hear her, you will be satisfied!" It was the earthquake that was wanting.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
  Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
  From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing,
  Sang as sing the birds in June,
Fell the words like light leaves down
  On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
  'Twas a woman sang them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully—
  Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
  Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
  Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee."

But I shall be reminded that I included sermons in that opening sentence of mine. And what of that? The sermon that is not a volcanic eruption is not worth hearing. "I once heard a preacher," Emerson tells us, "who sorely tempted me to say that I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered the temple that morning. A snowstorm was falling around. The snowstorm was real; the preacher was merely spectral, and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him and then out from the window behind him into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He uttered no word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended or cheated or chagrined." It is not pleasant to think of poor Emerson sitting in the cold church that wintry morning, longing for some warm word from a human heart and having to go out into the snowstorm disappointed. And it is still more painful to reflect that the whole congregation that bleak morning, like Milton's "hungry sheep, looked up and were not fed." What a pity that the spirit of the preacher had never been swept by some wild volcanic fires! What a pity that his heart had never been shattered! What a pity that the depths of the

good man's soul had never been broken up! In contrast with Emerson's pitiful experience, let me tell another story:

God sent six children to the Manse,
  And one was crooked and strange,
And often through the hushed, sad house
  Half-frenziedly would range.

And none in such dark time had skill
  To calm that spirit wild—
None but the grave, strong minister,
  Who fondly loved the child.

And so through many a weary night
  He sat and talked and sang,
And soothed the lad the while his heart
  Was torn with many a pang.

Then when, with calm face vigil-pale,
  He stood before his flock,
And great truths from his struck heart poured
  Like streams from Moses' rock.

And every hearer owned his grace,
  And tears wet every cheek,
From pew to pew the whisper went—
  "His lad's been bad this week."

Cold-blooded critics may censure me if they will for having linked earthquakes with sermons; but no minister who knows the rapture of his calling will doubt for one moment the essential relationship. He knows that the only religion that has ever moved profoundly the lives of men is the religion of a divine heart that was broken for the healing of the world. So far, Boreham's essay. We recall the story of the English bishop who sent word to a vicar, "I am coming to spend a quiet Sunday in your parish." The vicar replied: "We will feel honored and happy in your lordship's visit; but what this parish needs is not a quiet Sabbath, but an earthquake." There are such parishes.

The Christian Crusade for World Democracy. By S. Earl Taylor and Halford E. Luccock. Pp. 204.

Christian Democracy for America. By David D. Forsyth and Ralph W. Keeler. Pp. 220. New York and Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern. Illustrations and Maps. Paper, 50 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

There is known to public libraries a dreary species of printed matter classed as "official documents." They effectually refute the popular fallacy that lead is the heaviest substance in the world, for compared to many such documents lead is as light and frivolous as thistledown. They are "books" only by courtesy. The investigator whose stern duties compel him to use them may rightly invoke the protection of that clause of the

Constitution which prohibits "cruel and unusual punishments." The two Centenary textbooks here noticed are *not* "official documents." They present, it is true, the great issues before the church of God at this hour and the bearing of the Centenary Program of the Methodist Episcopal Church upon them, but they have more guncotton than lead in their makeup. They are not encyclopedias, but have been baptized (by immersion) with human interest.

"The Christian Crusade for World Democracy," by Dr. Taylor and Mr. Luccock, surveys the world task of the kingdom of God with particular reference to the democratic movement in all the great continents. It does not confuse Christianity with democracy, but with varied illustration it develops the thesis that the most important movement of our momentous time, the reaching out of millions of oppressed and belated people for self-government, can never be fulfilled without the message and institutions of a free Christianity. There is a striking timeliness about the volume. Elihu Root recently said, "We cannot regulate the timetable of the Almighty." When the Centenary Program was first conceived, a few years ago, it was not foreseen by anyone that the time when it should be launched would be the day of reconstruction all round the globe—a time when there is the greatest shifting to new ways of life and faith in all the continents of the earth ever known in history. But who that studies coincidences can doubt that the coming of the great program of Christian advance was on "God's time-table" for the same hour with the days of ferment and somersault? In the opening chapter, on "Making Democracy Safe for the World," the vital relation of missions to the fortunes of democracy is given a clear place in the sun. "No military victory," say the authors, "can foster the intelligence and moral character which are the foundations of democracy; only the emancipating, educating, and stabilizing forces of the Christian religion can do that. To complete the task of the soldier demands an adequate and aggressive program for the worldwide extension of the kingdom of God. . . . Two slogans of the third Liberty Loan campaign when deeply studied make this clear. One was 'Halt the Hun.' The other was 'To make the world a decent place to live in.' The second is the larger and longer task, and without its accomplishment success in the first will be largely fruitless. The allied armies, please God, will 'halt the Hun.' But nothing can make the world 'a decent place to live in' except the fundamental qualities of the spirit of Christ. . . . The war is essentially a war for opportunity. The overthrow of tyranny means that the nations will be safe from outside interference. But only the extension of vital Christianity throughout the world will ever mean that moral and spiritual forces will be unchained which will create the possibility of world safety, save nations from internal sin, weakness, and disorder, and undergird them with a purity and the spirit of justness and brotherhood. . . . We are in this war in behalf of the democracy of the world. The greatest needs throughout this leading planet are, after all, those which touch the ideals and future of humanity. It is the function of the religion, the ethics, the power, the love that was brought by the Son of God to make the world safe for anything worth

while. Jesus Christ alone can save the world. Guns cannot. They leave but a desert waste. The upbuilding of the world begins when the war has spent its last bomb and thrust its last bayonet. Governments and armies never attempted to accomplish these results, absolutely fundamental for the safety of democracy. There is but one institution in the world that has a program the purpose of which is to bring about these tremendous structural changes; that institution is the Church of Jesus Christ." The forces making for democracy in our land are briefly estimated: "The gospel of Christ and the church which proclaims it are the undergirding of freedom in America. Other foundation for democracy can no man lay than that which is laid in Christ. It came from him. That was a fine and unconventional tribute to Christ paid by Decker, 'The first true gentleman that ever breathed.' He was also, as Lowell points out, the first true democrat who ever lived. The world knew nothing of the rights of the common man till Christ brought to earth the revelation of the infinite value of every soul. The democracies of Greece and Rome were for the few, resting on slavery for the many, and soon perished. No man before ever voiced the value and unspoken hopes of common humanity.

'He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.'

The Bible has been woven into the very texture of American life. 'The existing government of this country,' said William H. Seward, 'could never have had existence but for the Bible.' The moral foundations of national character, without which no free state can stand, have sprung from Christian ideals and been sustained by them." In the light of this experience the world's prospects for adventure are swiftly glimpsed. "How fares the world in respect to these essentials of true democracy? Over one half of the population of the globe can neither read nor write. By far the largest portion of that percentage is found in the non-Christian lands. Ninety-four per cent of the population of India are illiterate as against 7.3 per cent in the United States. In China the percentage of illiterates is even larger. What is the outlook for true democracy there? What can it be but black without speedy aid in education? In Latin America the illiteracy ranges from 40 to 80 per cent; in Moslem lands, with the exception of Turkey, from 75 to 90 per cent. In pagan Africa, apart from mission stations, the people do not even know that writing has been invented! . . . Nearly a billion people have never heard of Christ—almost two thirds of the population of the globe. That means they stand entirely apart from the whole range of influences associated with Christianity, the sense of the value of personality and human rights, which work so mightily as incentives to progress. . . . A safe democracy will come in these belated nations when Christ comes. It will come with the Great Democrat, not before. Up to the present time republican institutions have never flourished in any land where a free church has not preceded it to set up standards of Christian living and to lay the foundations in Christian ethics and character. . . . The democracy without

sure foundations is a menace to the rest of the world. The democracies of Russia and China and Mexico are illustrations of the fact that the world's safety may be disturbed at any time by internal quarrels in countries where 90 per cent of the population are illiterate." Arresting epigrammatic statements add much to the liveliness and interest of the volume. We quote a few at random:

There is profound truth as well as brilliance in Mr. Chesterton's words: "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and not tried."

The earthquake which has shaken the world down has shaken it together.

"When God rubs out," said Bossuet, "it is because he is beginning to write."

This is no time for a Christian leadership whose only military command is, "As you were!"

The religious situation in China is an enlargement by four hundred million diameters of that picture which has touched the heart of the world, "Breaking Home Ties."

To learn Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methusaleh.

The Russo-Japanese war was an alarm clock which tinkled throughout the whole of Asia.

The caste system is well compared to a long line of people ascending a ladder, where the proper procedure is to kiss the feet of the one above and kick the face of the one beneath.

You can no more set the great truths of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man free among the oppressed peoples of the earth without starting a social upheaval than you can drop dynamite bombs from the sky without causing an explosion.

When Admiral Togo led his fleet into action in the great naval battle with Russia in the Sea of Japan he flung out this signal from the mast of his flagship, "The destiny of an empire." That same signal flag flies from the cross as it is raised in Japan.

A few months before the crash came, the Tsar's brother wrote a warning letter to Nicholas, in which he said, "The time is by when nine tenths of the people can be treated as manure to grow a few roses."

America has already appeared in a new role among the nations as the Wheat Bringer, and the experience is preparing her in a real way for the larger task to which she must come, that of spreading the Bread of Life before the world and bidding the lame, the halt, the blind of the East and West to sit down at the great democratic feast of God.

Some of the chapters of the book are: China—the Open Door to Four Hundred Million Minds; The Christian Mastery of the Pacific; The Leaven of Freedom at Work in India; The Rebuilding of Europe. "Christian Democracy for America," by Drs. Forsyth and Keeler, has a hard name to live up to. It has as considerable an undertaking to conform to its baptismal promise as ever befell the lot of any Puritan

infant christened "Stand-fast-in-the-faith Smith" or "Valiant-for-God Brown." No better praise can be given the volume than to declare that it redeems the promise of its name. It is a broad, pertinent study of the trend of American life at the present day. It surveys the increasing forces that are threatening the soundness of American institutions. It estimates them frankly and thoroughly, and yet without becoming a Book of Lamentations. It portrays some lines of action which must be included in the coming "grand strategy" in the Kingdom in our own land. Many fields of action in Christian warfare in America might more properly be called fields of inaction. A "nibbling" policy in some fields, notably in the cities, has yielded only "nibbling" results. This book is committed to the great military principle of General Foch, "We must not merely suffer events, but *create* them." The scope of the book is indicated in the titles of different chapters, "Democracy Foundations," "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," "Our Future Citizens," "The Rival Opportunity," and "Christian Democracy Power Plants." The issues are those of the present hour and they are considered in the light of the developments of the day. Three great fields of home missionary effort, not to name others, are much affected by the great war changes and those of the days of demobilization: the work of the Church among immigrant groups, the work in new industrial centers, and the work in rural regions. The new developments in each of these fields are presented with timely detail. Throughout the book significant facts are marshaled with skill; abstract discussions are foresworn; and the attention of the reader is held by the sheer interest of its concrete stories.

The Father of a Soldier. By W. J. Dawson. 12mo, pp. 164. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

Carry On. Letters in War-Time. By Coningsby Dawson. 12mo, pp. 133. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

The Glory of the Trenches. An Interpretation. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

These three volumes take us into the inner sanctities and larger heroisms of life. They enable us to understand the undiscovered riches of sacrifice latent in everybody. They also furnish new illustrations and arguments in support of immortality. We know Dr. Dawson as one of the finest interpreters of life, as seen in his three books on Makers of Modern English and in his novels. He is also a Christian preacher of exceptional excellence. But here we are introduced to him as a father speaking of the deep experiences called forth by the response of his three sons, who enlisted, one in the Canadian Field Artillery and two in the Royal Naval Motor Patrol Service. "I have always been treated by my sons with a kind of genial irreverence which sprang from an affectionate acknowledgment that I was less their father than their comrade. I have shared their pleasures and upon occasion have been as ready for some gay adventure as they. Thus there has always been between us an absolute confidence, a complete communion, based upon equality of thought and simi-

larity of temper." The volume by this father is a recital without reserve or restraint of his emancipation through renunciation. He tells of the different stages which he passed from definite refusal to decided approval of the step which his sons finally took, and how he reached "a new temper, a new view of life." It is a unique book in all the literature of the war. It not only speaks *for* all parents, but *to* all of them, and it will bring comfort and resolution to everyone who reads its heartening pages. One of the best chapters is on "The Growing Fear." Dr. Dawson's first thought was that war, being such a brutal thing, it should be engaged in by those who were physically efficient and that it was sheer vandalism for musicians, poets and other cultured minds to be sacrificed. But he soon realized that a plea for the exemption of men of intellect was a form of snobbishness. "What it really came to was that common men should perform all the heroism of the world, and uncommon men should profit by it. The laborer and the artisan should die that a Kriesler should enjoy security for the development of his art. And after all, was that art more truly necessary to the world than the toil which raised harvests, built roads, launched ships, and riveted the bridge over which the commerce of a continent was carried? And, if it came to a measurement of individual loss, was not the loss of a bread winner from a humble home as truly tragic as the loss of a violinist from a concert hall, even though he played a fiddle as no other man could play it? He further began to realize that the present war was not in the interest of conquest, but for the sake of the spiritual treasures of the race. If he succeeded in dissuading his sons from the path of duty, it would imperil their honor. But he also saw that it could never be possible. He must resist the debasing effects of fear which threatened to dull his vision, but from which his sons were free. Thus only could he retain that sensitive and all but perfect community of mind which had so long united father and sons. His fear then "suddenly took a new and blessed shape, as though a dark cloud had been penetrated by the rosy fires of dawn. I feared lest I should prove unworthy of them. When I had feared because my happiness was threatened, I had feared ignobly, but this was a noble fear. The fear lest I might prove unworthy carried with it the resolution to be worthy whatever it must cost me." Another helpful chapter is on "The Education of a Father." It deals with the new standard of values and the discovery of the spiritual self which brings courage, joyousness, calmness of temper, readiness for sacrifice and a clearer understanding of the great Christian watchword that he who loseth his life for a purpose superior to self saves it. There are other passages in this precious book which must be carefully read. But here is the conclusion of the father's confession: "My most acute unhappiness was in the period of indecision and debate, when the highest duty was discerned but resented. From the hour when the duty was accepted I found in myself the beginnings of a true peace. The peace so won has broadened like a slow sunrise on the heart. The specters of the dark have withdrawn. As the light has spread I have seen things in their true relations, and have found myself the habitant of a world much more beautiful than I suspected. With each step of the way the

path has become less difficult, and the rewards of sacrifice more real. I know now that had I grudged my sons to the greatest struggle for liberty and justice which the world has ever known, or had I withheld myself from my humble part in that struggle, I should have forever forfeited my right to happiness." The letters in the volume Carry On were written from the Somme battlefield, which witnessed some of the bloodiest conflicts of the war. "They are mud-stained, misused, torn at the edges, written in pencil, and the censor has left his mark upon them. They have been written anywhere, in wet dug-outs, upon thin gray paper, by a fluttering candle, with a blunt pencil. Their paragraphs have been punctuated by the roar of guns. They have been folded by a tired hand long after midnight, and have been carried to us across fields of carnage. And yet," writes Dr. Dawson, "they have the sacredness of gospels: they contain indeed the gospel of the trenches." This is not an extravagant description. These letters breathe the spirit of that heroism which thinks more of duty and honor, and faces death with unawed acceptance of the issue. To his mother he writes: "All my fear that I might be afraid under shell fire is over. You get to believe that if you're going to be hit you're going to be. But David's phrase keeps repeating itself in my mind, 'Ten thousand shall fall at thy side, etc., but it shall not come nigh unto thee.' It's a curious thing that the men who are most afraid are those who get most easily struck." To his sister: "Don't suppose that I'm in any way unhappy. I'm as cheerful as a cricket and do twice as much hopping. I have to. There's something extraordinarily bracing about taking risks and getting away with it, especially when you know that you're contributing your share to a far-reaching result. My mother is the mother of a soldier now, and soldiers' mothers don't lie awake at night imagining —they just say a prayer for their sons and leave everything in God's hands. I'm sure you'd far rather I died than not play the man to the fullest of my strength. It isn't when you die that matters—it's how." To his father he writes: "One talks of our armies in the field, but there are the other armies, millions strong, of mothers and fathers and sisters, who keep their eyes dry, treasure muddy letters beneath their pillows, offer up prayers and wait, wait, wait so eternally for God to open another door." Such are the people who will receive consolation and uplift from these three books. The Glory of the Trenches was written in red-hot haste, while the impressions were vivid. There are graphic pen pictures of heroism which interpret the honor and not the horror of war. The transformation of the writer is well described in this bit of autobiography. "There's one person I've missed since my return to New York. I've caught glimpses of him disappearing around corners, but he dodges. I think he's a bit ashamed to meet me. That person is my old civilian self. What a full-blown egoist he used to be! How full of golden plans for his own advancement! How terrified of failure, of disease, of money losses, of death—of all the temporary, external, non-essential things that have nothing to do with the spirit! War is in itself damnable—a profligate misuse of the accumulated brain-stuff of centuries. Nevertheless, there's many a man who has no love of war, who previous to the war had cramped

his soul with bitterness and was chased by the bayonet of duty into the blood-stained largeness of the trenches, who has learned to say, 'Thank God for this war.' He thanks God, not because of the carnage, but because when the wine-press of new ideals was being trodden he was born in an age when he could do his share." Since the war is already producing a nobler type of manhood and womanhood, let us thank God and take courage.

The Day and Other Poems. By HENRY CHAPPELL. 16mo, pp. 80. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Rough Rhymes of a Padre. By "WOODBINE WILLIE," M.C., Chaplain to the Forces. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, stiff boards, 50 cents, net.

In Camp and Trench. Songs of the Fighting Forces. By BERTON BRALEY. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, stiff boards, 50 cents, net.

Over the Hills of Home and Other Poems. By LILIAN LEVERIDGE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The Drums in Our Street: A Book of War Poems. By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

THESE volumes contain some of the best recent verse called forth by the tragedy of war and the heart-searching experiences of sorrow and loss, faith and love, hope and courage. The charge that much modern poetry is godless is hardly borne out by the latest output, particularly by those who have felt the thrill and impulse of the world crisis. Henry Chappell is an English railway porter. He leaped into fame by the publication of the prize poem, "The Day," which was a spontaneous outburst in prophetic denunciation of the Teutonic aggressors. It breathes the spirit of justice, but not of hate, of confidence in the right without blatancy, of love of country free from jingoism, of a sense of the inevitableness of events without any fatalism. Three verses will show the strain of this powerful poem:

"You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

"You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day
That lit the awful flame,
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse your name.

"But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:
'*Vengeance is mine, I will repay.*'
What can you say to God?"

Other poems which have the fervor of patriotism and faith are "God of Our Fathers," "The Anzacs," "His Crown of Shame," "Be With Us," "The Rose and Maple Leaf." From "Kitchener, KG," we quote a few lines:

"The petty clouds of interest, place and power
Obscure the light of men of honest worth,
And merit languishes full oft in gloom
Till some convulsion shakes the walls of State
And all the tinsel of pretence flakes off
From the dry bones of gross incompetence;
Then merit shines, and leads, a faithful star."

From "Until Dawn," in memory of Nurse Cavell, is this appealing verse:

"But not in vain she died; the pale cold hand
Has lit in every heart a torch of flame;
Has forged for manhood's arm, a keener brand
For us to wield in Justice's sacred name."

The author of "Rough Rhymes of a Padre" is the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, better known by the pen-name of "Woodbine Willie." Out of his wide experience as a chaplain in the British Expeditionary Force he wrote a paper on "The Religious Difficulties of the Private Soldier" which appeared in the thought-stimulating volume of essays entitled "The Church in the Furnace." He has also just published a volume of unconventional and quickening chapters, with the title "The Hardest Part," which interprets the Gospel of the suffering God revealed in Jesus Christ. This writer understands the experiences of the British Tommy and in many poems he cleverly handles the dialect. What the soldiers are thinking and feeling and haltingly expressing is memorably expressed in such poems as "Sinner and Saint," "The Sorrow of God," "Eternal Hope," "Patience," "Judgment." From "Thy Will be Done," we quote:

"And the Christ who was 'ung on the Cross is God,
True God for me and you,
For the only God that a true man trusts
Is the God that sees it through.
And Bill, 'e were doin' 'is duty, boys,
What 'e came on earth to do,
And the answer what came to the prayers I prayed
Was 'is power to see it through.
To see it through to the very end,
And to die as my old pal died,
Wi' a thought for 'is pal and a prayer for 'is gal,
And 'is brave heart satisfied."

"The Suffering God" gives fine utterance to the gospel of redemption. Only a few lines can here be given:

> "Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving,
> Up to the light where God Himself appears.
>
> . . . .
>
> Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring
> Into the hearts of those who strive with Him,
> Light'ning their eyes to vision and adoring,
> Strength'ning their arms to warfare glad and grim.
>
> . . . .
>
> Bread of thy Body give me for my fighting,
> Give me to drink Thy Sacred Blood for wine,
> While there are wrongs that need me for the righting,
> While there is warfare splendid and divine.
>
> Give me for light the sunshine of Thy sorrow,
> Give me for shelter shadow of Thy Cross,
> Give me to share the glory of Thy morrow,
> Gone from my heart the bitterness of Loss."

Berton Braley has written several volumes of poetry, but "In Camp and Trench" is by far his best. It has the swing and abandon, the impulse and daring, the enthusiasm and determination to get things done, which are characteristic of the American Sammy. This spirit is splendidly revealed in "'B' Division," "Chow," "The Grind," "The Recruit," "The Doughboy," "The Rooter," "The Christmas Sermon," "Not in Uniform." The composition of our army is stirringly expressed in the refrains in the poem "Jacks of All Trades":

> "For the farmers and the plumbers
> And the agents and the drummers
> And the miners from the tunnel and the shaft,
> And the puddlers and the tailors
> And the lumbermen and sailors
> Have their quota in the Army of the Draft.
>
> Yes, the digger of the sewer
> And the butcher and the brewer
> And the politician leaving all his graft,
> And the writer and the actor
> And the garment sub-contractor
> Have their quota in the Army of the Draft.
>
> For he (Uncle Sam) gets the high and lowly
> And the wicked and the holy
> And the men of every trade and every craft,
> And we'll work and win together
> As we battle hell-for-leather
> In the democratic Army of the Draft!"

From "Thanksgiving, Somewhere in France" are these timely lines:

"An' here is the cause I've got for thanks:
I'm living as fits a Man,
I'm doin' my bit in freedom's ranks
An' fightin' the best I can.
Before I joined in this mighty show
I plugged at a routine job,
An' life was easy an' safe—an' slow,
With never a thrill or throb.

But now, though I'm in the midst of death
An' half of the time is hell,
I taste adventure with every breath
In the roar of the shot an' shell.
An' the rats may scamper an' cooties bite,
A habit that I abhor,
But I'm in the thick of a man's-sized fight
An' it's one I'm thankful for."

The poems of the Canadian writer, Miss Leveridge, have the tender touch of sympathy and the buoyancy of optimism, which speak directly to the heart. The poem "Over the Hills of Home," which gives the title to her collection is destined to become one of the permanent possessions produced by the war literature. It is a tribute to her brother, Corporal Frank E. Leveridge, who died in France, after being wounded in action. Sir Gilbert Parker said of it, "The touch of the thing got into my throat when I read it." Here are a few verses:

"Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that fall.
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your country's call.

"Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! 'Somewhere in France' you sleep,
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down.
You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the victor's crown.

"Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to weep,
Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of Home."

Only mention can be made of "The Way of the British," "Woman's Part," "Nutting," "The Song of the Wood Thrush," "In the Twilight," "The Mountain Top," every one of which has the delicate tone and the witchery of music common to all poetry of the heart. What the war means to mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts is given with refreshing beauty of expression by Miss Davies in her volume. It may well be called the woman's book of poetry about the war; but what helps women has

also a note of uplift for men, and such is the case in these quickening poems. A good sample of her verse is, "Let's Pretend":

"I name my brothers in a prayer,
Who are upon the sea,
Lynn, with brown and tumbled hair,
Lloyd and Deak, the three,
O the days we whittled boats
And sailed them on the sea!

"The sea was running past our door,
A mountain brook and clear,
And little bays we scooped and shaped
To keep our fleets from fear.
Each bay we named; each ship we named
And launched it with a cheer.

"O little whittled boat that went
So slowly round the bend,
O happy days of make-believe!
When will this anguish end?
Tears in my eyes? I am not now
So good at 'let's pretend.'"

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

James Monroe Buckley. By George Preston Mains. Crown 8vo, pp. 305. New York-Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, with portraits, $1.50, net.

Was it Carlyle or Ruskin who long ago said: "Human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls"? Of course a life of so conspicuous a leader as James M. Buckley was indispensable. Many years ago we suggested to him that he ought to prepare his autobiography. He smiled and said, "Parts of it might not be edifying." With that we did not agree. When Dr. Buckley, at the age of seventy-six, withdrew himself from official leadership, the publishing agents knew it was time for a biography to be prepared. There were good and sufficient reasons for selecting Dr. George P. Mains for this work. For it he had special advantages and qualifications. He knew his subject well from living with him in the goodly fellowship of the New York East Conference for forty-eight years, and sitting in the same delegation with him in seven General Conferences, and living with him in the New York Book Concern in the intimate business relation of publisher to editor for sixteen years. Unquestionably this biographer knows his subject at first hand and in close contact. A great advantage to writer and subject and reader. Moreover, at the time Dr. Mains was asked to undertake this biography he was already practiced in authorship, and his voluntary retirement from office into the comfort of his Harrisburg home gave him the leisure and quietness necessary for his task. In

such happy and favorable conditions this Life of James Monroe Buckley has been written. In preparation therefor, abundant materials were accumulated through many and various channels, and these are woven together into the story of a very remarkable career and the portrait of a unique and extraordinary personality. Everybody knows that within the forty years from the General Conference of 1872, when he first came to general notice, to the General Conference of 1912, when he closed his thirty-two years' editorship of The Christian Advocate and retired from office worn by long and prodigious labors and domestic bereavement, James M. Buckley was one of the most striking figures in all the history of American Methodism. The writer of this book notice, when fourteen years old, first met him over sixty years ago, and has observed his career with wonder ever since. The REVIEW, in this informal notice, can only touch upon a few of the many striking traits and salient peculiarities. We do not attempt to do full justice to Dr. Mains's book or its subject. Dr. Buckley's powerful and illustrious career culminated in the General Conferences of 1900, 1904, and 1908. Apropos of his prominence and dominating influence, one newspaper man reported in May, 1900, to his New York paper, "Dr. Buckley is in session in Chicago." Dr. Buckley was so eminently the master-debater of his day, that Dr. T. L. Cuyler wanted him sent to Washington to show the United States Senate how to debate. In forensic battle he was a dangerous antagonist, and relentless when he knew his opponent was wrong, as George W. Woodruff and others very quickly found out in the Preachers' Meeting, and as Daniel Curry discovered to his sorrow in sharp disputes in the New York East Conference. This shaggy old stalwart, with his great white head, savage face and rasping voice, a picturesque, tall, menacing figure, was not a match for his younger and nimbler antagonist, who, by superior mental agility, cool deadliness of aim, and swiftness of stroke, wore the old giant out, drove him into a corner, and held him there. To these advantages Buckley added the supreme superiority of being in the right and having the facts on his side, while Curry, particularly in his later years, was often, and in very vital matters, aggressively and obstinately wrong; a disturber of the peace which James M. Buckley and others cooperated to restore, the victory being completed at the General Conference of 1876. Listening lately to an able paper on Lloyd George, the description of Britain's prime minister and of his salient characteristics reminded us more of James M. Buckley than of any other man. One slight resemblance is that both are masters of retort and repartee. In one of his Boston Monday Lectures Joseph Cook, exponent of orthodoxy against Unitarianism, said, "When I hold my ear to the ground I hear the influence of Channing receding like an ebbing tide." Beecher, when he heard of this, did not like it and retorted, "I will only say that the gentleman does not have to stoop in order to lay his ear to the ground." Mark Twain also took a fling at the Monday lecturer. Joe Twichell, calling on his close friend and neighbor, found a new pet in Mark's house and asked, "What's the dog's name?" "His name is Joe." Twichell, suspecting that the dog might have been named after him in a spirit of banter, asked, "Why do

you call him Joe?" "Well, his full name is Joseph Cook." "Why?" "For a very good reason—because there's a depth about that dog that I can't understand." A bishop told us that story. Lloyd George in a parliamentary campaign was heckled by a man in the crowd who twitted him about his humble origin, crying out, "What has become of the donkey-cart you used to drive?" The speaker took no notice of the interruption. Soon the voice called again, "What has become of your donkey-cart?" Lloyd George paused, looked straight at the heckler and replied, "I don't know what has become of the cart, but I see the donkey is still alive." With similar swiftness and sharpness of retort, Dr. Buckley, speaking at Chautauqua, was annoyed by someone calling repeatedly, "Louder, louder." Buckley stopped, fixed his eye on the offender, and said, "If that man will listen with the *full length* of his ears, he will hear." In readiness of repartee and reply, as in apparently extemporaneous argument, Dr. Buckley and Lloyd George resemble each other. One Monday, many years ago, Dr. Buckley was the speaker in the New York Preachers' Meeting, and was proceeding calmly and deliberately when Lewis R. Dunn, of the Newark Conference, flung a question at him intended to embarrass the speaker. Dr. Buckley glanced to the left where the objector sat, took aim and flashed an instant reply which utterly silenced and disposed of the challenge. Lunching with him after that meeting, we said, "How did you ever learn to be so instantaneous?" "I used to practice it on the boys in Pennington Seminary." From early childhood James M. Buckley was always saying and doing astonishing things. Wherever he lived many traditions about him lingered afterward; in Mount Holly and Pennington and Wesleyan University and elsewhere. His intellectual daring amounted to audacity. His propensity and ability for argument were inborn. One legend, slightly exaggerated as is the way with legends, says that when less than a year old he discussed with his mother the quality of the food she was giving him. To her and to his uncle, Judge Monroe, as well as to the neighborhood, the boy was a perpetual surprise-party. Upon the greatest achievements of Dr. Buckley's life this book notice has not touched: they are many and extraordinary. We leave our readers to find them in Dr. Mains's volume in impressive and sometimes startling array. After the beastly and beaten Huns ceased their accursed warfare in November, 1918, Clémenceau, Premier of France at the age of seventy-seven in the most tragic and tremendous crisis of his country's history, paid a brief visit to London. One English paper characterized him as "hard-headed and pugnacious," and the street-crowds yelled at him with grim enthusiasm "Good old tiger!" The description reminds us somewhat of that old warrior, Bishop Carman, of Canada, who on the sidewalk at Clifton Springs, in the second year of the world-war, with fiery force brandished his crutch and showed how England and her empire and her Allies were bound to win the war. But Clémenceau reminds us still more of Dr. Buckley. In the moment of Dr. Buckley's complete dominance in the Chicago General Conference of 1900, William Fraser McDowell flashed his admiration with the name "Little Bobs," the pet name given in the British army to its great commander, General Roberts. When, in the

first year of the world-war, Lord Roberts, then retired from service by age, visited the front and, being seized with pneumonia, died there, the British army fired all its guns in one tremendous salute in memory of the dead soldier. In Kipling's words, "Three hundred miles of cannon spoke when the master-gunner died." And Kipling, who is the only real Poet Laureate England has, after magnifying "Little Bobs's" military glory, adds, referring to his noble character and selfless devotion, "But glory was the *least* of things that followed this man home." Something more than glory will follow J. M. Buckley home. About Dr. Mains's book, both author and subject, we might write on endlessly, but will cease for the present this discursive, desultory, and meandering notice. And now, after more than sixty years of acquaintance ripening into friendship, with thirty-eight years of fellowship in the New York East Conference and nineteen years in adjoining editorial offices, we join with all Methodism in inscribing honor to Doctor James Monroe Buckley, living on his eighty-second birthday in his Morristown home which is presided over by his daughter. We bless God for the great gift of this true, honest, trustworthy, and very able man, loyal to every relationship and equal to every task, a man of many talents none of which was ever hid in a napkin, a strong, wise, and useful servant of Christ and of his church; to whom the Master will surely say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." This book is one of the most indispensable biographies of American Methodism. Read it, everybody! The story of an unparalleled career, extraordinary and conspicuous in more ways than is any other.

State Papers and Addresses. By President WOODROW WILSON. With Editorial Notes; a biographical sketch and an analytical index. 12mo, pp. xiv+494. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $2 net.

The Great Crusade. By the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P. 12mo, pp. 307. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

THESE two volumes are of more than historical interest and value. They will be consulted after the war as among the finest expositions of militant and triumphant democracy. We are confident of the outcome when such leaders as our President and the Prime Minister of England are directing the counsels of the Allies. The principles which are enunciated and enforced in these utterances offer the best solutions of our problems, and if the nations are guided by them, guarantees of honorable peace will be secured for all the coming years. The remarkable record of Lloyd George is in keeping with the stirring advances of the Allies "through terror to triumph." The indefatigable zeal, the prophetic statesmanship, the rousing eloquence of the Welshman, exhibited as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and since the war, as Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War and Prime Minister, clearly demonstrate his right to a unique place among the greatest leaders of

all time. His inspiring speeches kept up the spirits of the Allies when depression confronted them. He brought courage and consecration to the ideal of liberty when most needed. What impresses us is the outspoken character of his addresses, which are so healthily free from the subterfuge and evasiveness of the typical diplomat. So fascinating is his eloquence that on one occasion, early in his career, Sir Henry Irving, the celebrated actor, listened to him, hardly moving a muscle all the time that the young orator was speaking. It is therefore very timely that some of his more notable addresses are now published under the expressive title of The Great Crusade. By the side of this volume we place the ringing messages of the President, concerning whose "unrivalled gift of succinct and trenchant speech" Lloyd George, himself a master of the art, has borne such fine testimony. Lloyd George concluded one of his earlier addresses on "The Causes and Aims of the War" with this peroration: "Now we are faced with the greatest and grimmest struggle of all. Liberty, equality, fraternity, not amongst men, but amongst nations—great and small, powerful and weak, exalted and humble: Germany and Belgium, Austria and Serbia—equality, fraternity, amongst peoples as well as amongst men—that is the challenge which has been thrown to us. Europe is again drenched with the blood of its bravest and best. But, do not forget—these are the great successions of hallowed causes; they are the Stations of the Cross on the road to the emancipation of mankind. Let us endure as our fathers did. Every birth is an agony, and the new world is born out of the agony of the old world. My appeal to the people of this country, and, if my appeal can reach beyond it, is this, that we should continue to fight for the great goal of international right and international justice, so that never again shall brute force sit on the throne of justice, nor barbaric strength wield the scepter of right." He ended a remarkable address, entitled, "Sowing the Winter Wheat," by saying: "There are rare epochs in the history of the world when in a few raging years the character, the destiny, of the whole race is determined for unknown ages. This is one. The winter wheat is being sown. It is better, it is surer, it is more bountiful in its harvest than when it is sown in the soft springtime. There are many storms to pass through, there are many frosts to endure, before the land brings forth its green promise. But let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." In an address on "The Great Men of Wales," he said: "A nation may be rich in minerals, may be rich in its soil, may be rich in natural beauties, it may be rich in its commerce; but unless it is also rich in great men there is an essential ingredient to national wealth which is missing. The great men of any nation are like mountains. They attract and assemble the vitalising elements in the heavens and distribute and direct them in the valleys and the plains so as to irrigate the land with their fertilising qualities. The world without them would be either a desert or a morass." From the address on "The Entry of America Into the War," we quote: "The United States of America have a noble tradition, never broken, of having never engaged in war except for lib-

erty, and this is the greatest struggle for liberty they have ever embarked upon. I am not at all surprised when one recollects the wars of the past, that America took its time to make up its mind about the character of this struggle. In Europe most of the great wars of the past were waged for dynastic aggrandisement and for conquest. No wonder that when this great war started there were some elements of suspicion still lurking in the minds of the people of the United States of America. There were many who thought, perhaps, that Kings were at their old tricks, and although they saw the gallant republic of France fighting, some of them, perhaps, regarded France as the poor victim of conspiracy and of monarchial swashbucklers. The fact that the United States of America has made up its mind finally makes it abundantly clear to the world that this is no struggle of that character, but a great fight for human liberty." The development of thought in the United States which led to the final decision can be clearly traced in the several addresses of our President, who viewed the situation with calm and disinterested deliberation, and spoke at every crucial opportunity with the dignity worthy of a great democracy. He once said: "This country, above every country in the world, is meant to lift; it is meant to add to the forces that improve. It is meant to add to everything that betters the world, that gives it better thinking, more honest endeavor, a closer grapple of man with man, so that we will all be pulling together like one irresistible team in a single harness." The addresses delivered during the Western preparedness tour are of unusual value in understanding the genius of America. In one of those speeches he said: "I know the spirit of America to be this: We respect other nations, and absolutely respect their rights so long as they respect our rights. We do not claim anything for ourselves which they would not in like circumstances claim for themselves. Every statement of right that we have made is grounded upon the previous utterances of their own public men and their own judges. America has drawn no fine points. America has raised no novel issue. America has merely asserted the rights of her citizens and her government upon what is written plain upon all the documents of international intercourse." On "The Essential Terms of Peace" he said: "The equality of nations upon which peace must be founded, if it is to last, must be an equality of rights; the guarantees exchanged must neither recognize nor imply a difference between big nations and small, between those that are powerful and those that are weak. Right must be based upon the common strength, not upon the individual strength, of the nations upon whose concert peace will depend. Equality of territory or of resources there of course cannot be; nor any other sort of equality not gained in the ordinary peaceful and legitimate development of the peoples themselves. But no one asks or expects anything more than an equality of rights. Mankind is looking now for freedom of life, not for equipoise of power." Anyone who has read a book like Face to Face with Kaiserism, by Gerard, can see that it is impossible to argue with the Prussian autocracy. There was only one course open "to redeem the world and make it fit

for free men like ourselves to live in. . . . Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether Justice and Peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether Right as America conceives it or Dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, Force to the utmost, Force without stint or limit; the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." These addresses on a variety of subjects ring the changes with remarkable versatility on the rights of the people against oppression. "The free peoples of the world must draw together in some common covenant, some genuine and practical cooperation that will in effect combine their force to secure peace and justice in the dealings of nations with one another. The brotherhood of mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase; it must be given a structure of force and reality. The nations must realize their common life and effect a workable partnership to secure that life against the aggressions of autocratic and self-pleasing power." In these two volumes we have preaching of a high order because the prophetic note is always present. They deserve the most careful study and reflection.

Why Prohibition? By Charles Stelzle. 12mo, pp. 310. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

It is fitting that the temperance question should be thoroughly discussed at the present time, when the States are called upon to ratify the National Prohibition Constitutional Amendment. The day for which devoted men and women labored with much sacrifice is about to dawn, and the most serious menace of civilization is surely destined to be radically destroyed. War-time prohibition is certainly a great advance, but what is good for the duration of the war is equally good after the war, when we will be confronted by more problems than we anticipate. Why not try to get rid of some of them by removing the cause of most of our troubles? Mr. Stelzle has written a book which might well be regarded as a war-time challenge. He presents facts fresh from the fields of war and from the second line of defense at home. His illustrations are taken from sources which are not available to most people. Many of his testimonies are from recent witnesses. Not many know that the Bartenders' Union open and close their meetings with prayer. Here is the prayer of dismissal offered by the officiating chaplain: "Thou, O Father, who hast created all things as they are, now that we are about to quit this circle and mingle again with the selfish world, we pray Thee to protect and shield us and our work from evil hands, and may we all at last be received into the circle of Thy love. Amen." This is either gruesome hypocrisy or demoralizing superstition, for he to whom such a prayer is addressed is some Baal or Moloch and not the God of the New Testament. There are several criticisms of organized labor, which are the more forcible because they are made by one who knows from first-hand knowledge. The chapter on "Organized Labor and the Saloon" contains

important data. "A study of the Constitutions of over one hundred international labor unions in the United States revealed the fact that fully one-half of them have taken some action regarding the liquor question. Many will not pay sick or death benefits if the member was killed or injured while intoxicated. Others have adopted resolutions forbidding all local unions from holding their meetings in places controlled by saloons. A very considerable number suspend or expel members who enter a lodge in a state of intoxication. In many cases they will not admit a man who is known to be a habitual drinker of intoxicants. Others will not admit to membership men who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, which means that if a member of a particular union gives up his trade and enters the saloon business, he is not permitted to retain his membership in the organization. Some unions have a clause in their contract with employers permitting him to instantly discharge a man for drunkenness." All this is certainly very encouraging for the outlook of prohibition. Mr. Stelzle is quick to expose the subterfuge and brazen impudence of the official organs of the Liquor Dealers' Association. He exposes fake advertisements, and in several chapters, he offers most convincing arguments and conclusive evidence, which can be used as "ammunition to batter down the bulwarks of booze." His suggestions to reform workers to get next the labor movements deserve attention. Two chapters on "Why the Saloon Must Go," and "Substitutes for the Saloon," are particularly pertinent. Another chapter on "How Prohibition Works in Practice" brings together a vast array of testimonies from leaders in the world of commerce and labor and editors of newspapers. Without extravagance and intemperate generalizations, this author marshals his facts and figures and deals with the economic and industrial phases of this most crucial question. The book is one of the strongest indictments of the liquor traffic.

A READING COURSE

The Development of a Christian Soul. By the REV. GEORGE STEVEN, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

THIS book is a transcript from life and an interpretation thereof from the standpoint of Christianity. The first edition was entitled The Warp and the Woof, but the title of the second edition explains the purpose of the book more clearly. Those who have read Dr. Steven's earlier volume, on The Psychology of the Christian Soul, know what to expect from the author of that same book. The same mastery of the relevant literature and a discriminating treatment of subjects like conversion and the essentials of the Christian life are seen in the second volume, which deals with the important aspects of Christian character. They are both written from a knowledge derived from original sources, the lives of men and women as the author came in pastoral contact with them. In this way he was able to test the validity of theories obtained from books and give to his

contribution the merit of practical worth and workableness. For these reasons both books are of particular value to preachers. It is interesting to learn that the volume we are to study this month was the outcome of preparation for the pulpit. Indeed, here is sermon material of the best sort, and, apart from that, the devotional tone and optimistic spirit should commend it both to clergy and laity. While he repeatedly insists on the psychological method, he is careful to point out that psychology is only a standpoint and a method in the study of religion. He is, therefore, not obsessed by the questionnaire mode which, in the hands of far too many students, betrays its weakness instead of its strength. When he states that these chapters deal with the mental aspect of our spiritual life, and not with theology or with practical affairs, it must not be inferred that the volume is a purely philosophical discussion. His chief interest is not with doctrine but with Christian experience and the divers forces which make or mar it in the loom of life. At the very outset Dr. Steven strikes the right note, that it is in the power of each one to adapt and master his surroundings, however lowly, and to fashion his soul after the pattern of Christ. The thought of personal responsibility is thus treated from a new angle, and we are reminded that "we are not the bondslaves of our past, but masters of our destinies." He also lays low the specters of heredity and environment by pointing out that instead of believing in them we should believe in God, who besets us behind and before. The value of the book consists of the suggestions as to ways and means by which the soul can develop, as it makes the Eternal God its refuge, knowing that underneath are the everlasting arms and that the way before it leads through discipline and struggle to the achievement of Christlikeness. Note what a large view is taken of the conception of religion, which in its numerous forms has been the one supreme agency for regenerating the race. How would you relate the idea of religion as an institution with rites and customs to that of religion as a personal relation between God and man? Explain the intellectual, the emotional and the volitional types of religion; how they are at bottom interdependent, and therefore calling for charity on the part of Christian men. The urgency of making right decisions is well shown in the chapter on "The Soul and Its Development." When God calls each one must answer for himself, deliberately resolved to set God before him as the end of life. See further the chapters in The Psychology of the Christian Soul on "The Enslaving of the Soul Through Sin," "The Liberating of the Soul Through Conversion," "The Capture of the Soul by God" and "The Soul in the Presence of God." The imitation of Christ does not consist of repeating specific acts, but of adopting his spirit and entering into a mood or disposition and making the right attitude of mind and heart toward the Father. The peril of refusing God is fatal. In a later chapter on "The World of Desire," he points out that instruction alone is insufficient. The hearer must be brought to the point of decision and be urged to make it with promptness. It is a serious mistake to suppose that "the knowledge of the truth has power in it to produce obedience to the truth." We must reckon with "the conflict of desires," and since "the strength of a desire is the measure of the strength of the moral realm

within him," it must be seen that right desires are implanted and expressed in opposition to those that are evil or imperfect. A good sermon can be preached on this subject based on the text: "If thou hadst known" (Luke 19. 42). On the subject of influence and example a warning is uttered in the sentence quoted from Traherne, a contemporary of Milton: "It is not our parents' loins so much as our parents' lives that enthrall and blind us." Dr. Steven has much to say in his earlier book on the power of the home for good or evil. In Chapter VIII of his second book some good reasons are given why the emotions are to be trusted. Not only does the religious emotion have value for its own sake, it is the only way by which we can learn some of the greatest of truths, and emotion is, furthermore, the immediate source of action. There is a good chapter on "Christianity a Religion of Joy," which suggests the question whether the note of depression in much of our preaching is not one of the causes for its ineffectual appeal. Of equal value is the study of compassion, which is well described as "the nearest to God of all our emotions." Another subject is the wrath of God, characterized as "the consuming fire of his love." A clear distinction is also made between chastening and punishment. The great paradox that Christianity is a life of freedom and of bondage is well expounded in Chapters XIV and XV. The devotion of a Christian to Christ is "a calm, deep passion of love," and exercises such a transforming power that it is not "the enslaving of a Christian by his Christianity that strikes one, but his liberation from the narrowness and blight of a selfish life." The discussion of cowardice and courage is illustrated by incidents of the war. The appeal is made for the exhibition of "civil courage" in ordinary walks of life where Christian men and women are confronted by the fears of pain, mockery, poverty, old age, death and one or other of a hundred smaller things. Another subject is "The Mystery of Suffering," and the inevitable place of struggle in the culture of the Christian graces. Note the bearing of this on present conditions, and thoughtfully consider our author's explanations. Is his teaching in harmony with the New Testament? If so, is it not mandatory that Christian preachers expound the truth that through suffering there will come to us, as came to Christ, liberty of spirit and disinterestedness of thought? What difference will it make to the preaching and practice of the Church if we are conscientiously and courageously led to accept the truth that the Cross of Christ means that He is a sharer in all our experience of both good and evil? The modern pulpit needs not only a revival of the spirit of joy, but also "the renascence of wonder." In his volume, Unwritten Sayings of Our Lord, Professor David Smith has a rich chapter suggested by one of the extra-canonical words of Jesus: "Wonder at the things before you, for wonder is the beginning of knowledge." Wonder, as Dr. Steven puts it, is the attitude of mind produced by something great, unexpected, striking. It is one of the graces we should cultivate that we may be guarded against the drag and dull monotony in life. "When wonder has an element of fear in it we call it awe; when it has an element of admiration, we call it reverence; when it is combined with love we know it as devotion, and when we surrender our soul in it, then we adore." The summons to preachers and teachers is that

they see the glory in common things and plain people, and make it shine out. The chapter on "A Religion of the Will" has this conclusion: "The divine life is a gift, yet no spiritual gift is ours except on the condition of employing it continually and resolutely." The last chapter, on "Concentration of the Soul on God," makes an urgent plea for meditation, which is "the devotional study of some passage of Scripture, of the life of our Lord; or, it may be, some doctrine or Christian grace, or the life of one of His servants." There should also be the practice of contemplation, which "enters into what may perhaps be called a closer relation to God. It is the attitude of the soul to God as he is in himself. Meditation in any sincere heart rises from time to time into contemplation," which "lives and moves in the sense of the indwelling presence of God." The time is at hand for a deep and overwhelming revival of the Christian graces and virtues. Happy the preachers who understand the signs and give themselves to meet the needs of the new age. This book of spiritual instruction and guidance will greatly help all lovers of the kingdom of God who labor for its more glorious coming.

Side Reading

The Psychology of the Christian Soul. By George Steven (Hodder and Stoughton, $1.50). From references already made it will be seen that this is one of the most important books for an intensive study of the truth and marvel of the life hid with Christ in God.

The Varieties of Religious Experience. By William James (Longmans, $3.20). A well-known classic, rich in biographical and autobiographical testimony, mostly morbid, but suggesting the more wholesome way according to Christ.

For information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1919

READING THE BIBLE

When I was five years old my mother offered me a dollar if I would read the Bible through, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. I confess that my price has risen since then, but in my boyhood I had more leisure and less cash than I have now. My total income was six cents a week; and as I expected to deposit one cent in the contribution box every Sunday I always figured my income as five cents—unconsciously prophetic of the modern income-tax law. I am glad that my mother bribed me to read the Bible, and glad that she forced me to pay my way in church. At first I thought more of the dollar than of the Holy Writ; but as I became interested I found keener joy in the race than in the prize. The best books for children are those that never were intended for children. The ordinary child's Christmas book has an intolerable air of condescension like the ingratiating smile of the professional speaker to boys, who deceives only those in bad health. Even children deserve intellectual respect and profit by it. No better books for children exist than Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Shakespeare, and the Bible. Apart from the mental discipline and emotional enrichment obtained from these books there exists to a higher degree the same reason as for the inclusion of classics in university education—the pleasure arising when educated people have the same background, a common storehouse of memory from which current coin may freely circulate.

In the Cornell Sun, March, 1915, the venerable Andrew D. White, in response to a request that he should name the books that had given him most real profit and abiding pleasure, began his article with this paragraph: "First of all, like most American

boys and girls of my time, I was brought up to read the Bible, and was nurtured in one of the religious bodies which incorporates into its worship very many of the noblest parts of our sacred books. Of these, the portions which have always seemed to me to give the keynote to the whole have been, for the Old Testament, the grander Psalms, the nobler portions of Isaiah, and, above all, the sixth chapter of Micah; and in the New Testament, the utterances ascribed to Jesus himself, of which the Sermon on the Mount is supreme, with Saint James's definition of 'pure religion and undefiled' and Saint Paul's description of 'charity.' In the perfection of English diction there is, in the whole range of literature, nothing to surpass the story of Joseph and his brethren."

When I first read the Bible I made up my own mind as to the real moral value of certain celebrated achievements and was encouraged to express my views in the family conversation. It seemed to me that the murder of Sisera when he was asleep was treacherous and detestable, and I obtained no pleasure from the Song of Deborah:

> The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?

Many years later, while at an Episcopal Church one evening, whither I had gone to hear one of my favorite preachers, the Rev. Harry P. Nichols, I was both surprised and pleased to hear him say at the conclusion of the reading for the day, which was this same song, "We should remember that the glorification of this abominable deed came from Deborah, and not from Almighty God." Yet Sisera was a scoundrel and the result of his deletion was good; the land had rest forty years. Furthermore, if he had won the battle, we learn from the words of his own mother—capable tigress for such a cub—that Captain Sisera would have treated the captured men and women even as the Germans treated the French and the Belgians.

Nor did I ever think highly of David's exploit in killing Goliath. All small boys like heavy-weight champions; and it may be I had a sneaking fondness for the big fellow. Anyhow, it

seemed to me that David did not fight fair. Goliath came out with the legitimate weapons for a stand-up fight; David stood at a safe distance and punctured his thick head with a slingshot. If he had missed the first time he had four more stones to throw, and if he had failed to make a hit with any of them he would doubtless have run away, and Goliath, encumbered with his heavy suit, would have found it quite impossible to catch him. I felt that David was something like a mucker who, afraid to fight with his fists, throws stones from a coign of vantage; or like a man with a magazine gun taking the measure of a hippopotamus. David's affair with Goliath compares unfavorably with the exploit of Benaiah, narrated in that wonderful eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, which celebrates three mighty men:

> Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, the son of a valiant man of Kabzeel, who had done many acts; he slew two lionlike men of Moab: also he went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day. And he slew an Egyptian, a man of great stature, five cubits high; and in the Egyptian's hand was a spear like a weaver's beam; and he went down to him with a staff, and plucked the spear out of the Egyptian's hand, and slew him with his own spear. These things did Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, and had the name among the three mighties.

I had to comfort myself with the reflection that on other occasions David exhibited plenty of real courage.

One day by mere chance I hit upon an expedient that not only helped me to remember the Bible stories, but which I heartily recommend to all parents and guardians who still wish to have the youth intrusted to their care become familiar with the Scriptures. I was drawing pictures. My prolonged and unusual silence in the room aroused the interest of my mother: "What are you doing there?" "Drawing pictures!" "But don't you know this is Sunday? You must not draw pictures on Sunday."

Nobody ought to infer from this that my mother was grim. She and I were most intimate friends, understood each other perfectly, and got along together beautifully.

Suddenly I remembered the Bible. "But, mother, it'll be all right to draw *Bible* pictures?" She turned this suggestion up and down in her mind and found it good. I therefore set to work, and

after another period of silence proudly exhibited to her a soldier armed to the teeth, literally, for, in addition to gun and pistol, he had a large knife in his mouth.

"Didn't I tell you——"

"But, mother, this is *Joab.*"

From this accidental Sabbatarian exploit I conceived the idea of drawing a picture to illustrate every chapter in the Bible. And this method I recommend to the young; for if one draws a picture for each chapter one must read the whole chapter through to find the best available subject, and in this way much will be remembered. It is not necessary to possess even rudimentary skill with the pencil. I was obliged to label my pictures distinctly—a union of literature and art—in order that spectators might know whether the picture were animal, vegetable, or mineral—the invariable first inquiry in the game Twenty Questions.

In the process of illustrating the whole sacred volume I got along excellently well. In Genesis, Joshua, Judges, Kings, there were frequent fights. But when I plunged into the jungle of Paul's doctrinal epistles it was hard sledding. It is not easy properly to illustrate some of the chapters in Romans. I remember reading through the whole eighth chapter and finishing in despair. Determined not to be stumped, I began to read it again and was brought up with a turn at the twenty-second verse: "the whole creation groaneth." I set to work with an inspiration. At that time I knew nothing of spiritual anguish; I supposed that people groaned only when there was something the matter with them. Like all small boys I had eaten many green apples, sometimes with disastrous results. My conception of this passage was not altogether without a certain vast grandeur. I literally supposed that once upon a time every living person in the world had a stomachache at the same moment; hence universal groaning. I therefore drew a picture of a large number of people standing in a circle, each with his hands upon his abdomen, each shrieking "Ouch! ouch! ouch!" and under it I wrote,

THE WHOLE CREATION GROANETH.

When I brought this picture to my mother she looked at it and for

some minutes was unable to speak; she paid it that reverent silence which I suppose is the highest tribute to art. Then she told me that I had made an original contribution to New Testament interpretation, for no commentator in the world had ever thought of this explanation. I retired proudly. After I grew up, I mistakenly regarded my exegesis as absurd; and it was only a few years ago that my respect for it was restored by my friend President Hadley. I had narrated the story, and he immediately said that, after all, I was correct; for from the orthodox point of view it *was* the unauthorized eating of apples that made the whole creation groan.

For those who wish to read the whole Bible, and everyone at some time ought to read it all, those of systematic habits can read it through—omitting the apocrypha—in exactly one year. There are 1188 chapters; 928 in the old Testament, 260 in the New. Reading three chapters every week day and five every Sunday one will finish the undertaking within the year. Or, reading only on Sundays, and only the New Testament, five chapters each Sunday will complete the task on the fifty-second day. This is a chronological rather than a logical way of reading the Bible, but it has its merits. It is naturally much better to read a whole book, or a whole connected narrative in one sitting. I remember, when caught in the rain one Sunday in a small town in England, that I pleasantly celebrated being marooned by reading the Gospel according to Mark without rising from my chair.

The Bible is not only the foundation of modern English literature, it is the foundation of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It seems a narrow and mistaken policy to drive it out of the public schools. When I was a boy every day in school began with a chapter in the Bible and the Lord's Prayer; surely there is nothing sectarian about that. Merely in dignity the Hebrew and Christian religions compare favorably with the Greek and Roman, with which we were compelled to familiarize ourselves at school, and, so far as I know, without protest from any source. If the Greek and Roman gods and goddesses were alive to-day every one of them would be in jail.

American boys and girls know more about the Bible than was

the case twenty years ago; at the dawn of the twentieth century biblical ignorance among our youth and particularly among college undergraduates was by way of becoming a public scandal. Well-bred boys in many instances were innocent of even the penumbra of knowledge. Professor Lounsbury discovered a young gentleman in his classes who had never heard of Pontius Pilate. Twenty-five years ago I requested a freshman to elucidate the line in "As You Like It," "Here feel we not the penalty of Adam." He replied confidently, "It was the mark imposed on him for slaying his brother." Of another I asked the meaning of the passage in "Macbeth," "Or memorize another Golgotha." Seeing the blank expression on his handsome face I said, "It is a New Testament reference." "O, yes!" he exclaimed. "It refers to Goliath." At about this time a young clergyman obsessed with the importance of the "higher criticism" announced that if he accepted a call to a western church he must be allowed to preach to the younger people about the second Isaiah. "That's all right," said the deacon cheerfully; "most of 'em don't know there is even one."

What with regular school and college courses in the English Bible and the publication of many first aids to biblical ignorance we have made progress during the last twenty-five years, but it is still true that the young generation to-day are not so familiar with the Bible as was customary a century ago. Ignorant as the boy, the girl, and the man in the street are, however, there is not the slightest indication of any falling away from knowledge among the poets, novelists, and dramatists. The Bible has been a greater influence on the course of English literature than all other forces put together; it is impossible to read standard authors intelligently without knowing something about the Bible, for they all assume familiarity with it on the part of their readers. But what particularly pleases me is that not only standard but contemporary authors exhibit, consciously or unconsciously, intimacy with the Scriptures. So universally true is this that to any young man or woman eaten with ambition to become a writer, my first advice should be, "Know the Bible." Ibsen said his chief reading was always in the Bible, "it is so strong and mighty." Tolstoi knew the Scriptures like Timothy; it is quite impossible to read Dos-

toevski's novels—and everyone wants to read them just now—without knowing the Bible. For four years in the Siberian prison the New Testament was his most intimate friend. His greatest stories are really commentaries. Andreev, giving a list of the books that had influenced him the most, put the Bible first. Kipling's finest poem, the Recessional, is almost as close a paraphrase of Scripture as the hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee," which is a verse-translation of a passage in the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis. Every modern novel, every modern play, I read is almost sure to reveal an acquaintance with the great Book. One of the chief features of twentieth century drama has been the dramatization of Bible stories, presenting to metropolitan audiences the revelation of human passion where it may be found in its most powerful and convincing forms, and in Stuart Walker's theater version of the Book of Job the sublimity of the speeches is impressive.

Within the last three years three tributes have been paid to the Bible by three distinguished men of letters, who, curiously enough, would have been the last three on earth from whom such a tribute would have been expected. The finest English novel produced by the war is Mr. Britling Sees It Through, by the apostle of scientific education, H. G. Wells; he could not have written it without a profound knowledge of the New Testament. The transcendent element in this story is its spiritual force, which he obtained directly from the Gospels. That arch pagan George Moore, who boasts that he has not even a grain of faith, and who in an autobiographical sketch put down Religion as his chief recreation, wrote a long novel on the life of Christ, and although it is filled with sacrilege it exhibits the sway over his heart and mind held by the greatest Personality in all history. He found he could not escape from the Son of Man and wrote this book to relieve his own mind, as old Burton wrote a treatise on melancholy to cure himself of it. Finally, the wittiest iconoclast of our day, Bernard Shaw, in the long preface to Androcles and the Lion, has produced a carefully written commentary of one hundred and twenty-seven printed pages dealing with the Gospels in turn, with Acts, and the life and letters of Paul. It is a marvelous and reverent exposition of Christ's teaching as he understands it, and we have the spectacle

of Bernard Shaw bowing his hitherto unconquered head in the presence of the King of kings. He has been reading and rereading the Bible with close attention; he emerges from its study not only fascinated by the central figure, but with a sincere belief that only through following the teaching of Jesus can society attain salvation. He believes that Jesus knew more about human nature than any other person who ever lived; that he knew not only our diseases but the remedy for them. I am not concerned here with the truth or error of the religious interpretations respectively put forth by Mr. Wells, Mr. Moore, Mr. Shaw; but only with the plain fact that these three creative artists have been recently studying the Bible with extraordinary zeal.

The Bible contains, in the highest degree, every form of literature except humor. The seriousness of the main theme—man's relation to God—and the serious cast of mind characteristic of the various writers forbade the introduction of anything approaching hilarity. Yet there are adumbrations of humor here and there. In Stuart Walker's stage production, "The Book of Job," there were a half dozen passages or situations that aroused audible risibility. I wish that we were able to interpret as humorous the famous passage (Job 31. 35), "behold, my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book." No worse fate could be wished for one's enemy, as every writer of books knows only too well; but although the verse is often quoted lightly I fear that in the original there is no joke. I have always thought that the chronicler in Acts 12. 18 intended the puzzlement of the soldiers to be faintly humorous: "Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter." It is difficult to read the following verse in Proverbs without smiling: "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him," and the world-old joke about shrewish women comes on the heels of the inopportune friend: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." The pessimist who wrote Ecclesiastes admitted that there was a time to laugh, but he apparently found no time for it himself. The Puritans had good authority for their dislike of laughter, and were forever citing the thorns crackling

under the pot. Their view was expressed in Proverbs—"Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful." I cannot recall any occasion when our Lord laughed out loud; but he must have been amused more than once. I am sure that he wanted to laugh when the mother of Zebedee's children fatuously requested that her two sons might sit, one on his right hand and one on his left, in the Kingdom. He settled that question and calmed the subsequent indignation of the ten with divine tact. Yet if there is little humor in the Bible there is an immense amount of irony. The Psalms and the prophetic books abound with illustrations.

The Bible is full of both passion and sentiment, but it has no sentimentality. It is rather remarkable that there is, so far as I can remember, not one touch of false sentiment. In nearly all books the pathos that drew tears from contemporary readers often obtains either smiles or yawns from later generations, but the scenes of sentiment in the Bible are so deeply founded on the bedrock of human nature that they impress the twentieth century with as much force as in the time when they were written. Four supreme instances, out of an uncountable number, may be given, illustrating the love of man and woman, the love of brother to brother, the love of man to man, and the grief of a father for a dead son:

> And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.

In the marvelous story of Joseph and his brethren, when Joseph —the Herbert C. Hoover of Egypt—saw the lad Benjamin, his own brother, the situation is enough to tax the power of the most consummate artist; but the simplicity and dignity of the Bible narrative leaves nothing to add, change, or omit.

> And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber and wept there.

When David was informed of the death of Saul and Jonathan his lament for the latter is unsurpassed in literature as a tribute to the strength of men's friendships.

> Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. . . . How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

When King David awaits the news of the decisive battle of the civil war he has only one question for both messengers. "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Ahimaaz did not dare to tell the truth when he saw where his master's interest centered; Cushi replied with matchless diplomatic tact, but to no avail. The king's passion of grief for his cruel son seemed merely an enigma to the two messengers, while to that seasoned fighting-hack, Joab, it seemed ridiculous and disgusting. But to us it is not only impressive beyond words, it reveals one of the qualities of the king that makes us love him.

> And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

There is no narrative style superior to that of the Old Testament historians. They put down everything, both good and bad, never trying to make an idealized portrait. Now the most important thing in a king's life, both for himself and for the welfare of his subjects, is his moral character. Is it good or bad? This statement is given first, for it deserves primacy; his personal appearance, physical endowments, accomplishments, all are secondary.

> In the three and twentieth year of Joash the son of Ahaziah king of Judah, Jehoahaz the son of Jehu began to reign over Israel in Samaria, and reigned seventeen years. And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, and followed the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin; he departed not therefrom.

Out of these impartially written historical pages, where one fact soberly follows another, individuals leap to life with astonishing vividity. Agag, going delicately, and saying, "Surely the bitterness of death is past"; the sprinter Asahel, "light of foot as a wild roe," who turned not to the right hand nor to the left from following Abner, and whom Abner reluctantly slew, pushing his spear back at him; Amasa, treacherously slain by Joab, "Art thou in health, my brother?"—many characters like the above, to whom only a few lines are given, are nevertheless unforgettable; while the more important personages, Jehu, Ahab, Jezebel, Joab, are as real to us as the leading figures in American history.

Jonathan has been somewhat obscured by David, but he was the opposite of a weak character. He was a first-class fighting man. It took immense courage to defy a father like Saul, and let it be remembered that, when Saul in ungovernable passion threw a javelin at Jonathan across the dinner-table, Jonathan showed no fear. The history says, "So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger." As for David himself, he had many sins to answer for, including murder and adultery in their most malignant form; yet everyone loves David, for he had a great heart. When Nathan stood up to him, instead of killing the bold prophet he admitted his guilt; he was more interested in the welfare of Absalom than in the outcome of the rebellion against his throne; his attitude toward King Saul was a model of loyalty and forbearance; his personal magnetism was so powerful that mighty men loved to risk their lives for him. Sometimes I think the finest episode in his career was when he refused to drink the water brought to him by the three champions.

> And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate! And the three . . . break through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David: nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? Therefore he would not drink it.

John Masefield, the English poet, in a memorable speech made in

America in June, 1918, used this incident as a parable. He said that after this great war is over we shall all feel unworthy of using the freedom bought by victory, for our liberty will come to us through the sacrifice of heroes. And if the mature King David is splendid the young lyric David is one of the most radiant figures in history. Was there ever a finer description of a young athlete than the following sketch of David? And remember that the whole account of his appearance and accomplishments is compressed into a part of one sentence, which is itself only a part of one Bible verse:

> Cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in speech, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him.

This recommendation is naturally enough for Saul, and he sent for the young harp player. Although paraphrases of the Bible are usually weak—I once owned a book that contained the Gospels told in rhyme; heaven knows why!—many of the masterpieces of English literature have been founded directly on the Bible text. We need to think only of Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and of Browning's "Saul." In Browning David soothes the king by playing the old tunes of the pasture. Saul was a cowboy; he was rounding up his father's herd when the king-hunters came after him; many times amid the responsibilities of the monarchy he must have been homesick for the free life of the hills. David knew what he was about when he played pastoral tunes.

The great prophets of Israel exhibited not only a zeal for righteousness, but plenty of common sense. I like the quiet way in which they settled minor questions. When Elisha was plowing and Elijah cast his mantle on him, the young man knew he was called to greater things than farm work, but he asked the man of God, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." And Elijah replied, "Go back again; for what have I done to thee?" And the matter of courtesy toward a religious service in which we do not believe was settled once for all by Elisha. After Naaman had been cured of leprosy he told Elisha that of course the God of Israel was the only true God, and he would worship him for the rest of his life, but he was troubled by a matter that might be called religious etiquette. He is going

back to serve his royal master, the king of Syria, and how shall he behave in the house of Rimmon, where the king worships?

> In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon; when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace.

Pastoral literature, which is a form by itself, has few good illustrations in native English, for our pastorals, from Spenser and William Browne down to the nineteenth century, are marred by artificiality and indeed by insipidity. I suppose the best pastorals in secular literature are the first, those by Theocritus. Yet even the Sicilian masterpieces are quite inferior to the best specimen found in the Bible, the book of Ruth. This wonderful idyl of the farm, told in an impeccable style by the old Hebrew writer, must forever remain supreme and unapproachable. The economy of words is striking; in the narrative of David's great-grandmother there is not a superfluous sentence. The suppressed passion in this tale has been felt by all intelligent readers; and Keats, with his genius for beauty of feeling and beauty of tone, has arrested the lonely figure of Ruth in the grain-field, where she stands in immortal loveliness like the images on the Greek urn.

> Perhaps the self same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Epistolary literature reached its climax in the New Testament. There are no letters in the history of the pen like the letters of John, and James, and Peter, and Paul. It would be difficult to improve on James's definition of pure religion, or on his account of that untamable creature the tongue. And although the short letter by Jude is inferior to those written by the great four it contains a description of certain ungodly men mightily effective:

> Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

The poetry of the Old Testament, especially in the books Solomon's Song, Job, Psalms, Isaiah, excels in every variety of

poetical expression, ranging from pure lyrical singing to the most sublime sweep of the imagination. The most conventional subject for a poem is Spring, and among the millions of tributes to the mild air and the awakening earth none is more beautiful than the passage in the Song of Songs:

> My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. . . . My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

As Browning began what is perhaps his greatest work, the Pope's speech in The Ring and The Book, with an allusion to the story in Esther, so in giving the pope's tribute to the soldier-saint Caponsacchi he borrowed some poetry of Job. It is worth while for a moment to compare the original and Browning's language, to see what good use Browning made of his biblical knowledge.

> Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? . . . Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?
>
> . . . .
>
> His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. . . . He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary. . . . He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all the children of pride.

Browning, in the pope's speech, gives some advice to the teachers of young men. He bids them remember the strength, passion, and glory of youth, and not expect to tame adolescence with petty formalism or with tiny devices. And suddenly the thought of leviathan must have entered his mind, for the pope speaks:

> Irregular noble 'scapegrace—son the same!
> Faulty—and peradventure ours the fault
> Who still misteach, mislead, throw hook and line,
> Thinking to land leviathan forsooth,
> Tame the scaled neck, play with him as a bird,
> And bind him for our maidens! Better bear

The King of Pride go wantoning awhile,
Unplagued by cord in nose and thorn in jaw,
Through deep to deep, followed by all that shine,
Churning the blackness hoary. He who made
The comely terror, he shall make the sword
To match that piece of netherstone, his heart.

If one reads the book of Psalms straight through, no matter how familiar many passages may be, the glory and splendor of the majestic poetry will come like a fresh revelation; and reading the last three Psalms aloud one feels how all the hymns of sorrow, delight, repentance, and adoration unite in one grand universal chorus of praise:

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:
Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:
Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children. . . .

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

Handel's Messiah is of course the greatest of all oratorios; sometimes I think it is worth all other oratorios put together. Handel was an inspired genius. When he wrote the Hallelujah Chorus he said he saw the heavens opened and the Son of God sitting in glory, and I have no doubt he really did. He was fortunate in being able to match deathless words with sublime music. But much of the grandeur of his work is owing to the poetry of the Bible, and especially to the parts taken from the prophet Isaiah. Passages of mighty authority alternate with ineffable tenderness:

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places

> plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: . . . He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

The poetry of the Bible is not only the highest poetry to be found anywhere in literature, it contains the essence of all religion, so far as religion consists in aspiration. In this way Job, the Psalms, and Isaiah contain an eternal element of truth that no advance in the world's thought can make obsolete. Through such poetry rather than through any formal creed man is lifted into a communion with the Divine Spirit. For in these immortal poems, which express a fundamental and universal passion, the human soul finds not only elevation, it finds assurance, rest, peace.

Wm Lyon Phelps

THE CHURCH AND LABOR RECONSTRUCTION

The world's greatest and most destructive war has come to an end. The price paid for the victory of freedom and righteousness is appalling. A large part of the vigorous manhood of the world has been killed or maimed, and an equally large part of the world's wealth has been destroyed. Radical changes in the social and economic life of the nations have taken place. There has also been an increasing power of democracy. Modern collectivism as practiced during the period of the war, the resulting change in public outlook and thought on social questions, and the ambitious program of labor are compelling men to ask, with anxious hearts, What of the future? Will the coming reconstruction be orderly or explosive? A new social order is inevitable. The workers of the world have made up their minds to introduce equality in economic circumstances between man and man. How is this economic equality to be brought about: in the Russian way, by revolution through bloodshed, oppression, destruction of life and property, or in the British and American way, by constitutional means; by respect for righteous laws; by goodwill and fairness to everyone; by orderly process of legislation? God grant that the latter may be the method.

What shall be the attitude of the church to these aspirations of the common man? Let us acknowledge that the church of God comes to this hour conscious that the industrial workers are estranged from her, that they come no more to her doors or altars in any considerable number. Arthur Henderson, labor leader and member of Parliament, also a local preacher, reluctantly acknowledges that "the vast majority of our male workers are at present outside the various branches of the Christian Church. The most self-respecting and honest workmen, who are constantly seeking at considerable sacrifice of time and energy to promote the common good, turn away in disgust from the churches, concluding that 'they are not the plants which these churches have to preserve.' This want of assimilation between the principles of Christ and the practices of many of his professed followers has made a very

deep impression upon the minds of the working classes, and forces from them the verdict: 'If this is religion then I'm not having any of it, for if these people get to heaven I won't be far away.'" Mr. Booth, an authority on this question, says, "That great portion of the population which passes by the name of the working class, lying socially between the lower middle class and the poor, remains as a whole outside of all religious bodies, whether organized as churches or as missions." The editor of the Daily News Religious Census of London tells us that of "the Greater London, with a population of 6,246,336, only 1,252,433 are regular worshipers, or in other words four out of every five persons are non-attendants, at the various churches." In the city of York "only fifteen per cent of the population are church goers." This is the situation in England, among a people saturated with Bible truth and story and thoroughly understanding the message and spirit of Christianity. How stands the case in America? The workingmen are indifferent to the church. Their plans and purposes are made absolutely independent of the church. Rarely does the American worker speak slightingly of our Lord Jesus. Most of those who refer to Christ with a sneer or a jibe are of Jewish extraction or have revolted from the superstition of the Roman Church and plunged into atheistic socialism. But the American workingman has separated Christ and the church in his thoughts and looks upon them as having little in common. Many of them believe with Lessing: "The Christian religion has been tried for centuries. The religion of Christ has yet to be tried." On his last visit to our country William T. Stead addressed a labor meeting in Chicago. He was warned by the chairman not to mention the church. "If you say anything about the church they will hiss you off the platform. This crowd takes no stock in the church." Professor Ely, a devout Christian and a close student of social problems, wrote these startling words: "The laborer will have none of her (the church's) teachings; her evangelism he despises, her profession to love him he laughs to scorn." Since these good men have "gone west" conditions have not materially changed. The American Federation of Labor is directed and controlled by men who are at least indifferent to the Christian church.

Why are they alienated? The alienation is not due to the growth of agnosticism or scepticism among the workers. Marx and Engels were avowedly antagonistic both to religion and to the idea of God. Labor in England and America has been greatly influenced by the social ideas of these writers, but not by their religious views. There is no desire among English-speaking laboring men to repudiate the principles of Christianity or to accept those so ably set forth by Robert Blatchford in "God and My Neighbor." British labor has the highest respect and admiration for the pure and self-sacrificing life of our Lord and for the lofty and unselfish principles he gave to men. The words of the labor program are those of the Christian religion. The mission of Christianity is to raise the quality of human life, to purify, elevate, and dignify human existence. It is occupied with the problems of social well-being because these problems lie at the root of all moral and spiritual progress. The labor movement in the midst of the turmoil and conflict of life seeks the same noble end, not as a class victory, but as the larger freedom of body, mind, and spirit for all classes of men and women. The wage-earner knows that Jesus was the champion of good will and freedom, and that he gave the church the task of preaching this gospel and commanded her to bring the "ideal ethic" into touch with all phases of human life. The workingmen declare that the church has not been very efficient in obeying our Lord's command and in carrying out his program. The quickening of the workers' conscience, inspiring them with new hope, new enthusiasm, new energy to labor for the golden age of social betterment, awakened but little response and less cooperation in the churches. Organized Christianity did not see and appreciate the real meaning and true inwardness of many of the movements initiated and developed by the workers for their social and industrial amelioration. Hence these movements have been treated with critical aloofness or active opposition. Sometimes there has been a tendency to impute base motives to the laborers' desire and effort for more wages and better conditions of life. We have overlooked certain fundamental facts: (1) Education has opened the eyes of the laborer to his own worth. (2) He knows that there can be no fixed order of society, no artificial aristocracy.

Men have been endowed with equal and inalienable rights, and to aspire to these rights is the duty of every man. The laborer desires a freer, fuller, and richer life.

Life for the toiler is often a struggle for a moderate degree of comfort. Many of them live under the constant feeling of injustice. They seem to be debarred from the enjoyments of the earth; from the mental and spiritual development which they regard as their rightful inheritance. To make matters worse, the use of machinery has made their work more monotonous, mechanical, and deadening than in the days of hand labor, when each man made something himself and could taste the joy of being in a degree a creator. Modern conditions of toil do not tend to strengthen moral fiber and many of the workers are tempted to seek recreation and relief in gambling and drink. It is proof of the splendid stuff in our industrial workers that the vast proportion of them are temperate, self-controlled, thrifty, good fathers, honest citizens, diligent in self-improvement, and active in the service of their fellows. In this crisis they have presented to the world the magnificent spectacle of a patriotism and devotion almost incredible. Here, then, is the laboring man's first criticism of the Christian church: lack of real understanding of the labor movement and lack of practical sympathy with the laborers' aspirations, ideals, and objectives. This applies to America as well as to England. Some of the more radical among the workingmen go further than this and declare that the church has been hostile to the labor movement. By the church, however, they mean the State Church of Europe, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic.

Hall Caine, the famous novelist, in an address delivered a few years ago on "The Gospel and the Social Questions," declared that the two antagonists of the labor movement were the press and the church. Against the church he made certain definite charges. These charges express the radical workingman's position. Hall Caine says, "The church never helped to improve the political standing of the people. The political progress of humanity has been made in spite of the indifference and at times the hostility of the Christian church." His argument follows these lines. The organized church, contrary to the spirit of Christ's teachings, has

been a conservative instead of an aggressive force. Often in the past she has stood as the most stubborn foe of the very progress to which the spirit of Christ within her was urging. Christianity is the mother of true democracy, and the logical outcome of the teachings and life of Jesus is political and social betterment. Since the time of Constantine the church has allied herself with the powerful of earth. The union of church and state allied the church to political and social orders which oppressed the people and robbed them of their inalienable rights. These facts are well known to intelligent working men, and they frequently declare that there is a wide difference between Christianity and churchianity. This is true even in Protestantism. Take the flagrant case of Luther and the peasants of Germany.

Luther had scant sympathy with the peasants in their struggle for emancipation. His affiliations and sympathies were with the barons and princes. While this lack of sympathy with the peasants may have grown out of the fact that the barons and princes had stood by him in his struggle for religious freedom, for the Reformation, humanly speaking, would not have succeeded had it not been for the physical, financial, and moral support of the nobility, this is not the whole explanation. Luther was interested *only* in religious questions. Economic or social questions were evidently beyond his ken and did not enter into his plans or purposes. Religion occupied the whole of his horizon. Two things were to him axiomatic. First, The task and function of the church was educational and spiritual; second, The task and function of the state was political and social. These separate fields were ordained of God, and man must be obedient to law. Luther, in other words, was by nature and temperament a conservative. Dr. Alfred Faulkner, of Drew, says, "His real nature and attitude was that of a staunch and incurable conservative." Hence his attitude toward the Peasant Insurrection in 1525.

By this act Luther disowned the cause of the people, alienated their love and trust, lost forever the support and confidence of the working classes in Germany, and strengthened the power and wealth of the barons and princes. Since that fateful day the Lutheran Church has stood as the bulwark of autocracy and the

will to power. The socialists of Germany have constantly encountered the church, Protestant and Roman Catholic, as a mighty force defending the existing order—a bulwark of privilege and conservatism, a shield of caste and things as they are. A state church always sides with privilege and authority, whether it be in Austria, Germany, France, Italy, or England. Just and needed reforms must be won in the face of the opposition of the state church. This is why the people turn away from these institutions chilled and disgusted.

In our land the church is free. Most of our churches are organized as pure democracies: "Of the people, for the people, by the people." Two or three of our American churches are monarchical in forms of government and ultra conservative in spirit. They never stand for a reform until it is an accomplished fact. American Protestantism is for the most part democratic, but this democratic church has inherited the sad conditions of Europe. The laborer still looks upon the church as the champion of the established order; as the servant of the capitalist and the privileged classes. The incident of the clergyman who appeared before a Congressional committee investigating the atrocious methods adopted in the textile mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts, and defended the proprietors of these mills, is still fresh in the public mind. The laborer has brought with him to this land his longstanding distrust of the church and the clergy, and his belief that the church and its ministry are tools of oppression. This is not altogether true of the British laborer who comes to these shores. He has entered into the work of Wesley, Kingsley, Ruskin, and Maurice, and a host of others who have preached democracy and have toiled in Christ for the betterment of their fellowmen politically, economically, and socially. Thank God for these men and their work. More men of this type will bring a brighter day and help labor to see in the Church of Christ its truest friend and helper.

Mr. Caine's second charge is "that the organized church has kept from the people the most important part of the gospel message; to wit, the application of Christ's teachings to social and industrial questions." In making this charge Mr. Caine is thinking of the

individualistic emphasis of the church. The gospel as preached in the church has been devoid of social significance. It has been a purely personal cult, aiming at nothing more than individual salvation and edification, and as a result has been sadly incomplete. There may be some considerable truth in this position, but not, I take it, as much as Hall Caine would have us believe.

The teaching of Jesus places equal emphasis on two aspects of his religion: (1) the obligation of the soul toward God; (2) the obligation of the soul toward other souls. He gave the parable of the Repentant Son to describe the first and the parable of the Good Samaritan to describe the second. Neither has been overlooked or neglected by the Church of Christ. We must acknowledge, however, that the major emphasis has been upon the individual. He must needs be saved, edified, and developed. The reason for this is that the potent factor in all human affairs is personality. Every reform begins in the individual character. Shailer Mathews says, "To think of constructing a civilization from individuals whose lives are untouched by the gospel is as futile as to think that a democracy can be organized by savages." The saved man is the "salt of the earth." "The kingdom of heaven is within you" was the announcement of Jesus. This is the truth contained in Horace Bushnell's famous felicitous epigram, "The soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul." No public reform is possible except on the basis of personal righteousness. The Platos, the Moores, the Bellamys, and their many followers have exhausted their ingenuity in the endeavor to create Utopias by legislation and reform. The idea that abuses can be reformed and wrongs righted and the terrible leakage of economic waste saved by the alteration of external conditions of life is one of the oldest, most persistent, and pernicious of fallacies. Legislation and reform always follow the growth of public righteousness. Public righteousness is the outcome of individual righteousness. Reforms are generated in the minds and consciences of the people. Hence the fundamental office of the Christian church is to bring the individual under the power and inspiration of the gospel of Christ and generate within him reform power and make of him reform material. The obligation of the soul to other souls has not been neglected by the Chris-

tian church. The change from pagan ethics to Christian ethics was brought about largely by Christians practicing the principles of the gospel toward each other. Even Lecky admits this. But the church has not emphasized the fact that groups of men must come under the same high ethics, the same lofty principles of conduct, as governed the attitude of one Christian man toward another. There have been instances where sections of the church have spoken out against some social or economic evil, as was the case with slavery in the days preceding the civil war, and as is the case with the liquor traffic in our day, but on the whole the church has not devoted herself to making this world a fit home for redeemed men. There is no record in history of the church, as a great united body, deliberately setting herself to work to redeem the cities of the world, to cleanse them of their vice, their disease, their desolation, their famine, their poverty, or their iniquities. There is no instance until very recent years of church councils concerning themselves with economic injustices and the duties of employer to employee. One can almost put his finger on the man and the hour when the new conception of the gospel came to the church; when men began to feel that the duty of the church was not only to redeem men but to redeem humanity; not only to transfigure individuals but to transfigure society; not only to cleanse the heart of sin but to cleanse the cities of filth and disease-producing conditions; not only to promise surcease from poverty and pain in the future world but to create a social and economic system here that would reduce pain and poverty to the minimum. Thomas Chalmers, while doing his pastoral work in Edinburgh, caught a vision of the social gospel of Christ. He saw that while he was trying to feed the souls of little children their bodies were starving for lack of bread and shivering for lack of clothes. Like a flash came the thought that if Jesus were here he would feed and clothe their shriveled bodies. Then began the movement of social service in Scotland. One day it flashed on the mind of Frederick Dennison Maurice that Christianity was big enough to transfigure all things, and with voice and pen this prophet of God began to preach a social gospel. Kingsley's Alton Locke awakened England to the fact that the Church of Christ, while trying to save men's souls,

stood by indifferent to the fact that greedy and selfish men were destroying the bodies of men, women, and children. In America Josiah Strong and Washington Gladden forty years ago were the prophets of the new order. Dr. Gladden's test of the vitality and effectiveness of the church was "the extent to which it succeeds in Christianizing the social order in the midst of which it stands," which is a fair and revealing test.

Workingmen are saying that if Jesus were on earth to-day he would fight the battles of the laboring man. And they are right. He fought them when he was upon earth. The progress made by working people throughout every generation has been due to the influence of Jesus. He has been their champion and their friend. They believe in him. The toiler to-day demands a church which embodies the spirit of Jesus, which puts his teachings into practice, which is human enough to encourage and divine enough to inspire men—a church big enough to preach the whole gospel in its fullness and power.

Arthur Henderson says, "When Christianity is shown in its real nature as an aggressive force, destroying the evil of the individual life, transforming the character of the workers' environment, taking cognizance of social defects, seeking to right industrial wrongs, and removing the injustices under which the workers suffer, then it cannot fail to command the sympathies of the common people." He is not pleading for a class gospel, or a class church, but for Christ's gospel and Christ's church. He says Christ came for all, lived for all, spoke for all, and died for all. A church which makes the Sermon on the Mount the eternal law of human conduct and seeks to organize human life in harmony with these eternal principles of Christ will win humanity. There are some real "signs" that the Church of Christ is beginning to do this work. (1) There is a growing consciousness of the unrighteous conditions in our social system, also an increasing consciousness of the responsibility of the Christian church for the existence of these conditions. The ministry of the church is being made acquainted with the great social problems, is being taught systematic sociology, and sent out into our pulpits with a clearer understanding of the nature and aspirations of the common folk. This means real

progress. We are witnessing the Christianization of the Christian church. (2) The next step must be the democratization of the church. The future of the church is in the hands of the common people, and if she is to have the adherence and love of the toilers she must be thoroughly democratic in spirit and polity. The democratic movement of our time is a cooperative movement, inspired by cooperative ideals, aiming at cooperative results. The church should hail this new spirit among the people, should urge them to go forward to possess the land, should give her greatest minds and hearts as leaders to democracy, should use her vast resources to break down every barrier that impedes the onward march of progress to a brighter and more unselfish life. (3) One of these barriers is the old industrial system based on unrestricted competition, creating millionaires on the one hand and unemployment and wretchedness on the other. Under that system labor has seen in our day one man "accumulate" three hundred millions of dollars and another something like one billion. This system also assumes that human labor is a commodity to be bought and sold as men buy cotton, coal, or ore. With this system no genuine follower of Christ can be in sympathy. With it the church has never been in sympathy. Her common attitude has been that of the priest and Levite who "passed by on the other side." (4) A new day is dawning. Recognizing the common good as the true purpose in social and economic progress, the churches are beginning to assist in creating laws and institutions, not for the continuance of vested interests or selfish monopolies, but with an eye fixed on the promotion of the common good. In England a "League of Faith and Labor" has been formed. Its general plan and purpose are expressed in four clear-cut statements:

(1) Its first aim is to bring together the people in the labor movement and the people in the church "that they may seek together the common spiritual basis of life and find together the solution of modern problems." (2) "The elimination of the present artificial devices of class distinction which, in education and social life as well as in national and international affairs, offend against human brotherhood." (3) "The establishment of the best obtainable system of democratic control and administration of the

means of production and of equitable distribution of the fruits of industry." The purpose here is to apply many of the lessons learned from war administration. (4) "The fuller expression in human life of the spiritual principles of faith, truth, and beauty." The definite object here in mind is to bring to all the people everything that is possible in the individual circumstances of the joy and beauty of human life.

In Canada the Methodist General Conference passed a series of resolutions that were denounced by conservatives as "Socialistic," but the Conference was heart and soul for them. Here are some of them:

(1) Resolution on Special Privilege.—"We declare all special privilege not based on useful service to the community to be a violation of the principle of justice, which is the foundation of democracy." (2) Resolution on Nationalization of Natural Resources. —"We are in favor of the nationalization of our natural resources, such as mines, waterpowers, fisheries, forests, the means of communication and transportation, and public utilities on which all the people depend." (3) Resolution on Democratic Commercial Organization.—"We declare that forms of industrial organization should be developed which would call labor to a voice in the management and a share in the profits and risks of business. All forms of autocratic organization of business should be discouraged. We call attention to the remarkable and unchallenged success of the cooperative stores, factories, and steamship lines of England and Scotland as great examples of democracy in industry." The Canadian Methodist Church at least does not intend to lag behind in the movement for the socialization of industry, but is determined to push ahead in the struggle for deliverance from oppressive social anomalies. The sphere of the church's action is the world of human need and welfare.

The church, however, must not stop with revolutionary resolutions. These may be embalmed in church reports. The church must put its resolutions into action in some such organization as the Anti-Saloon League—the Church in Action on the Temperance Question. Legislation is an important factor in bringing to pass social and industrial improvement. What the Anti-Saloon League

has done for temperance that same organization of church forces must do for social welfare.

Not long ago in Massachusetts a committee was appointed by the Congregational Church to read and consider every single piece of legislation that was brought before the Legislature of Massachusetts. On one occasion a representative of the church appeared before the Legislative Committee to protest against a given piece of legislation. The committee were inclined to ignore him, saying that they could not listen to every man who thinks he has a grievance. The clergyman said, "Gentlemen, I happen to represent the Congregational churches of this State, and if you persist in this legislation you may find that six hundred or more sermons will be preached against it, revealing its evil." Then the committee listened and was willing to amend. When the Church of Christ faces the social problems seriously and actively; when she presents to the world the human, practical, and comprehensive gospel of Christ; when she brings herself into harmony with the democratic spirit of the times and seeks to remedy the great social defects of our day, then, and then only, will the estranged masses draw near to hear her message and accept her ministry.

W H Morgan

THE CHURCH AND INTERNATIONAL LEAGUES

In the midst of universal War statesmen were dreaming of universal Peace. It is an age-long desire. From the dawn of history the world has had millenniums of war. Will it ever have Perpetual Peace? From Hebrew Prophets and Heathen Poets we have had visions of a day when the nations "shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks" and the peoples "shall learn war no more." But with the coming and going of the centuries, which, like clouds without rain, brought no fulfillment of prophecy, the Vision has grown dim. Age after Age men's hearts have failed them. Nevertheless, though seeming deceptive and tantalizing as a Mirage in the Desert, the Dream of the Ages will not wholly dissolve. Like the Hope of Immortality imbedded in the human heart, it asserts itself despite all doubts, until the very persistence of the thought of it, and the desire of it, is now compelling statesmen and world-builders of the largest thinking to believe that Perpetual Peace is possible—that Peace, and not War, is the natural condition of human happiness.

Inspired by such belief it is proposed by eminent representatives of the people in the United States, in England, and in other countries, to establish a League of Nations which shall have for its purpose the enforcement of Peace. It is proposed

(1) That Nations entering this League shall submit their Justiceable differences to a Court of Arbitration.

(2) That the decision of this Court shall be binding.

(3) That any member of the League refusing to submit to such decision shall be compelled to do so by the combined military forces of the other members of the League.

Such in briefest form are the proposals of distinguished leaders in national and civic life, including Governors of twenty-seven States, members of Congress, Senators, Ministers of Religion, Bankers, and Heads of Industries.

It must be evident to every patriotic American, and especially to the Christian Church as a vital force in modern life, as the exponent of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, that such a Move-

ment projected by such practical leaders of political thought deserves the most careful reflection.

(1) Is such a League possible?

(2) What are the difficulties in the way?

(3) Are these difficulties insurmountable?

(4) Can the Church Universal contribute to the realization of such a Program?

Military advocates, experienced diplomats, and a portion of the Press declare that such a League is not possible nor desirable. It is not possible, they say, for the reason that it cannot maintain its coherency because of the conflicting interests of the national units composing the League. The economical interests of all governments in the League are not identical, nor can they remain in *status quo,* for each State differs from another, and must differ, and no State can wait for the economic or political development of another.

Then, again, it is probable that States not entering the League would for their protection against the League enter into a league offensive and defensive of their own. Could this be avoided? Would not, therefore, a division of World-Powers, for the League and against it, compel every nation to maintain a standing army as now? and would not this armed status nullify the very purpose of the League?

Moreover, even if a League of Peace were both possible and desirable, how can the decisions of such a League be enforced upon any Sovereign State that refused to submit to them?

It is evident, then, that this question is among the chief difficulties which stand in the way of such a union of Nations. For two hundred years advocates of a Federation of World-Powers for establishing World-Peace have endeavored to show what ought to be done. But no philosopher, jurist, or pundit of learning and wisdom, from Grotius to Kant, from Bentham to Elihu Root, President Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft or Balfour, has shown *how* the decisions of the League of Nations can be enforced without producing the very evils which the League is organized to prevent. Nor has any genius in statecraft yet arisen who has been able to convince all Governments that it is to their individual interest to

unite in such a League, unless each Government had sufficient military strength to defend itself against possible intrigue and treachery within the League itself should occasion arise. It was on such grounds that Pitt in 1804 opposed England's acceptance of the Proposals of Alexander I of Russia, and why Canning in 1815 refused to enter the Holy Alliance created by the Treaty of Paris.

And even now, granting that world-conditions have changed since Canning's day, could the United States enter a League with any European Powers for perpetual Peace without surrendering the Monroe Doctrine, which, at the suggestion of Canning, was designed by Monroe and Jefferson for the very purpose of defeating the intentions of that same Holy Alliance on the Continent of America?

Do we foresee clearly the possibilities of the future of such a change of our national policy? Remember, membership in such a League is conditioned by acceptance in good faith of the decisions of the League. From that Tribunal there is no appeal. It is the Supreme Court of the World.

But suppose that, with England and France and other Governments, Mexico and Japan should join the League; and suppose Mexico should sell or lease a part of her sea-coast to Japan, which she certainly would have the sovereign right to do; and Japan the equally indisputable right to purchase; or, suppose that Chile, also a member of the League, should lease or sell a harbor or strip of littoral to Germany; or suppose again that, for some now inconceivable reason, England should cede Jamaica or Bermuda to some European power, as she committed the inconceivable blunder in 1890, under Lord Salisbury's administration, of ceding Heligoland to Germany; suppose these possibilities, would the United States be compelled to submit to such traffic without recourse to arms? Would our Government thus endanger her future safety on the Pacific Coast or the whole Atlantic sea-board? Would the people stand for it? But, if this nation would not submit, why should any nation submit? Why should any nation put its head in a noose with the rope in the hands of others?

How can the League enforce its decisions? That is the question of all questions. In 1908 one of the greatest statesmen of

America, the Hon. Elihu Root, declared that the High Court of International Justice established by the Second Hague Convention would be able to enforce the decisions of that body by the *force of public opinion.* But what has become of that High Court? and what has become of the Hague Court of Arbitration itself, and what did Public Opinion do to prevent this, the greatest war of all time? It is all very well for publicists and moralizing historians like Hume, for instance, to affirm that all human affairs, even self-interest, are governed by Opinion. But if Opinion is manufactured to order by false education, by governmental agencies, by a subsidized Press, as Opinion was manufactured by Germany for forty years in preparation for this war, and by Bismarck in the falsification of the Ems telegram in 1870, how can the most barbarous violations of law and the plunging of the Nations into war be *prevented* by Opinion? Opinion may become History, and in a remote future mankind may pass judgment on the acts of nations, but that does not prevent War *now*—which is the only reason for the establishment of Leagues of Peace.

But, among the most formidable difficulties, which on the surface seem to render perpetual peace impossible, is the difficulty arising from the unchangeable laws of Nature. Will the inevitable growth of nations, the increase of population, and the resultant demand for expansion in Colonial possession permit of such a League? Nations must grow or die. Are we not therefore attempting by such a League to restrain the working of Nature's laws? Are we not attempting to build again another Tower of Babel?

The vital force of a people cannot be confined. It is life, and life resents restraint. It is not static. Life must have space. It must have suitable environment for the exercise of its energy. Every vigorous State, therefore, must provide for its surplus population or die of starvation. The more mouths there are to feed the smaller must be the loaf. Such a State or Nation must, therefore, create large Colonies, or scatter its people by emigration in other countries, among other peoples, to the great loss of the Homeland and gain to the foreign land. Can such a State, "cribbed, cabined and confined," ever become a great State, a World-Power?

And does not this whole question accentuate the still further difficult question of the rights of neighboring small States to exist at all, as Belgium, or Holland, in competition with powerful adjoining States in the Struggle for Existence?

Then, again, another difficulty presents itself. Is it possible to eradicate selfishness and greed from human nature, to restrain human passion, national Egotism, the ambition of Militarism, its hunger for glory and lust of conquest? For, unless you can put a curb on the rapacity of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, or other Imperial thieves, the land-lust of Kings and Emperors and even of Democracies; unless you can put some restraint on the passions of peoples aroused by wrongs, real or invented; and instead of it all a mighty impulse be given the masses of the people toward Universal Good as the universal goal, there never can be enduring peace. As the known possession of wealth in a house is an inducement to burglars, or flashing jewelry on the person a temptation to highwaymen, so the material resources of a weak State have often invited the cupidity of commercial enterprises to reach out, under the guise of legitimate business, for the undeveloped wealth of a feeble and backward people. Can you for a few dollars buy hundreds of thousands of fertile acres, worth millions, from an impoverished people and not create in the soul of them sullen hostility? Have the rich oil-fields, the gold and silver mines of Mexico never aroused the sublime patriotism of American financiers for the honor of the Flag and the sanctity of invested rights? Have the diamond fields of Africa never influenced world-politics in Downing Street? Has the rubber on the Congo never excited the greed of European Commerce?

What answers arise to combat these arguments for the continuance of War?

In the first place it must be said that some of these arguments, even though made by men eminent in their callings, are without any logical basis whatever. For instance, is it necessary for the welfare and happiness of its people that in order to become "Great" a State should rob other States of their territory, as Austria was robbed of Silesia, Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein, Italy of Trentino, France of Alsace-Lorraine? What is greatness? Is it terri-

tory? The little State of Athens covered only a few miles. And if to the man who gazes on the sublimity of Niagara Falls and thinks only of a sawmill this should seem academic and not practical, let me ask who fought and won the battles for Freedom and Western Civilization at Marathon? at Thermopylæ? at Tours? Who drove back Attila and his Huns at Chalons, whence the French have driven back Emperor William and his Huns? Who held up Germany at Liège? at Namur? held up the mightiest army that Germany could fling into Belgium, and though for a time losing herself saved France, saved Europe, and covered herself with Immortal Glory!

But, in reply to the question of Mexico, or Chile, or England, ceding possessions to other Governments, must the United States surrender the Monroe Doctrine, and by doing so expose her borders to danger? The answer is that the necessity for such action is not involved in the conditions of joining the League. First of all, before any League can be established there must be partial disarmament by all nations; and, second, in the nature of the case only those cases which are justiceable can by the conditions of the League be submitted to the League. The honor of a nation can never be submitted to the opinion of another nation. And in this case of the Monroe Doctrine, whatever already exists in the judgment of a nation as essential to its life and the perpetuity of its institutions cannot be submitted to the determination of any Tribunal, for that would be a renunciation of national sovereignty; a putting of the life of a State at the mercy of other governments. Such a surrender would be irrational, something contrary to Nature, and, therefore, could not be a possible question before any Court.

Then, again, when Bernhardi, for example, declares that "War in opposition to peace does more to arouse national life and to expand national power than any means known to history" we cannot but ridicule the logic of his argument.

The immortal defenders of Freedom and Justice have drilled the fear of God and respect for human rights and International Law into the soul of Germany as she has never learned them before, defeating to a frazzled edge "my unconquerable armies" on

the banks of the Marne, on the Somme, on the Aisne, at Vimy Ridge, at Messines, at Verdun, at Soissons and Chateau-Thierry, defeating the best that Germany ever had or ever will have, with Hindenburg, Ludendorf, the Crown Prince and all their boasting, from desolated Belgium to the Vosges Mountains; and the sons of Freedom, who far from home have shed their blood on the fields of France, would have unfurled the Stars and Stripes of America on the soil of Germany, had she not surrendered, as an object lesson to her for all time to come that, while "the gods walk in woolen shoes, they strike with iron fists"; that the nations who desire perpetual peace are neither spiritless nor exhausted, and that henceforth no nation shall violate with impunity the sacred laws of humanity.

What, now, can the Churches do in all lands to assist the leaders of Political thought and the responsible heads of Government to make such a League of Nations an accomplished fact? Is it desirable that the Churches should ally themselves with this cause? That is to say—shall the Church hereafter as in the past allow the politics of the World to be conducted from the standpoint of the material interests of the Nations, or shall International dealings be conducted from the standpoint of the Kingdom of God? Shall material interests control, or shall the spirit of Christian morality be interfused in all international diplomacy? How long shall this world be governed solely by selfish interests, without regard to Justice, or any of the civilizing, spiritualizing principles of Jesus Christ? Shall the Church of the Future continue to be a rubber stamp for political parties? Shall her Ministers be State-Chaplains or Prophets of God? Then, again, can such a League be made a permanent institution without the moral aid of the Churches?

I do not believe that such a League can become a permanent institution or restraining force in future history without the power of religion to support it. After all, the mightiest and the most permanent force in human history is Religion. Even Robespierre had to bring God back to the French Revolution after the Convention had bowed Him out. There must be moral sanction, there must be the compelling power of Conscience, a spiritual

collective purpose unifying the masses of the Nation generated and sustained by religious inspiration, before a whole nation, with all its complex interests and activities, political, social and commercial, will give, or can give, the full weight of its concentrated power in support of any political or social movement vitally related to its deepest interests.

But without the support of the people in every nation in Europe and of the people of the United States such a League cannot be permanent. And, on the other hand, without the inspiration of Religion and the power of it uniting the people around a common purpose, fusing heterogeneous and conflicting beliefs and prejudices of the various nationalities, the masses of the peoples will have no united support to give. In Unity alone is salvation. But nothing binds as does Religion.

Before this war broke loose the Internationists in Europe and the Labor Unions in the United States believed that the solidarity of Labor would render future wars impossible. Universal labor would go on a universal strike. But when the Governments of the Nations declared war, Socialists and Labor Unions in every land, in England and Germany and France and the United States, shivered the solidarity of Labor to splinters, and each national group voted war credits and supported its own government. There was no underlying spiritual bond when the crisis came. Love of country was found stronger than socialistic theories or altruistic sentiments for the socially oppressed of other countries.

But, can the Church unify the people? We are never allowed to forget that the Church failed to prevent this war. But it should not be forgotten that neither were the peoples of the several Governments, nor the Governments themselves, England, France, Russia, able to prevent this war.

I shall not attempt to add to or to answer the indictments against the Church that, for instance, it has lost its influence over the masses, that the masses have lost faith in the Church, that the Church has lost faith in itself as a World-redeeming power in its relation to World-Government. It requires no great intellectual capacity, nor is it a distinguishing evidence of moral excellence,

to indulge in supercilious criticism of the Church. It cannot be denied that the greatest enemies of the Church have been born in and have come out of the Church. It cannot be denied that destructive criticism, taught in the Universities for the past thirty years, devitalizing the positive truths of the Gospel, has played into the hands of the enemies of Religion; that the Historic Faith was denied; that in the atmosphere of doubt created by rationalist preaching and teaching, the Christ of the people in many quarters faded away into dim uncertainty. In every country in Europe, and in this country also before the war, a feeling of indifference, a wave of practical infidelity, was gradually sweeping over the people. The masses were submerged in materialistic thinking and living, finding altogether the satisfactions of life in the grossness of earthly pleasures. The churches were empty, notwithstanding every device, from cheap operatic performances to the antics of the mountebank, to entice the man in the street to fill the desolate void. This we may admit. And we may further admit that no great spiritual leader or Apostle in any country in Europe held commanding spiritual influence over the masses, whose souls, irresponsive to official religion, were thrilled by the Apostles of Socialism and Anarchy. We had plenty of industrious mediocrities; pitiable pussy-foot seekers of publicity; sparrows, but no Eagles; no flaming Evangels; no Lacordaire, no Spurgeon; no Stoecker, though in the United States we had many notable leaders, and still have a Cadman, a Burrell, a Jefferson, a McDowell, and others like them in all Churches, who still preach Christ crucified as the only hope of the world. No voice of the Roman Catholic Church in all Europe, not even the Roman Pontiff himself, could appeal effectively to the crowned heads of Europe or to the masses of the people to stop this war, and when the war, like the thunders of the Almighty in the skies, broke loose in all its devastating horror, one voice alone in all Europe, not the Vatican, not Canterbury, not York, but the voice of the heroic martyr of Belgium—Cardinal Mercier, the Archbishop of Malines—one Voice alone, rose above the shouts of battle and the shock of arms and compelled the whole world to behold in wrath the perfidy, the hellish cruelty, the unspeakable barbarism of Germany!

Yes, we may admit in a degree all this, and we may not be able to refute the charge that the Church has failed to influence the masses or to preserve the Unity of the Nations because it has broken its own unity, and by reason of its divisions has brought forth weakness instead of strength. But let us not forget that, if the Church has failed to do what Governments have also failed to do, the men who are to-day leading the world in the Governments of the world, and on the battlefields of Europe for the freedom of the world, are in the Church and of the Church. Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Foch, Haig, and Pershing are all children of the Church, and through them the Church as well as the Military Academy is serving the world at last.

Perhaps the Church cannot do what she once could. There was a time when she could forbid even a Roman Emperor, Theodosius, after his massacre of the Thessalonians, to approach the altar with his bloody hands; a time when she could wrench the palladium of English Law and freedom, the Magna Charta, from the hands of a lawless king; a time when in wrestling with the chaos and barbarism of Northern Europe she could defend the rights of man and throw her protection over the weakest that appealed to her aid. There was a time, despite her imperfections, when she could do all this, but her sins have rent her asunder. As in a critical hour in the French Revolution the mighty Mirabeau cried out in the Convention, "The sins of my youth prevent me from saving France!" so might the Church have cried out at the beginning of this war—"My sins and divisions prevent me from saving Europe and the World."

But we cannot condone past failure by facile penitence and ineffectual remorse. We must bring forth fruit meet for repentance in order to establish our sincerity. It matters little what the Church has been, the question now is, *What is she going to be?* A new world is struggling to the birth. Civilization must be born again. But a regenerated World will never be born outside the Church of God. Will the Church arouse itself to meet the new era? From the Church, out of the soul of it, must the New World arise! What splendid service the Church has done in this terrible war! Can the world ever forget the devotion, the

sacrifice, the energizing inspiration of the Church to the several Governments in their miraculous achievements, to the soldiers in the field, to the people at home who in the closet and in the sanctuary lift their hearts to the God and Father of Men that the bloody carnage may end in victory for Freedom and Justice and everlasting Peace?

But there is another large opportunity for the Church, an opportunity to do service to the whole world such as she has not had, or availed herself of, in modern history. It is this: if the Churches—all the Churches of Christendom—should unite in their Synods or Councils, Conferences or General Assemblies, or through their representatives, lay and clerical, the Bishops and Archbishops and the leaders of the Non-Conformist Bodies of England and France, Italy and Germany, the Bishops and other leaders of the great Protestant and Catholic Churches of America —if *Christendom* should meet together in Council and unite in a Christian League to support an International League for the Enforcement of Peace established by the Political Powers of the world, the Vision of Prophecy would be realized, and the way opened as it has never been opened for the Coming of the Kingdom of God.

Is this practicable? Is it a dream of Utopia? Consider it calmly. If military nations, through Governmental institutions, the Universities, the Pulpits and the Press can instill through long periods into the masses of their people the spirit of war, for offense or defense, could not the Church also in every land destroy the teachings of barbarism, and by means of Christian Education, a truly Christian Pulpit and the Apostolate of a Christian Press creating public opinion, bring all classes of Society to the support of the peaceful policies of their respective Governments? It will be easier to do this than to tax the Nations for increase in armaments.

But can the governments of the various countries unite in such a League except they have the support of the people? And upon what will the support of the people rest? There must be some all-dominating, all-inspiring motive, some all-mastering inflexible purpose, that will triumph over all designs of politicians

and machinations of diplomacy and hold the people steady even when their material interests seem to be at stake.

Reflect further on this: President Wilson has declared that one of our aims in this War is "to make the world safe for Democracy." This cry has been taken up and used on all occasions by many who, delighted with the phrase, never inquire into the significance or value of it. For, after all, what is Democracy? Americans born in a land of Freedom think of it solely in the words of the Immortal Lincoln "as Government of the People, for the People and by the People." This is a great motive. But Democracy is more than a form of Government. True Democracy seeks the highest good. It is the enemy of Oppression, but the Apostle of Freedom. It is the foe of Anarchy, but the defender of Law; the enemy of Hate, but the promoter of Love. It is universal in its scope. It knows no foreigners, it is the bond of brotherhood. It knows no race but the human race, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Americans nor Russians, Englishmen nor Frenchmen, Germans or Poles, Irishmen or Italians, Hungarians or Greeks, but, leaping over all boundaries, all barriers and distinctions of race and color, of poverty and wealth, of creed and nationality, it seeks Justice, an open field and a fair chance for all men! This is Democracy, and this is the only Democracy worth fighting for or dying for. But there is no Institution among men that has the power or the machinery to instill this kind of Democracy into the minds and hearts of the people except the Church of God; no other power that in every land can create among its people a solidarity of support for the Government that, even against the supposed material interest of the Nation, should join a League for Perpetual Peace. Herein lies the opportunity of the Church.

Since the policies of statesmen in every country have failed, why not give the Church a chance to apply its principles? If how to enforce peace will, as Lord Balfour says, "test the statesmanship of the world," why not apply the principles of the Lord Jesus in a perfectly analogous case to the solution of this world problem? Was not Jesus a Statesman? He stands for lawful Authority, for Law, Order, Peace and Social Stability. In order to enforce peace in His Church as you would in the State, and to

make the decisions of the Church final and effective, as you would the Judgments of this League, He says:

> "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect (or *refuse*) to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect (or refuse) to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican."

That is, when a man will not listen to law or reason, and shows no respect in his anti-social, rebellious and lawless spirit for the welfare of the Society, or Church, he puts himself outside the realm of law and social intercourse. "He shall be to thee as a heathen and a publican." You shall have absolutely nothing to do with him as a member of Society. He is an outlaw.

Thus, without having recourse to arms, the World-League could denounce any nation refusing to submit its quarrel to arbitration and to abide by the Judgment of the League, as an Outlaw, and expel it from the family or Society of Nations, absolutely refusing to hold any relation or intercourse with it. This is the Method of Jesus.

No nation in modern times could long withstand such a Judgment of the World's Tribunal. It would destroy itself. Cut off from all intercourse with the outside world, postal, cable, telegraphic, shut out from the markets of the world, denied raw material for its manufacturers, exports and imports reduced to nothing; its finances discredited in every money center—the Outlaw Nation would become a dead nation. The people, millions of them out of work and starving, would be compelled to rise in rebellion and force their Government to yield to law and reason, that is, to the Judgment of the world.

Now, of course, it requires no oceanic depth of wisdom or encyclopedic knowledge of Economics to declare offhand that this cannot be done. That it is impracticable, impossible. But is it impracticable or impossible *now?* Was it impossible for this Government to put an embargo on merchandise to Germany, to Sweden and to Holland? Was it impracticable and impossible

when Austria, with the approval of Germany, robbed Turkey of Bosnia-Herzegovina and the Turkish people replied with a boycott on Austria that crippled many industries and caused the loss of millions of money?

It is further objected that a boycott by the League would probably inflict as great a financial loss on the several nations of the League as on the boycotted country. That Germany, for instance, could draw upon Russia, Poland, Turkestan, Asia Minor, Rumania, Bulgaria, for raw materials, for cereals, textiles, oils, fats, iron, everything needed, and defy the League of Nations to enforce the decisions of the League. But grant that Germany or any other Government could do all this. Where would Germany find a market for her industries with the harbors of the world closed against her? The economic wealth of a nation, like the value of a private factory, is not in its manufacturing ability, but in its selling power. In 1912 Germany's foreign trade was over five billions. That is all gone. Destroy that permanently and Germany sinks out of sight in economic ruin. But if, as the Rohrbachs and Dernburgs declare, Germany was driven into this war in sheer self-defense by reason of the policy of isolation forced against her by the great powers of Europe when there was no understanding or concert of purpose to boycott her, when there was no understanding among those nations to resist her schemes of Colonization, to destroy her foreign trade, or to undermine her influence in the worlds of Art, Science and Literature, how immeasurably greater must be and will be the economic pressure if all the great nations of the world should deliberately, continuously, and with increasing intensity bring the combined force of a world boycott against her?

But, whatever be the method employed for the Enforcement of Peace, here is the duty and here is the opportunity for the Church to take up the task of the regeneration of the world, the political reconstruction of human Society.

And yet my conviction is after all, that if ever there is peace upon earth it will not be the result of Peace Congresses only. It must be brought about by the Church of God in all lands, educating all peoples, and creating in the hearts of the peoples inflexible an-

tagonism to every war except by a nation that has actually been attacked by armed forces. If any one conversant with the history of peoples, studies their psychology and the play of forces in Europe and in this country, imagines that because Germany has had a change of government, therefore she has had a change of heart, time will show how blinded is his judgment. You cannot change the soul of a nation by changing its government. Think back through the past four years the appalling fiendishness of the German armies, their demoniacal savagery, their wanton destruction of all that was possible to destroy, their craven cowardice from facing their equals or superiors, the reversion of the whole people to barbarism, the loud swelling demands of all classes for indemnities, annexations, and the economic crushing of France and Belgium when they thought themselves victorious, and then in contrast their wailings and beggings for mercy when the tide of war sweeps over them—think on these things, and then imagine if one can that the mental or moral soil out of which these inhuman actualities have sprung can be changed at once by simply changing a government. One might as well try to change the laws of the Universe by simply ignoring them. No, there will be no regeneration of the German political mind by Peace Conferences. Germany will come back! Germany cannot exist as a Republic. Prussia was the creator of Germany and Prussia will be its restorer. Neither Prussia, nor the German states can possibly adjust their psychology to self-government, that is, to a Republic. The Germans have no mental adaptability for such. In two or three years Monarchy will come back. The House of Hohenzollern may not be restored to the throne, but Monarchy will be restored. The ex-Kaiser will not be executed, nor perhaps any of the miscreants who created this war punished; except perhaps by temporary exile, or exclusion from public affairs. The world soon forgets. Propaganda will see to that. Political interests even in these United States will see to that. The ex-Emperor is Queen Victoria's grandson.—France?—Well, dread of the future will blunt the edge of fierce desire. The hope of the world will not be born at Versailles. It was born in Bethlehem. The Church of God alone is the Social Savior of the World. Nevertheless the Church, which because she is a Church of

God is therefore a Church of Humanity, flings herself into this crusade; for Universal Peace shall never be deserted by Humanity. The Mother of Men shall not lack for men to support her in the hour of her need. There will be no need! Of her it shall be said as the prophet Isaiah said to Israel: "Thy sun shall no more go down nor thy moon withdraw her rising; for the Lord God shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." As for Humanity, ancient prophecy shall be fulfilled, and

> "Then shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and Universal Peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
> Through all the circle of the Golden Year."

R. J. Cooke

KINGS AND FOOLS

When kings topple from their thrones at the rate of twenty per week the fool has been played by wholesale. When the church may sing current fact as well as poetic imagination,

> "O, where are kings and empires now?"

Shakespeare has a new confirmation of "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." And when priceless Iron Crosses of yesterday's valor become dear at a dollar a bushel George Frederick Watts has a new emphasis on his immortal painting, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

Shakespeare gives a remarkable picture of character contrast in the fool trilogy of King Lear, where we have playing in opposition the real madness of the king, the assumed madness of Edgar, and the professional madness of the court jester. George Wood Anderson, evangelist and lecturer, says: "There are three kinds of fools: the B. F.'s, the M. F.'s, and the D. F.'s. The B. F.'s are the Born Fools, the M. F.'s are the Made Fools, and the D. F.'s are the Doctors of Philosophy." In this classification Paul falls among the Doctors of Philosophy, for did not Festus say to him, "Paul, Paul, thy much learning hath made thee mad"? But for the very opposite reason certain Judaizers hinted to the Corinthian Christians that Paul was a fool. He could not speak the Greek "trippingly on the tongue" like Apollos. He had not the wealth of Greek tradition at hand like Apollos. In self-defense Paul answered: "If any man thinketh he is wise among you in this world, let him become a fool that he may become wise"; for Paul knew that man's wisdom was foolishness with God and man's foolishness might become wisdom through God. Mendelssohn had the same idea when he said, "All things that we do are but first attempts. Woe to the artist that sits down to his labors with the conviction that he is master." And one might add to-day, Woe unto the king who fancies that any wisdom lies in a crown; let him learn of his lackey if he would become wise. Ask the Crown Prince or papa Hohenzollern. It is better to be a fool in the

eyes of the world and wise toward eternal verities than to be wise in one's own conceit and lauded by flunkeys.

Paul the Fool was in good company. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Immortal Fools—Columbus with his maps and charts, Galileo with his wild dreams of celestial spheres, Joan of Arc with her voices from the air, Luther with his Bible and first-hand approach to God, Garrison with his luggage of human chattels, and Disraeli, hooted down in Parliament by cat-calls, hisses, and general pandemonium, who roared like a caged beast, "I will now sit down, but you shall yet hear me!" This young and despised Jewish fop, true to his dare, became the best listened-to man in Parliament, and made himself the master of the fleets, armies, and treasury of the proudest Christian nation the world has ever known.

Who is wise? Who is fool? Shakespeare in his King Lear makes the fool wiser than the King, for the fool's advice is always wise and the king's failure to act upon it in the end proves Lear the fool and the fool the king. The fool's constancy to his master reaches a pathetic climax as he stands in the raging storm on a high bluff, the sole companion of his brain-stormed king, attempting to quiet his master and buffet the blast with rollicking wit and jest. As usual, Shakespeare is true to life; for the position of licensed fool or jester of medieval Europe, though originally filled by some half-witted fellow, was soon usurped by men of natural wit and trained ability who were willing to play the fool for a lucrative reward. In some cases the office was dignified by both scholarship and sacrifice. Dagonet, jester to King Arthur, was knighted by his king. In the seventeenth century the fool to the Duke of Mantua during a pestilence offered his life as a ransom, and actually starved himself to death to stay the plague. Gonello, court fool to the Marquis of Ferrara, was consulted on all important questions. The fool of Cardinal Richelieu became his secretary, and John Heywood, fool to King Henry VIII, was a graduate of Oxford and a dramatist of renown.

Mark Twain wore the cap and bells so nobly that, instead of being numbered among those humorists who are remembered to-day and forgotten to-morrow, he received from the dean of Ameri-

can Letters, William D. Howells, the significant appellation of "the Lincoln of our literature." Mark Twain wrote not to raise a laugh or force a smile so much as to make folks think and feel, and so, starting as humorist, he ended as man of letters. When the failure of his publishing house came, by reentering public life as lecturer, reader, and author, in a journey round the world, he toiled and slaved until he had paid back his creditors one hundred cents on a dollar, and thus sanctified his humor and left all mankind debtor to his honor.

François Delsarte when asked to sing at the court of Louis Philippe replied he was no court buffoon and did not sell his loves, but that he would sing provided no remuneration was given him and no other singer took part. The man who had been passed down from the Royal Conservatory without a certificate of recommendation won such courtesy from the king and such greeting from the nobles that a courtier cried, "One might declare in truth that it is Delsarte who is king of France!"

But the Bible story of David and King Saul is a more striking illustration of the king who became fool and the fool who became king. Like Lear, Saul was a man of kingly physique and bearing, a man of excessive sensibility which showed itself alike in exultation and depression, in love and hate. David, like the fool in Lear, comes to entertain the despondent king, and this he does with great skill, playing upon his harp. The shepherd boy rises in dignity by slaying the boasted champion of the Philistines and is taken into the royal household of Saul and given military command. His popularity with Prince Jonathan, with the army, and with the people climaxed in a victory over an invading foe which caused the populace to welcome the young hero with the shouted acclaim,

> Saul has slain his thousands
> And David his tens of thousands.

This aroused the jealousy of the king. The great King Saul feared the hero-shepherd, and when the youth David next played to him, as was his wont, Saul in a jealous rage hurled his javelin at him. Then Saul was fool and David king. The very king who had ordered all witches and necromancers from his realm, is finally

seen in secret and disguise, entering a cave to consult the witch of Endor "to determine the part in which his faltering feet and shattered intellect should walk."

And so the pendulum swings. Life is the twice-told tale of when the king is fool and the fool is king. Adam was king in Eden, but he played the fool and lost his paradise. Noah was mocked as fool, but sailed as monarch of all he surveyed when the rain fell. Esau, the first born, played the fool, and sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and Jacob, the second born, became the king. The strong and lusty brethren of Joseph, jealous at an aged father's prattle over his pet son, sold their young brother into slavery; but the slave purchased his freedom and became a prince in the land of Egypt whither his brethren came, in their distress, to buy corn and bend the knee. Moses threw down the possibility of a kingdom to champion the cause of his own slave people, and Pharaoh, the king of the hardened heart, met the fate of the fool at the Red Sea, while Moses, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, became the kingly statesman and law-giver of all time. Samson, the Hercules of Hebrew history, appointed judge and set apart to redeem his people from the hand of the Philistines, trusted to his super man-power, toyed with justice, was profligate of virtue, and "wist not that the spirit of the Lord had departed from him." He, the strong man of Israel, for playing the fool has both eyes put out and is made a slave to grind corn for the Philistine enemy over whom he had so often triumphed by super strength. Haman, who became so jealous of Mordecai the Jew, because he would not bow down to him, that he secured an order from the king for the extermination of the Jews, and had a gallows built on which Mordecai was to be hung, was hung upon the gallows himself, and Mordecai, who waited at the gate, became Prime Minister.

But history palls and illustrations pale into insignificance compared with the Great Fool of the Universe—for Jesus Christ was called a fool! His brethren, those of his own home, said, "He is beside himself!" He was buffeted and spit upon by the Jews as a fool, crowned in mockery as a King, and when the Jews requested Pilate to change the superscription over the cross, from

"the King of the Jews" to "He said, I am King of the Jews," Pilate replied, "What I have written I have written." And Pilate was right; Jesus was King! The child of the cattle-shed, saving others, without where to lay his own head, was King of kings and Lord of lords and Saviour of the world. He left three words of warning wisdom which, heeded, would save the king from being fool and make the fool a king. His first word is this: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be?"

Three kings riding forth of old
With myrrh and frankincense and gold.

Three kings waiting fearful dawn
Where the battle lines are drawn.

Kings of bloody strife, how far
You have wandered from the star!

"Whose shall now your kingdoms be?
Whose but thine—Democracy."[1]

Alexander, world conqueror at thirty-two, dying in a drunken debauch, left his kingdom to the strongest, and the strongest have been contending over the remains ever since. Napoleon, world conqueror, on his way to Helena said: "The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable." Wilhelm Hohenzollern, who boasted his mailed fist of world conquest would win where all others had failed, sees his invincible army surrendered to a French Marshal, his navy with a train of battleships twenty miles long surrendered to a British admiral, his imperial autocracy surrendered to the diplomacy of an American President, and his throne surrendered to the social democrats of his own empire! Even his good name is not left him, and he vainly tries to "take arms against" his "sea of troubles" and "by opposing end them." He accepted the devil's bargain on the mount of temptation: "All these will I give thee if thou wilt bow down and worship me." Whose now shall these things be?

Jesus's second word is this: "What is a man profited though

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[1] Last two lines added to poem of Wm. Henry Hayne.

he gain the whole world and lose his own life? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

Jesus uses the most forcible words possible to indicate a fool bargain. But fools die hard. In art Andrea del Sarto was a king. He drew his brush with such delicacy and blended his colors with such skill that knowing men said, "There's a little man in Florence that can bring the blush to Raphael." Kings became his patrons—the world of art was at his feet. He passed under the influence of a beautiful Jezebel, left his aged parents to starve, spent the money advanced by the throne in riotous living, without doing the work awarded him, and finally, overcome by remorse and disease, deserted by the woman for whom he had abandoned all, he died alone in a wretched garret. What was his profit?

The third word Jesus speaks is this: "He that loses his life for my sake shall find it." This is the divine foolishness of the seed that falls in the ground and dies to become a field of waving grain, of a Paul who is beheaded in Rome but places Europe at his Redeemer's feet, of a Livingstone who dies in Africa but brings a new continent to the kingdom of God. Secretary Daniels was asked to name a torpedo-boat destroyer recently. He broke all precedents of the navies of the world when he named the new boat for a gunner's mate, second class—Ormond Ingraham! But this gunner's mate in giving his life saved every other life on a torpedoed ship. Secretary Daniels acted in harmony with the democracy of Jesus: "He that loses his life shall find it." Millions met the test in the war just ended. The world waits for reconstruction at the hands of fools, kingly fools, divine fools, who are willing to give themselves in the Master's name.

The kingdom is not to the strong, not to the arrogant, not to the superman, but to those who realized their dependence on God. Lord Reading's affirmation has proved true, that the victory of France and her allies would be won not by the bodies but by the souls of men. Well, then, may the victors pray in all meekness and humility of spirit for the divine wisdom which alone can save the king from being a fool. Edward Rowland Sill, in "A Fool's Prayer," has spoken the wisdom too often ignored, but which comes home with special force in this day of the world's democracy:

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose—"O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask—
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—O, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Fred Winslow Adams

THE SOCIAL THEOLOGY

"I have called it Social Theology," says William Dewitt Hyde, in the preface to his book, Outlines of Social Theology, "because the Christianity of Christ and his disciples was preeminently a social movement, and because we are looking at everything to-day from the social rather than the individualistic point of view" (p. vi). This was in 1895. Seven years later, Henry Churchill King wrote his Theology and the Social Consciousness, and it began with these words: "No theologian can be excused to-day from a careful study of the relations of theology and the social consciousness. . . . The social consciousness is so deep and significant a phenomenon in the ethical life of our time, that it cannot be ignored by the theologian who means to bring his message really home." Ten years later again, in 1912, Gerald Birney Smith delivered the Taylor Lectures at Yale Divinity School on the subject, "Social Idealism and the Changing Theology." The lecturer declared it to be his purpose to contribute to "the reconstruction of religious beliefs" in order that these beliefs "may be more closely related to the great problems of social ethics now looming so large, and needing the help that a positive religious faith can supply" (pp. x and xi). Lecturing on the same foundation last year, the late Professor Rauschenbusch took for his subject, "A Theology for the Social Gospel." The lectures were published, and the wide favor with which the book has been received at least shows that it was opportune in its main contention. "If theology stops growing," so wrote Rauschenbusch, "or is unable to adjust itself to its modern environment and to meet its present tasks, it will die. Many now regard it as dead. The social gospel needs a theology to make it effective; but theology needs the social gospel to vitalize it" (p. 1). And again: "There is nothing else in sight to-day which has power to rejuvenate theology except the consciousness of vast sins and sufferings, and the longing for righteousness and a new life, which are expressed in the social gospel" (p. 14). There is a period of over twenty

years between the first and the last of these four books. They exhibit a progressive boldness, born of an increasing conviction on the part of the respective authors that their point of view was correct. These men have not been mere voices in the wilderness. They have expressed a sentiment, by no means unanimous but growing in volume both within and without the church. In fact, a quarter of a century before Hyde's book, Ritschl had begun to make theology his debtor by his fresh and fruitful treatment of the idea of the kingdom. When, therefore, W. E. Orchard, in his depressing new book, The Outlook for Religion, declares that "the church ought by now to be discovering what the gospel principles of the social order are, and how that order ought to be established" (p. 234), it must seem to many that his statement is belated. It is not true that all the social passion is outside the church. It is not true that most church leaders are exclusively occupied with the preservation of ecclesiastical machinery. It is not true that the social consciousness is the sole possession of persons for the most part indifferent to the claims of Christ. The conservatism of the church is notorious, as is that of any institution of long standing. There are still leaders whose face is to the rear. There are still people who mistake their growing isolation for divine testimony that they are right and all others are wrong. The spirit of the pillar-saint, who estimated his piety by the narrowness of the area in which he lived and by the height of his elevation above the common herd, is by no means dead. But there is a multitude who see in the social gospel a legitimate explication, or, it may be, even a truer statement, of the gospel of Christ. They are deeply concerned for the church, deeply concerned for the kingdom, deeply concerned for humanity. It is useless to accuse them of disloyalty because they confess to difficulty with certain theological formulas. It will never do to threaten them with excommunication because they ask to be written down as those who love their fellow men. The man who insists that the kingdom of God is not only a gift but a task, not only an experience but a challenge, not only a clean heart but a clean community, not only a personal rule but a social order, such a man is not far from having the mind of Christ. The social gospel

has arrived; in other words, a new application of the Christian message has been unearthed and recognized. It has come to stay. Its sound has gone out through all the earth. The conviction is well reasoned that the next step is to give it a theology. The set of the current is unmistakable. We have abandoned the sophistry whereby we sought to defend the indifference of the church to manifest social evils. We no longer try to stifle the voice of discontent by asserting that justice withheld here will be meted out hereafter. We have done with the arm-chair argument that showed how entirely independent was the peace of God of enough to eat, enough to wear, and a decent habitation. We have learned that we can never say "I" without including "you," that, indeed, there could be no "I" except as there were "you." The fact has slain individualism beyond all hope of resurrection. We are to-day convinced that individualism is ethically, psychologically, and philosophically indefensible. Will theology embrace this opportunity to rescue itself from its periodic danger of mummification?

Broadly speaking, there are two different ways of conceiving theology: as final and as temporary. The conception of theology as final assumes that all the data have been given. The faith has been once for all delivered and there is nothing to do but to explicate it. It may be that the new will continually appear, but there will never be anything new for which the old does not make ample provision. The Decrees of Trent, or the Augsburg Confession, or the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Westminster Catechism, or the Twenty-five Articles, as the case may be, are as the everlasting hills. These are so many final formulations of the final faith. That there may be a distinction between the faith and the formulation, between the religion and the theology, between the experience and its intellectual construction—this is not allowed. Truth is truth; it is unchangeable; man's whole duty is to accept it. The conception of theology as temporal is far more modest. Here theology is regarded as an instrument of thought whereby the facts and experiences of religion can be brought into some kind of harmonious relation, not only with each other, but with other facts and experiences not described as religious. It

makes its definitions, but is quite frank in admitting that these are only provisional, and that, sufficient evidence being presented, the case may always be reopened. It says: "The Bible is inspired, whereby is meant ——." "We are saved by faith, whereby is meant ——." "Christ is the Son of God, whereby is meant——." What follows is an attempt at explanation. Thus the last mentioned formula is completed by the addition of the Marcan, the Pauline, the Johannine, the Athanasian, the Chalcedonian, the Lutheran, the Socinian, or the Ritschlian Christology, according to the training or the conviction of the person concerned. The inspiration of the Bible, salvation as conditioned by faith, the Divine Sonship of Christ—these are accepted as so many authentic data, but it is held that the intellectual construction of them by a given body of men is necessarily dependent upon their total experience.

It is evident that the situation depends very largely on one's answer to the ancient problem, "What is truth?" In general, the various answers are at one in holding that truth is in the "agreement of this with that." Where they part company is in their views of what "this" and "that" mean, and of what "agreement" means. Whatever is to be said of the different views of the matter, it appears to be agreed that truth is a relation of mind. But mind is not static: how then can truth be fixed and unchanging, save, indeed, where certain "principles" and "abstract relations" are concerned? Nothing exists for any man except his experience. It is useless to speculate about the unexperienced, either that it is or that it is not. We have nothing to say of that of which we know nothing. There may or there may not be an absolute reality, or a reality independent of an apprehending mind. An experience I call mine—this is all the reality I know anything about, or ever can know. But this experience is not an inert mass of mere aggregations: it is plastic and organic, forever changing because it is forever growing. Absolute truth then ceases, save in the case noted, to be an ideal for the mind whose very law is progress. An element of relativity comes in, and necessarily so. It is now true that I am writing this sentence. But it is no longer true, because I am now writing this. Truth then would

seem to be such a positive, constructive, intellectual reaction to any item of the experience as did not violate any or every other item of the experience until that time. Which is but to say that truth to-day will not necessarily be truth to-morrow because to-morrow may see the emergence of a situation for which to-day's truth makes no provision. The reaction which is justified, or, better still, is demanded by the total experience—this, and this alone, is true.

Theological definitions cannot be exempted from the test of growing experience. Those who think that they can are forgetful of the history of theology itself. One may define the inspiration of the Scriptures according to the state of knowledge to-day or according to the state of knowledge five hundred years ago. Or one may define the divinity of Christ with or without reference to modern psychology. A definition or an explanation which is a plain evasion of facts, and which hides behind the assertion, "Once true, always true," can hardly be approved by honest men. It is the old bugbear of a final theology. "In view of the whole, how must I regard this or that part?"—this has been the question men have ever been required to ask, and they ask it in theology. How stands it with theology in view of the new world brought to light by natural science? How stands it with theology in view of the new Bible brought to light by critical scholarship? How stands it with theology in view of the findings of historical and comparative religion? How stands it with theology in view of both general and religious psychology? These are the questions which have arisen in their turn and demanded an answer. We have by no means done with them yet. And now comes this other question: How stands it with theology in view of this whole field of social science? Out of the social science has come the social gospel—the gospel of a fair chance, the gospel of industrial justice, the gospel of mutual helpfulness, the gospel of common rights, the gospel of the good of one as the concern of all. Can we proclaim this gospel and still be true to the gospel of Christ? Rather, can we be true to Christ and *not* proclaim this gospel? Not that this provides the whole of the Christian message, but that without it the mind of Christ is not fully declared. We may, if we choose,

surrender this field to the professional sociologists, paid agitators, secular organizations, and independent lovers of their kind. It is certain that if we do our glory will pass to another. But there appears to be no disposition to make such a surrender. Instead, the church is looking for instructed and adequate leadership in this matter. Granting this, the duty of the theologian becomes clear. He has somehow to *ground* the social gospel. He has to go over his inherited ideas, and reshape many of them. He has to admit new light on the old faith, not to change its essence but to modify its expression. He has to find a metaphysic which allows for the reality of what Royce has described as "superpersonal forces." He has to go down into the deep places until he finds the very *root* from which the social consciousness has sprung. He has to find a philosophy of history which will make historic movements divine revelations, and which will therefore see not merely God's "hand" but *God himself* in this new day of social awakening. There is not a phase of his material which may not be brought to the touchstone of the social. His theism, his harmartiology, his penology, his soteriology, his Christology, his eschatology—every bit of it must be thrown into solution, not to weaken it but to strengthen it, not to emasculate it but to vitalize it, not to break its connection with the past but to make its continuity dynamic instead of mechanical, not to relieve men from a challenge but to confront them with a challenge such as was never known before. All too often the church has been behind the thought of its time, and theology has been behind the church. To-day theology has an opportunity of removing its ancient stigma. It has a chance to move up from the rear to the van, and take a hand in the fighting. It may even win a cross "for valor"—on consideration not altogether an incongruity!

Underlying this whole movement, and, indeed, explaining it, is the new emphasis on the meaning and value of persons. The Kantian recognition of persons as "ends," and the Hegelian exhortation, "Be a person, and respect others as persons," and, shall we add? the Carlylean "gospel of clothes," have borne their fruit, even although it be somewhat slowly. "Human beings only are of supreme value." This claim of persons exists solely in their

being what they are, and not in virtue of some *donum superadditum.* In his Christian Character As a Social Power, one of the pioneer books in the field, Dr. John Smith wrote: "Christ has created an immeasurable sense of the worth of man by his sacrifice on their behalf" (p. 137). This is true if the emphasis is on "sense of worth" and not on the "worth" itself. The death of Christ has not conferred a new quality on persons, so that, but for him, they would not have been worth considering. *The value of the person is the postulate, not the corollary, of Calvary.* Christ did not make men worth being saved. That worth was there already, as the presupposition and the ethical warrant of his voluntary suffering. Christ is God's witness to the divine estimate of persons. Persons are ultimates: that is why they have inalienable worth. They are not means to anything beyond themselves, no, not even to God's glory, for we cannot attach any meaning to a divine glory which is not achieved through human life. They are not even means to the kingdom of God, for there could be no such kingdom unless there were persons: the kingdom is entirely in personal experiences. It is the recognition of this fact which has invaded the modern world, overturned its smugness, and laid it wonderfully open to a complete Christian message. For who can deny that this fact of the ultimate value of persons, now that attention is being drawn to it, is embedded in the very structure of the New Testament itself? That its general recognition has been so slow in coming only shows again how easy it is for men to overlook the obvious. Sixteen years ago the evangelical churches were expressing their gratitude to James Denney for his able defense of the thesis that the center of unity for the entire New Testament was the death of Christ as the sole ground of the forgiveness of sins. May it not be that the next attempt to unify the content of the New Testament will be through its teaching respecting persons? It would not be true to say that "the sacredness of personality," to use the favorite phrase of Henry Churchill King, was all that this book contained, any more than it would be true to say this of the Fatherhood of God, or the death of Christ, or salvation by faith. What would be true to say is that the New Testament is the Magna Charta of the common man. Take out

of these writings the words "for all," either as expressed or as implied, and what can be made of what is left? It was not merely a bold step when Paul told Philemon that the runaway slave Onesimus was just as good as his master: it was an inevitable step for one who had already declared that the walls of partition between men had been broken down. If it be said that the oneness or equality of which the New Testament speaks is always of men in their relation to Christ, it must be replied that this is the very heart of the present contention, namely, first, that Christianity was a social movement characterized by the recognition of the value of persons, in other words, by genuine brotherhood; second, that it was through their common relation to Christ as their Lord that men came to realize their relation to each other; and third, that therefore the social movement of to-day may not only find its charter in the New Testament, but needs the New Testament, *the whole of it,* to guide it aright and to save it from degeneration. "Persons as ultimates" may become either a sociological and philosophical catchword or a moral imperative. It will acquire its proper imperative character only as we see it in its New Testament setting.

It is a theological commonplace that the conception of *sin* holds a crucial place in the system. Sin cannot be viewed in isolation from the rest of the world of experience. Whether the point of view be realism or idealism, determinism or freedomism, individualism or socialism, the effect will be seen in the treatment of sin. Generally speaking, theology has regarded God as personal, but the attributes assigned to him have been on the whole those of the ruler and the judge. Fastening on the classic utterance, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned," it failed to complete the circle of truth by means of the solemn "inasmuch" and the dreadful "millstone" warning of Jesus. The sad story of an unreasoned asceticism is a sufficient commentary on the pernicious influence of a half-truth. But theology, especially in recent years, has also regarded sin as selfishness. It is here that it may find an alliance with the social gospel. It stands ready to-day not only to revise the individualistic conception of sin, but also to confess that a faithful use of its material leaves it no

alternative. As Ritschl rightly saw, the kingdom-concept is normative for Christian theology. But the kingdom of God is a kingdom of persons; the experiences of the kingdom are personal experiences. That is sin which hinders the kingdom, and that hinders the kingdom which is anti-personal, and that is anti-personal which in any way hinders for any man true self-realization. The particular examples of sin of which most of us are thinking to-day are essentially anti-personal; they are sins *against humanity,* and against God by consequence. They reveal, in the trenchant phrase of Dr. E. J. Dillon, a "Satanical contempt of human nature." Even the wanton destruction of material things, whether it be cathedrals or ships, machinery or trees, is included in the same category, for it is a revelation of what the sinful spirit can bring persons to be. It was a Hebrew prophet who wrote: "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." It is true that in order to explain the sense of guilt we shall have to relate God to persons in a more intimate way than most of us have yet dared to do. But this only means that we must be more thorough in our use of the idea of immanence, a step by no means difficult with the help of personalism in philosophy and the *ego-alter* concept in psychology. Then the interests of God and the interests of men become not merely inseparable but identical. We can agree on the one hand with such an orthodox definition as Ritschl's, that sin in its essence is "active contradiction to God" (Justification and Reconciliation, p. 78), and on the other hand with the strong words of President Hyde: "Poverty, intemperance, extortion, irresponsible use of wealth, unhealthful and indecent conditions of life, ignorance, social ostracism, despair, lust, cruelty, laziness, dishonesty, untruthfulness, are so many different manifestations of what ethics regards as perversions of appetites, interests, and instincts in themselves innocent; but which theology must consider as the phases of the one deadly and destructive principle, sin" (Outines of Social Theology, p. 225).

Sin then is anti-theistic because it is anti-social, and anti-social because it is anti-theistic. With this view of the matter, the function of *conscience* would seem to need enlargement. The field within which conscience operates is necessarily restricted to

the field within which obligation is recognized. There was not much chance for a social conscience so long as sin was regarded as a more or less private affair between the judge on the bench and the culprit at the bar. *The social consciousness was the precondition to the social conscience.* "Be not ye partakers of other men's sins," urged the apostle, and so long as they could feel they were not, men had peace. Some of us remember the horror which greeted the assertion of Sir Oliver Lodge a few years ago to the effect that he was becoming less concerned about his own private sins, and far more concerned about his responsibility for an unjust social order, and the obligation he was under to further the welfare of others. Waiving the question as to how far his attempted distinction was valid—and it was not valid if the irreligious is the unethical and if the unethical is the irreligious—we have to confess that the assertion is one with which many are manifesting a growing sympathy. Sin must lose its private character and become vested with social significance, in other words, the vicious attempt to regard it as a "purely religious" conception must be surrendered, and this means nothing but bringing the social under the purview of conscience. Professor Coe has recently written that "in our day the sense of sin has become, in an appreciable degree, a realization on the part of individuals that they participate in a social order that is in large measure unjust" (Psychology of Religion, p. 226). Again it must be affirmed that this is not all that needs to be said; that there are poignant moments in the history of the soul when the cry, "Against thee only have I sinned!" expresses the whole truth even for the most flagrant wrong against other men; that there is no man, howsoever saintly he may be, but can make his own the confession of such a roué as Byron declared himself to be: "What fills me with despair is not the thought of what I am, but the thought of what I might have been," and may use the confession of his personal *character* in momentary separation from its expression in conduct; and that the revolutionary variety of religious experience of which James and Begbie have written is no more to be described as either abnormal or subnormal than is the evolutionary variety. Theology will have fallen indeed when it ceases to find a place in its *Weltanschau-*

ung for the seventh chapter of Romans. To the definition of conscience as "rational judgment concerning conduct" (King, Ethics of Jesus, p. 275), must be added the fact that human society is not an aggregation but an organization in which the individual is at once cause and effect, transmitter and receiver, and the wider outlook necessarily means a wider sway for the regal function of conscience. The individual citizen may not be justly charged with the responsibility for all the evils in the social order of which he is a member, but the day has forever gone when he can deny his responsibility to do his level best to remove them, or when he can "wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams" the while that the world is "a darkling plain swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, where ignorant armies clash by night." Stalker sees a man, as he enters more deeply into the aims of the Saviour, becoming increasingly distressed at "the aspects of abounding iniquity" (The Ethic of Jesus, p. 225). Distressed! Why should he be distressed? His distress may be of the type of Rousseau's—and get no farther than the tear-ducts and the handkerchief. Or it may be of the type of Shaftesbury's—and get into the feet and the hands. "Out, out, damned spot!" cried the anguished murderess, as she stared at the shapely hand, so white to others, so blood-red to herself. The theological construction of all that is implied in the anti-social nature of sin, and the consequent inescapable social reference of a complete self-judgment, will make it less surprising why the number grows daily of men who cannot look at their hands without *seeing red.*

Sin then is to be estimated as the essentially anti-social, and conscience as self-judgment with reference to personal responsibility for such sin. No longer can men make a self-appraisal in view of the moral without giving to the moral a social content. No longer can men distinguish absolutely between their Godward and their manward relationships. Such an analysis of relations is defensible only as a step toward a higher synthesis in which the distinction is lost. The final estimate of any man's upreach toward God must be determined by his outreach toward men. Which is but to say that the conception of *redemption* is bound up with the conception of sin. Christianity is properly described as "a religion of re-

demption" only if that from which men are conceived as needing redemption is infinitely more than punishment viewed as something externally imposed by God. But did not Christ redeem us "unto God" by his blood? Yes! but the redeemed are to be priests and kings, and the New Testament priest is one who offers himself, and the New Testament king is one who serves. Self-offering and service—to whom? And if it be said that the object is God, it must be insisted that the words require explanation. *It is not possible for any man to offer to God an unmediated service.* Dewey has made the acute observation that it is only through the physical that the psychical can acquire social value. May we not also say that we can give ourselves to God only through a social medium?

"But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild."

It is not for a moment suggested that Christians cease to sing, "My all is on the altar," or "Here, Lord, I give myself to thee," or "I consecrate to thee my all," nor that they cease "to practice the presence of God," nor that they dispense with "the means of grace." It would be a sad day if ever the triumphant "I know!" should lose its place in the Christian vocabulary.

"Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
  Cannot confound, nor doubt him, nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
  Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

The great watchwords of theology—conviction, repentance, conversion, regeneration, redemption, sanctification, judgment, eternal life—do not need to be surrendered. What is needed is that they shall be given a wider and a richer content. It is a fair question whether a man, though he love God never so well, and though he have in his heart a peace never so deep, is entitled to consider his redemption an accomplished thing while there are still waste areas in his own life and anti-personal conditions in his social environment. We used to say that Christ could save a man no matter what his conditions. True, but we have come to see also that

the conditions are a part of the man, that they need saving just as much as he does, and that his salvation therefore is never "a finished work" but only "a task begun." Whatever is meant by "imputed righteousness," it certainly does not mean that Christ has created a vast limbo to which men may dispatch their moral evasions with the firm assurance that all is well. And one who comes to the study of this subject with a humble desire to learn is startled to realize how widely the New Testament is permeated by the larger outlook. From the time that John proclaimed the approach of the Kingdom until that other John saw all things made new, the note is incessantly sounded that salvation is to be socially realized. We have been so interested in the careful demonstrations of Romans 5–8 that we have been in danger of forgetting the corollaries in Romans 12–15. Arnold's father not only *would not* be saved alone: he *could not* be. He who is indifferent about the salvation of society is thereby convicted of indifference about his own, for the significance of the social amalgam is in the fact that the complete salvation of one is conditioned on the complete salvation of others—*and it may be of all!*

Theology is learning a new language, the language of the twentieth century. New words are being learned, new meanings are being attached to old phrases, new constructions are being mastered. So the new language is being acquired—an *esperanto* which will break down many a wall of partition between kindred souls. The stage is being set for the recurrent miracle of Pentecost: "We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. What meaneth this?" It is an ancient boast: *Theologia domina scientiarum est.* But a democratic age is discovering that definition of royalty that Jesus gave: *dominari est servare.* At the basis of a common life is a common speech. The prolific cause of dumbness is deafness: it is the ear which binds or loosens the tongue. And in these days democracies are showing themselves by no means loath to dispense with the services of royalty which will not hear. Theology has heard.

Edwin Lewis.

AND THE CHURCH STANDS BETWEEN

My neighbor is mildly aggrieved. Why should anyone prefer to draw a philosophy of life from rear windows overlooking squalid scenes when something more agreeable may be found by merely changing one's perspective?

Perhaps for the same reason that some prefer a futurist canvas to a still-life etching. The former has so many possibilities. What appears at first glimpse to be merely a blob of brilliant orange in a sea of purple mist, may prove to be sunshine peeping through the clouds or a volcano in eruption. An etching of still life has no further suggestion. As a stimulant to the imagination, its action is negligible. It merely is, or is not. As a thing of beauty it may be a joy forever, but even that quality without contrast would scarcely be recognized.

Opposite the church property and on Broadway is a mansion of the early Victorian type. It is set in a beautiful garden where flowers and shrubs delight the eyes from crocus time to the last flame of scarlet sage and firebush.

When the sights and sounds of Mill Street, at the rear, have been too much with me, I flee to my neighbor in the mansion across the way. There from a quiet side porch we look out through the arching branches of stately elm trees to where—

> "The sun is await at The Ponderous Gates of the West,"

and watch the fleecy clouds of gold making pictures in the sky. The cooing doves fly softly down from the church tower for their evening dip in my neighbor's fountain. Through the lacing ivy vines across the stained-glass windows of the church, the setting sun glows like fire opals in emerald settings, and my neighbor, with the snows of fourscore years and more upon her head,

> "Sows again the Holy Past,
> The happy days when she was young."

Then people went to church. On Sunday mornings the streets were filled with worshipers. The Amen corner thrived and saints

were wont to voice their praise in no uncertain sounds. The preachers too, fiery prophets they, who knew whereof they spake. Hades was no mere figure of speech nor yet a parable. It was a *place,* and sinners who transgressed the law without repentance should no mercy find from burning flames.

The empty pews of latter days, the people's thoughts of pleasure more than God, the leaving of old paths blazed through a maze of doctrines by theologues of other days, and

"Heaven but the fulfilled desire
And Hell, the shadow of a soul on fire,"

all these handwritings on the wall to point the failure of the church in present times. It soon must die from off the corner and elsewhere for lack of sustenance. The old stock all was dying out or scattered and aliens had come in—a thing that never happened in the good old days and, as an afterthought, she added words to the effect that she was glad the "Lord's House" afforded her a screen against the "Devil's Chapel" over there on Mill Street.

Let none misjudge my neighbor. Her generous gifts have caused the Rivers of Salvation to flow o'er many a waste and barren place. Sunset and cooing doves had touched the minor chords.

The ecclesiastical holdings of my particular church are most uniquely placed, not on the city dump heap, as my neighbor thinks I have suggested, but just between it and Broadway.

Time was when the difference was simply a matter of direction. One led to the woods, the other to the sawmill. The dwellers in both localities had a common heritage, the intrepidity of their soldier ancestors who resisted Burgoyne's hordes upon the fields of honor in this vicinity.

It would be edifying to believe the early fathers of this town had seen far down the future's broadening way to where a church might stand, a golden link to bind all kinds and classes of humanity, but veracity and tradition both forbid. If they took the future into consideration, it was not in allegorical vision, but with an eye on the growing tendency of prosperous believers to move uptown. Hence the new church was builded in the suburbs, and those who remember it say that an iron fence was placed around the

door. Two things are certain—they never intended that the church should be a screen nor the iron fence to suggest a barrier. But time and fire removed both fence and church. The new building, erected over the old foundations, was on more pretentious lines in keeping with the rising fortunes of the town, and there for half a century it has stood, its tall spire pointing like a finger to the sky.

Broadway has prospered. Long ago it passed the church by, climbed up the hill and stretched into a boulevard along the Hudson, and the well-to-do dwell there.

The sawmill, with its fragrant odors of pine and spruce, has been swallowed up by a giant industry whose sulphuric fumes poison the atmosphere, and din and noise blot out the memories of the music of water wheels and droning saws. The sons of Southern Italy have come to dwell where once lived the sturdy descendants of American pioneers.

To little Italy the church means nothing, unless it be a barrier of brick wall between them and their more prosperous neighbors. They came for freedom from both church and state, plus better wages. They have them all in these small mill towns along the commercial highways of the East. Their ideas of American ways and citizenship have been formed in the American saloon, and now that is passing it is high time to find the place where loftier aims and ideals may be taught. In this day, when the red flag is a real menace in both the social and industrial world, we must decide

"Whether the people be led by the Lord
Or lured by the loudest throat."

It might be more comfortable to us in smaller towns if miles of subway stretched between our Broadway churches and our Mill streets. Then we might drop our pennies or our dimes—perhaps a dollar—on the plate and say, "'Tis done; let the world slide, the deaconess will do the rest." But nearness disenchants—the heathen confront us literally at the door and sometimes break the very windows of our Broadway screen.

Perhaps we hope that some day, when time and atmosphere have had a chance to make an American of him, the alien will find a way to climb the walls of exclusion which we have built around

ourselves, or even to enter the front door of our church like any other Christian, but things do not point that way.

I have often thought it quite unfair to sing so much about the blindness of the heathen who bows down to stick and stone, when many saints seem so inclined to make a fetish of the church. They are not rare who make free with Timothy Dwight's fine old hymn and thus interpret it—

"I love *my* church, O God!
Her walls before *me* stand,
Dear as the apple of *my* eye,
And graven on *my* hand."

And woe betide the adventurous one who seeks to put a boys' club or some form of settlement work within their meeting-house—there's something doing—the souls of folks are weighed in balance with a piece of plaster and found short. The church was built for worship, nothing else. Worship—ah, how we miss the mark when a set formula with an amen more or less is made the only way by which the souls of men may find their God!

Meantime the pillars of the church, though few they be, still think an iron fence might have its use—on summer evenings when the saints, a half a score or more, assembled for the mid-week prayer, are often quite submerged and drowned out by Mill Street urchins in their play hard by the church, on hallowed ground. Although the church has no doors on that side, there are windows, and even saints must sometimes forego the odors of the sanctuary and have fresh air.

Dire threats and trespass signs no terrors hold for the small denizens of Mill Street.

"They are a lawless set; this church is located most unfortunate," complain the saints, and thus in human blindness fail to read the signs that God has marked so plain they almost cry aloud: "This is the place a church should stand"—

"Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan."

Not as a barrier but a bridge of helpfulness and human sympathy.

"America as a melting pot is a snare and delusion," so say our

wise men of the state, and they are right, unless the church gets busy with the problem of Christianizing the aliens of the small communities. It is a greater task than to Americanize them. The politicians will attend to that, but the other seems no one's particular business.

We hold our missionary teas to help our city cousins in their job of making their democracy a safer proposition, and trust the contagion of it will somehow spread beyond the city limits and reach our Mill streets by and by.

And so our small-town churches stand like idle power plants with closed doors and trespass signs thereon. They might be better labeled religious club houses for the chosen few.

We are either looking backward or so far beyond at some one else's task we cannot see our own, so near at hand it is. May the great Centenary movement help to readjust our focus that we may see the opportunity of the small-town church to do its part in the making of a safe democracy—to open wide its doors and make a common meeting ground in the community where there shall be neither Jew nor Gentile, Teuton nor Slav, Italian nor Greek, but Americans all, with a common aspiration to effectuate the homely ideals of justice and kindness in a common brotherhood.

Harriet Calkins Cochran

RENAISSANCE OF THE KINGDOM

There is coming more and more to view in this age a great and transforming conception of a kingdom of God in the earth. This conception gives birth to clearest prophetic vision and to noblest hopes for the future of humanity.

Christ began and completed his ministry by the preaching of the kingdom. The kingdom idea, whatever it was, was evidently one upon which he laid most fundamental and vital stress. Nothing is historically clearer than that the Jews in the time of Christ were indulging in high expectation of the speedy installment of the Messianic kingdom in the earth. Prophetic utterance had invested this idea with a physical glory and majesty most superb. The popular Jewish thought eagerly anticipated with the installment of this kingdom a reign so superlative as easily to eclipse the glory of all other historic kingdoms. Jesus seized upon this idea, ready-made in Jewish thought, to prepare the way for his own kingdom and kingship. Of course his vision was infinitely larger than that of even the greatest of the prophets. His knowledge of God was immediate. His spiritual perception of God's purposes for mankind was cloudless and inerrant. His own vision was neither limited nor blurred by traditional and unspiritual human interpretations as to the character of the kingdom itself. If he employed the most luminous prophetic ideals as the basis of his kingdom-teaching, he, in his own interpretations, gave great spiritual enlargement and enrichment to those ideals.

It is not properly within the scope of this paper to dwell upon the creation of that powerful ecclesiastical despotism, founded upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, which for centuries usurped the rights of heaven and earth, establishing a world rule as perversive of and as diverse from Christ's ideal of the kingdom as it is well possible to conceive. This system, with all its beneficences, and these were very great, was a vast incubator of low moralities, of unethical business standards, of Jesuitical sophistries, of Pharisaic intolerance, of gross superstitions, and of spiritual blindness. It is impossible to measure the spiritual evils which have seeped

down into modern Protestantism from this medieval ecclesiasticism. The Reformation, far-reaching and lasting as is its influence, fell far short of emancipating the Christian world from the enslaving evils of this inheritance. A damaging arraignment to be made against this overshadowing ecclesiasticism is that for more than a thousand years it had the effect of obscuring from the vision of the church Christ's own conception of his world-kingdom. The conception of Christ's world-kingdom is not new. It is as old as the Lord's Prayer, as old as the Sermon on the Mount. It has come largely to renaissance in our day because God has favored this age with a new prophetic vision. The message of modern seers, men truly akin to the old Hebrew prophets, comes from a vision so clear, is spoken with a voice so authoritative, that never again can the sovereign claims of Jesus Christ to moral supremacy in the earth be hidden from human thought or be obscured in human convictions. Our subject is one vastly, immeasurably large. Its conception will continuously expand with the growth of thought. Christ's world kingdom is one on whose far-flung borders no human mind will ever be able to set definite boundaries. A few of its governing ideals, however, may be somewhat definitely suggested. The following features certainly should be made clear:

1. A fundamental idea of the kingdom is that this world rightfully belongs to Jesus Christ. It is the distinctive mission of the kingdom, through all its united agencies, so to work for the moral transformation of human society that all institutions affecting the home, social, educational, business, and political life of man shall be leavened and dominated by the principles of righteousness. One of the most paralyzing and damning heresies which ever entered into Christian thought is that this world belongs to Satan. This has been the foul and fruitful source of false conceptions of salvation. It has created false moral standards, creating the lying creed which has largely sandwiched the conduct of society between the artificial and mischievous conceptions of the sacred, upon the one hand, and the profane upon the other. The kingdom truth is that the "profane," as distinct from righteousness, has no legitimate standing room on the entire breadth of the earth.

2. The church is not synonymous with the kingdom. It is not, however, the function of the kingdom in any way to minify or to displace the true mission of the church. The church is the greatest single factor in the promotion of the kingdom. It is the one superlative and authoritative moral and spiritual training-school for mankind. In this school are to be constantly and uncompromisingly taught, expounded, and urged all the Scripture conditions which enter into human salvation. The church, by all its ministries, is to bear light to those who sit in darkness, help to the helpless, hope to the despairing, cheer to the poor, the inspirations of heaven to the dying. The church will remain the chief school in which the prophets of the kingdom shall receive training, furnishing idealism and inspiration for the moral leadership of the world.

3. The kingdom scheme, intelligently apprehended, in no way discounts the necessity or value of individual salvation. If man is a sinner and needs a personal Saviour, if he is immortal and heaven at last is to be won as the environment of his highest and abiding destiny, then the matter of his personal salvation becomes for each individual something of supreme and imperative interest. The kingdom, however, furnishes the most inspiring field ever conceived for the idealism and achievement of the Christian life. It gives absolutely no room for the old conception of asceticism. It is a mournful fact that for many centuries Christian thought has been weighted with the false conception that salvation, however secured, principally means a final fortunate escape from a world that is wholly evil. Salvation has been largely conceived of as a safe byway by which the individual might insure himself against the tortures of damnation. A paralyzing result of this view has been that in popular thought salvation itself has been limited to an individual and selfish pursuit. A ruling motive has largely been a final safe passport to heaven from a world in which it is not safe for a Christian to live. The truth is that the world itself is a part of the territory of a divine redemption. All legitimate institutions of human society are awaiting the transforming touch of a new moral life. The world is no sinking ship from the wreckage of which a few here and there may obtain

fortunate escape. Human society is no dubious experiment on the part of God. All of God's redemptive forces are pledged for its regeneration. This work itself furnishes the field for the loftiest and most inspiring consecrations of the Christian life. For this work God is summoning his church, not to monkish retirements in the deserts, not to cowardly retreats from the world's evil forces, but to militant inspirations, to invincible and righteous conquests of the world's evils, that finally God may establish a reign of righteousness in the earth. This scheme calls for the loftiest and most heroic type of Christian character. Indeed it loudly calls, in the very age now with us, for a generation of Christian men and women of the Pauline type of missionary consecration and activity. The Christian who consecratedly toils and battles to transform this world into a realm of righteousness may not only feel sure of his own salvation, but he is engaged in an endeavor from which he must realize his own most stalwart development. There is under the stars no field of such incentive, of such vision, as is furnished to the consecrated soul in a conscious cooperation with Jesus Christ in the moral redemption of human society. The man thoroughly alive to this mission is sustained and held by inspirations of kinship with God's noblest sons. In the kingdom conception the ideal Christian life must be a life supremely devoted to the service of man. It is Christ's plan that thus his own consecrated followers shall become the chief redeemers of the earth.

4. Historic theology has largely dealt with sin either as an organic inheritance, a humanly incurable taint in the blood caused by the transgression of our primitive parents, or it has left sin to be dealt with as a matter of individual responsibility, its cure, if any, to be realized only by individual resort to a divinely ordained method. I state these alternatives not to combat them, but to point the fact that neither, nor both, of them gives adequate recognition of much less proposes a sufficient cure for tremendous and controlling organic forces of evil which exist in all the world. The individual, be he as original and independent as he may, is nevertheless most largely shaped by his social environment. Throughout all the zones of what we call civilization there are great organized

forces of error and evil. Under the shadow of these forces, in one form or another, every individual is born. It is quite irrational to assume that any shall command the initiative, the knowledge or the power absolutely to free himself from the inheritance which this environment imposes. Professor Josiah Royce, a most acute philosophical thinker, in his book Problem of Christianity says:

> "There are in the human world two profoundly different grades or levels of mental beings—namely, the beings that we usually call human individuals and the beings that we call communities. . . . Any highly organized community is as truly a human being as you and I are individually human. . . . The communities are vastly more complex, and, in many ways, are also more potent and enduring than are the individuals."

The solidarity of the organism is a well-nigh omnipotent force in human society. If this organism is in-souled with motives of selfishness, of error and sin, it is likely to be formative of vastly more bad and misdirected individual characters than it would seem at all reasonable to charge to the account of Adam's original transgression. Professor Rauschenbusch, in his very searching book A Theology for the Social Gospel, lucidly sets forth the fact that the crucifixion itself of Jesus was more surely brought about by the converging upon him of the motives of organized evils rather than by any individual initiative. He names these evils in order as follows: "Religious Bigotry," "Combination of Graft and Political Power," "Corruption of Justice," "Mob Spirit and Mob Action," "Militarism," "Class Contempt." These forces are typical of organized evils which have perpetually inhered in civilization. They represent a formidable solidarity of human wickedness. The stroke of their combined power resulted in the tragedy of Calvary. Nothing would seem more evident than that before the kingdom of Christ can be triumphant in the earth the organized evils which conspired for the crucifixion must themselves first be destroyed. The ideal of the kingdom calls for nothing less than the utter destruction of the principalities and powers of evil; of the rulers of the darkness of this world, and of all spiritual wickedness in high places.

5. An underlying factor of the kingdom is human stewardship. Christ insistently emphasized this. As his own life was a

continuous outpour of unselfish ministry, so in his sayings the demand for the spirit of service stands in focal light. He indeed seems to make this a supreme test of one's final fitness for the kingdom of heaven. None as Christ so clearly recognized the diverse conditions of the human lòt. None as he so clearly saw the forlorn and disruptable conditions of the victims of transgression. The wreckage of sin upon human character was the sore burden of his divine heart. But Christ despaired of no man. He treated all men in the spirit of a sacred reverence. In apparently the most hopeless he saw divine potentialities. To such he gave himself in an unstinted and undespairing ministry. He rated service to man as the highest achievement. He condemned neither wealth nor power, in themselves considered. He knew well their potency, their importance. But he ever insisted that their highest worth and glory lay in their possibilities of service. He therefore holds all men responsible for the right use of power in whatever form possessed. The kingdom has absolutely no place for the spirit of selfishness indulged at the expense of weaker men. In its vocabulary "power" stands as a synonym of "helpfulness." Institutions which breed selfish autocrats, triple-crowned ecclesiastical usurpers, plutocratic lordship over the rights of the poor, corporate crushing of the small and rival trader, menace against popular rights, creation of artificial castes in society—these all are alien to the kingdom. The most powerful sovereign should be the most beneficent servant of the common good. The man of largest material wealth should devoutly seek above all things else to transmute this wealth into a ministry of life, abundant life, for his fellow men. And why not? Common sentiment demands from certain types of workers a supreme moral consecration to service. In general thought the ideal Christian minister is a man entirely and unselfishly devoted to the service of his fellow men. The missionary, however privileged his natural inheritance, however great may be his mental culture, must without reservation, and with wholehearted consecration, permit himself to be stationed at some center of paganism that there he may spend his very being as a bringer of salvation to the heathen world. This is the kind of consecration that the world regards as normal for these workers.

But does Christ make any such distinction concerning the moral obligation of men for service? If it is the duty, an approvable duty, of the minister, the missionary, the teacher, the physician, to give himself in unselfish service for mankind, why is there less obligation upon all other privileged classes to render a like moral service to the world? Wealth carries in itself a well-nigh unlimited power for moral ministry. I am not unmindful, infinitely far from it, of the noble examples of philanthropy which have arisen from the ranks of wealth. These very examples, however, serve to signalize and to emphasize the immeasurable possibilities of service potential in the great total of wealth were it all administered in the spirit of stewardship. As surely as the ideals of Christ's kingdom come to growing sway over human society, then so surely must the sons of wealth in ever-increasing numbers catch the Christian vision. They too will be seized with the passion of a divine enthusiasm for humanity. They will give their full quota to the brotherhood of consecrated lives, under whose ministry the dark places of the world will rise to new planes of light and life.

6. I have said that the church, though the most important, the most vitalizing, is by no means the sole agency for bringing in upon the earth Christ's kingdom. With the growth of a Christian civilization there must be an ever-increasing number of kingdom-making agencies which cannot be under direct control of the church. Not to attempt classification, there are, for instance, a multitude and a great variety of ameliorating and benevolent institutions, essentially Christian in their spirit and mission, which must be initiated and maintained under municipal and state auspices. The spirit of Christianity, as incarnated in humane benevolences, has far outgrown, and will continue to outgrow, the direct ability of the church for legislation and control. Generically stated, the principal non-ecclesiastical agencies which must be depended upon for the upbuilding of the kingdom are the family, the school, the state. The family is the fountain-source of character. Imperatively, beyond any power of over-statement, the pervasive atmosphere of the family should be Christian. The school in all grades, from the primary to its highest technical work, is the university of democracy. Its ideals should be fundamentally

moral. Its function is to discipline, to train, and to furnish the mind of the young for noblest citizenship and for most effective service in every sphere of legitimate activity. The state is indispensable to the orderly on-going and safety of society. Ideally, and humanly speaking, it is the most authoritative, complex, far-reaching, and pervasive organism of human civilization. Yet, historically, and from time immemorial, the state has been made the agency for exploiting about all the concrete evils afflictive of humanity. Even its courts of justice have, on occasion, been perverted into seats of bribery. Its legislatures have often proved the schools of graft and of nameless political corruption. Too often its laws have been enacted by bad men and in the interests of selfishness and of social injustice. There is no evil traffic which puts an impoverishing and leprous touch upon society which has not received the sanction of license from the authority of the state. When we speak of organized iniquity in society, that kind of organized force which is the enemy of all social righteousness, there is no phase of this iniquity which, in one form or another, and from time to time, has not taken possession of legislation. The state, even now, within its own organic limits presents the most stubbornly contested moral battlefield among men. Satan's last strongholds, the very secret places of his most iniquitous strategy, seek to barricade themselves behind the bulwarks of the state. But in all this there is no ground for ultimate despair. It is the herculean mission of Christianity to cleanse even the Augean stables of corrupt politics. As against every organism ordained to evil, it is the mission of the kingdom to create a counter-organism of righteousness. The kingdom calls for the induction of new vital forces, for such reorganization of social convictions as shall displace old and lower standards, substituting lofty, worthy, and inspiring ideals of human life and duty.

However towering and menacing the principalities of evil may appear, the situation, even as measured by historic data, is by no means hopeless. Within the memory of living men institutions of legalized slavery have been swept from civilization. The liquor traffic, that enormous scourge of mankind, is surely beating a final retreat before the aggressive forces of righteousness. There

is doubtless a vast body of industrial injustice and oppression intrenched in the business world. The overcoming and rectifying of all this seems a task well-nigh too huge for hope. But it is not so. There is enormous ferment in the thinking world. A seething and ever-increasing agitation and protest in the ranks of capital and of labor is, with the searching force of a sea-tide, constantly smiting against the conditions of industrial injustice and social wrong. Many of these agitating forces are now Samson-blind. But out of all the present capitalistic endeavors to meet the needs of labor and to ameliorate the conditions of poverty; out of the great cooperative philosophies which are being increasingly applied; out of labor unions; out of the world-cult of socialism—out of all these and kindred movements there will ultimately emerge a solution which will bring in a reign of distributive justice for all who bear the burdens of the world's responsibilities and toils.

Never before in the vast ferment of thought was there such a leaven of Christian ideas as to-day. Never before was there such a challenge from the popular conscience against organized wrong. Never was there such a call for a sense of moral stewardship in the uses of wealth. This age not only witnesses and welcomes unparalleled benevolences, but it accentuates as no other age the demand for justice to all men. The Teutonic and titanic conspiracy of incendiarism and murder against civilization has principally served to give a new and unprecedented world emphasis to these principles. The very fact that Germany, with all her might and prestige, seems deliberately and flagrantly to have entered into a league with hell has really served to unite the voices of a hundred nations in an inflexible demand for humanity and righteousness. Christian ethical and altruistic ideals, as never before, are pressing on all the shore-line of the world's thinking.

There is no room for despair. Time is a great factor in God's conquests. Man is a moral being. He is a citizen of a moral universe. An almighty and righteous Sovereign reigns. He will not be finally thwarted. In the long run, man, both constitutionally and from choice, will be on the side of God. The kingdom of Christ will come to triumphant installment in the earth.

"Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?
All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade."

7. The logic of the kingdom is fully embraced in Christ's conception of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man. If God is the divine Father of all men then all men are entitled to a share in the Father's patrimony. If man is created for a brotherhood then every man must be a real brother to every other man. These ideas are either an idle fable, a heartless travesty, a cruel lie, or they are fundamental in God's working program for humanity. If they are God's ideas they will at some time come to dominance in the earth. All this, of course, involves vast revisions, most radical transformations, of the world's traditional customs and usages. But this gives God his opportunity for the education of the race. In the end, God's plans will suffer no invalidations.

8. Finally, scientific knowledge must play a large role in the establishment of the kingdom. In the last resort knowledge is the only credential that entitles a man to an authoritative opinion. The misrule of the world has come largely from the sway of dogmas, beliefs, customs, all of which have fallen down under the touch of scientific analysis. Moral loyalty to God needs to be supplemented, illuminated, and enriched by a knowledge of God's thought. It is really the one mission of science to translate God's truth, as written in nature, to man's understanding and for man's guidance. The energies of Christ's ministry were largely expended in healing man's physical ills. The significance of this fact seems greatly to have been overlooked in subsequent Christian thought. Modern scientific knowledge has discovered in a wonderful way the divine secret of healing man's physical diseases and injuries. Modern medicine is a scientific art, surgery is a miracle-worker, but the reliability and efficiency of medicine and surgery rest entirely upon knowledge. Not all the piety in the world, in the absence of knowledge, could substitute the beneficence of science. Sacrifices do not stop the ravages of plague, incantations do not ward off contagions, and even prayer will not cure tuberculosis.

An unscientific world is a superstitious world. It is the mission of science to rationalize nature. It is its art to subsidize all of nature's potencies in ministry to human weal. Science has turned nature's malarial plague-spots into healthful and inhabitable zones. It is exorcising from human beliefs and from human fears the witches, bogies, hobgoblins, demons, and all the other uncanny creations of the superstitious imagination. Science transforms nature into a garden and gives to the husbandman the secret of multiplying its fruitfulness. Science makes the great city not only the most sanitary abode for the multitudes, but it converts its very marts, council houses, art galleries, libraries, museums, printing presses, and parks into popular exchanges which minister all manner of convenience and enrichment to the life of society. Science discovers and seizes upon nature's vast and hidden wealth and lays it down as so much endowment upon the altars of human service. It invents appliances which infinitely expand the areas of human knowledge. It captures and subdues to man's uses the mightiest forces: thus gridironing the continents with railroads, covering the seas with fleets of merchandise, and binding the whole world together into a community of instant inter-intelligence and common interests.

Science is in its infancy. It is the sworn enemy of all intellectual jugglery. It is a great promoter of mental honesty. It begets in the minds of its devotees a supreme love of truth for truth's sake. It will move forward into an ever-widening career, yielding an infinite complexity of knowledge, of wealth, of service, to human life until the very earth itself shall become a physical paradise. This is all in God's scheme. It is his ordination that scientific knowledge shall prepare the material foundations on which shall rest Christ's perfected kingdom in the earth.

George P. Mains

THE CHURCH AND THE RETURNING SOLDIER

The United States government has a clear purpose and a well-defined program with which to meet the returned soldier. That purpose is completely to restore the soldier to his place in the social and economic organism, expecting him and encouraging him to function normally as an American citizen, appreciated but not worshiped.

The program for the disabled soldier or sailor, by its humaneness, its common sense, its real justice, commends itself to every citizen of the country. It is a program that has completely reversed the attitude of pity and charity for the permanently impaired soldier to the attitude of encouragement and direction to the soldier's self-reliance and independence. The Surgeon-General's office is putting into execution plans for restoring the function, if not the member, of every lost faculty. Mentally the men are reconstructed, and lured to triumph over their handicaps, and taught to make calamity serve character and soul development. With restored bodies, and the hope flame fanned, they are taught trades or professions, directed into gainful occupation, and compensated by the government during any term of probation when their productive capacity is below the normal. The public is to be denied the luxury of charity, and instructed in the essential commodity of justice. Not charity but a chance is the government's assurance to the boys coming home. America will keep faith with her gallant sons. She has a plan.

The Young Men's Christian Association, that big brother who kept so close to the heart and mind and body of the soldier from the day of his home leaving, through the period of his training, during the perilous voyage across the sea, and in all the unthinkable hardships of the trench and no-man's-land, has a plan for his return. It is a comprehensive, workable, man's plan, backed by business acumen, indomitable good will, and the indiscourageable purpose to serve. It is the plan of a big brother, full of warmth and helpful direction. With its doors wide open the Association thus greets the home coming soldier:

> We are at your service, friend. With everything that we are and have, we are at your service.
>
> Our hundreds of buildings, our thousands of employed secretaries, and our volunteer committeemen are at your command.
>
> Our employment bureaus are anxious to help you rightly hitch up your new ambitions to larger tasks.
>
> Within our doors you will find the comrades of your war service.
>
> You will find a place for the unselfish leadership of boys and young men of your home community in character building activities that shall help to make Democracy safe for the world and bring the Kingdom of God into their lives.
>
> For to give is greater than to get; and the greatest thing in the Young Men's Christian Association is Christian character, which can only come through the up-reaching and the out-reaching of a man's life in unselfish, friendly service for other men.

Every soldier will be presented without cost with a three-months' full membership ticket in the local Y. M. C. A. The lobbies of public buildings will be the scenes of attractive entertainments to make the boys feel at home when they come home. The Y. M. C. A. has a plan.

Every city and hamlet has some plan for expressing to the home coming hero their avowed undying gratitude. The fact that the boys have fought so valiantly, with such reckless abandon of self-interest, with a disdain for health and a discard of safety-first, will breed too often a prodigality of sentiment and a silliness of flattery that will work no good for the returned soldier. To avert the peril of a transitory emotionalism and translate into the solid framework of the community the ideals and qualities of the American fighter ought to be the goal of every reception committee. Indeed it *must* be so.

Plans are everywhere. "When the boys come home" is on every lip, and eagerness is in every heart. But the church must outtop every plan and purpose of every agency and institution in the warmth of her reception, in the sincerity of her appreciation, in the unceasing hand-clasp of cooperation, in helpful direction to the permanent rewards of the war. The church has the right of precedence. The war was fought for the things she has heralded for centuries. That the polyglot population of America could become one people under the governance of moral and Christian ideals, for which the last dollar and the last life was ready to be

offered is proof that the salt had not lost its savor, that the leaven was still working through the measure of meal.

How shall the church receive the fighters, who carried her standards to the gates of hell, and slew incarnate diabolism? Shall we sign up the loudest brass-bands, contract for the whole output of the flower growers, and search for rhetorical climaxes extravagant enough to laud the men who stopped the Hun, and put a crimp in the plans of the Kaiser? This is a deeper question than that. It probes the depths of our religious sincerity, it calls for a clearness and definiteness of statement of purpose, it challenges our claim to be soldiers of Jesus Christ. In other words, it raises these three questions in reference to the returning soldier: What influence will he have on our religion? What shall we say to him when he comes? and What preparation is essential to receive him?

I. *What Influence Will the Soldier Have on Our Religion?*

There has been much prophecy of the iconoclastic activity of the returning soldiers that is belittling to the church and uncomplimentary to the soldiers. They will not possess the initiative, the ability, the inclination, nor the critical analysis necessary to reconstruct religion and make it function adequately. Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, is one of the very many misguided magazine writers who warn the church of the awful day of reckoning. He says, "When our fellows come back, what kind of religion will we have to offer them here? Will they have to take religion in their own hands and make it genuine? These are questions our churches must answer, or risk being displaced by something bigger than themselves." This genuine religion is to be a happy blending of good-will. "The boys over there like Jewish chocolate and Catholic chocolate and Methodist chocolate equally well." They have, therefore, made the wonderful discovery that religious distinctions were all unreal, and may be abolished peremptorily on their return to America. Dr. John H. Holmes, pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah in New York city, is equally penetrating and erudite. "In the fusing fires of battle, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Unitarian, even Catholic, Protestant and Jew have been melted, and now flow in a single flaming stream. Man after man has returned

from the front to tell us that the denominational church is dead." His church anticipates the new era by proposing to leave the Unitarian denomination, and becoming a body of creedless worshipers.

All this fatuous silliness is blind to the normality of the soldier, his training in obedience rather than initiative, his unquestioning trust in the cause of right. Much of the threatened mutilation of sacred altars is an insult to the American boy who left the office or factory in defense of the cause of human right and divine justice, and is a disgusting patronizing of the church, which, with all her faults, was the forger of the weapons with which this war was won.

I look forward to a more propitious influence of the soldier on the church which has cherished his name, companioned his home in his absence, and reached across the sea in sympathy with his suffering, in cooperation with his high purpose. He will bring up to date the old text of the Psalmist, "He that goeth forth with weeping bearing precious seed, will doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." Our soldiers have looted more priceless riches than the treasures of Louvain. And the booty they will carry home will not impoverish Europe. They have looted the treasury of the human heart, and they are bearing to us newly discovered and recently tested human values. The submerging and subordinating of every self interest to a driving purpose to save others, the revealed resources of endurance of petty vexations and cruel privations, the capacity for love and comradeship, and the unconquerable optimism of the permanently disabled are a few of the jewels that the soldier will deposit in the treasury chest of the Church of Jesus Christ. The values of the war purchased at a price unprecedented in the history of the race must be brought to the church, or they shall pass away with this generation. Such jewels cannot be diffused in a bland brotherhood and a happy fellowship and permanently enrich America. These things must be put where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

With this enrichment of the church through the new proof of the practicableness of the creed of Christ will come a *more inti-*

mate relationship between belief and life. The imperative need is not for a creedless church, nor yet for a merging of denominations into a stream that knows not whither it flows. The need is for a church with a workable creed, wise enough and courageous enough to scrap what does not function. The religion of Donald Hankey, of Coningsby Dawson, of Laughlin Maclean Watt, and millions of fighting men, had hands and feet, walked on the earth to human need, and yet breathed the air of another world.

It is the mood of the age that doctrine shall be verified in life, and interpreted in experience. Whither shall we go from its spirit? Whither shall we flee from its presence? We hear its voice in every book and magazine. We cannot annul its contagion, if we would. And the church's task is not to produce defenders of the faith, nor policemen to guard the findings of another age, nor to fasten on us what has ceased to function, but to *make makers* of creeds that are pragmatic rather than doctrinaire. The drift is away from creeds that are mere warnings against heresy, red signals crying, "Don't go there." The church must write creeds, not for purposes of restraint, but for directing the poor to the unsearchable riches of Christ, the unjust to judgment and repentance and redemption, the oppressed and blind to freedom and light. Whatever touches human life, bane or blessing, must not be without the pale of the church's unwearied solicitude and interest.

That the soldier's return to the church which bade him Godspeed on his holy crusade, will be salutary to the more complete relation of church to all of human life is my confident hope.

II. The second question I raised is, *What Shall We say to Him when He Comes?*

Perhaps we shall not know what to say to our soldier boys. We have been reminded that since we have not trudged through the mud and the rain and the cold, nor crawled over no-man's-land on a moon-lit night, nor shared all the hardships and dangers of the front, we do not know the language of the boys. It is the old fallacy that Christ must be adapted to men rather than presented simply, frankly, clearly as he is that men might be adapted to him. He who speaks the language of Christ speaks the universal language of the race. His message has the human heart as his ally.

We have no new alphabet to learn. We shall be heard and understood as we speak out of our union with Christ.

After the warm Methodist grip of his strong hand, and the simple "Thank you," as we look squarely into his clear eyes, we shall *challenge our soldier with an arduous road and a difficult task.* I think we have lost immeasurably by striving to make the gospel attractive through softening its asperities. The war has taught us that the preaching of a hard gospel surpasses in alluring power the presentation of a roseate way to the worthwhile. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, in his book The Justification of God, points out this weakness of popular religion. He protests against an anthropocentric Christianity, and pleads for a theocentric religion. He calls humanism the fundamental heresy of the day, and criticizes the emphasis on the Fatherhood of God that made God a banker of a spendthrift race, that exploited rather than hallowed his name. The pendulum has swung too far to winsome ways. "The Saviour must wear soft raiment. If he ever was rough, the less a Saviour he. If he is austere, it is due to a religion that takes to monkish interpretation. If he is exacting, it is due to callous theologians." But the youth were not held by the softened sympathetic gospel, though they were not hesitant to tramp the way of tears and blood and death for their country. The nation with authority demanded devotion, while the church without authority appealed for the favor of their good will. The heart of youth ever leaps to the challenge of a hard and worthy task.

I feel that we must make it clear to our returning boys that the church is not going to compete with the Y. M. C. A. as an entertainment bureau. It is not the function of the church to do things for the soldier, but to demand as the organized representative of the Kingdom of God the service of his whole life. America did not assume the attitude of serving her soldiers, but made them feel that they owed her their bodies, their homes, their very lives. The church must not be second in claim and authority to the country. For the church that becomes a mere rival of the movie or theater is a pathetic failure. The goal of attraction is unworthy of the church. She must be the prophet of the unseen, the claimant of men's lives, the authoritative director of will and energy, the

instructor of conscience, and the leader into the war for righteousness from which there is no furlough till the honorable discharge of death. The church must make it hard for returning soldiers to be Christians, as hard as Christ made it, who never was guilty of inveigling men into discipleship by the promise of the flower-strewn lane. Moreover, this call to the way of the cross is not the impatient insistence on petty rules and functionless dogmas, but the uncompromising exaction that the Kingdom of God be put first, that the mandates of the eternal be obeyed, that men must lose their lives to save others, defeat injustice in society, and lead the world to the city of God. We shall expect our boys from the battlefields of France, not to scrap the implements of warfare, but to beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. This is their first big task, to change every war-winning factor into the tools of peace with which to rebuild a shattered world.

So we shall say to him when he comes, "To follow Jesus Christ in America is harder than being a soldier of Uncle Sam in Europe."

III. The third question is, *What Necessary Preparation Shall We Make to Receive Him?*

Are we ready to receive

> "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph"?

Are the Methodists whose ardor is dampened by a chilly rain, and whose purpose to serve the kingdom is annulled by an icy sidewalk, prepared to meet men who recently were saying:

> "I have a rendezvous with death
> At midnight in some flaming town,
> When spring trips north again this year.
> And I to my pledged word am true,
> I shall not fail that rendezvous."

Are we soldiers enough to receive soldiers? Is there firmness in our purpose and militancy in our tread? These are heart searching questions the church must quickly answer.

There are evidences of unpreparedness. There are false and lethargic editions of Christians in circulation. In a college in the

Orient, a missionary began apologizing for the war in Christian Europe, in which nearly all Christian nations were embroiled. One of the non-Christian students arose and said, "You need not proceed with the explanation. We have discussed that question and concluded that the war has been caused by too little rather than too much of the spirit of Christ." The church adherents that don't adhere are a menace to the returning soldiers. The folks in soldiers' homes, whose names are on church records, but are indifferent to their divine commission, blind to the power of a life fully possessed by Christ, will say by their lassitude to the soldier returned, "The Kingdom of God is not important, nothing to get excited over, certainly not worth selling all you have in promotion of its program." If the soldiers are to come under the influence of the stay-at-homes who have given the fag ends of their time and money and lives to the King, they cannot be expected to think that the gospel we preach is to be taken very seriously. Not even Gabriel's trumpet could waken a community to the supremacy and majesty of the Messiah where they have been under the spell of sleepy-living Christians. The great affirmations of a living faith—unselfish love, uncalculating service, unchanging and unchangeable good will, fortitude in trial and an assurance of immortality in death—must be written large in the lives of the soldiers of the cross who were compelled to remain at home. This kind of preparation to receive the victors of the greatest struggle for humanity in the history of the race has inherently the claim of priority in the thought and plans of the church.

Therefore, the timeliness of the Centenary Resurgence, the Call to the church to repent, the Urgence of a revival in which the scale of values of the last Methodist is so readjusted as to place the Kingdom at the top. It is an awakening that holds the promise of Christianizing Christianity. I hail it as a means of preparing the heart and life of the church for the reception of men who had been through the fires of hell for righteousness' sake.

We have spoken of the boys' return, their influence on religion, what we must say to them when they come, and the fundamental preparation to receive them. But what of the boys who will not return, who have paid the "last full measure of devotion" to the

cause so near to all our hearts, and have forever hallowed a plot of ground in the fields of France? They lift our task to the highest sanctity. They give to us the sacred commission of making the world worthy of their having died. They impart to the summons of President Wilson uttered at the beginning of the war a new urgence at its close that makes the most callous pervious to its high appeal. "To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything we are and everything we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

God helping us, we can do no other, when we hear the voice of the 58,000 American lads who will not come back.

"In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields."

Wilson G. Cole,

TWICE-TOLD TALES OF THE SOUTH

But for the saving grace of humor life would be devoid of much that keeps the spirits cheerful. The bright story that inspires laughter is an enemy of depression and a promoter of longevity. The late Rev. James Park, D.D., for nearly half a century pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Knoxville, Tennessee, not infrequently told me that, without his customary joke, he would have been in his grave long before reaching his more than four score years. His keen relish for the mirth-provoking and harmless anecdote is still a subject of remark on the part of those who revere his memory. In this attitude to merriment there is no suggestion of flippancy or any departure from high seriousness. It is an expression of the normal, healthy, rational man or woman.

In the hurry and turmoil of modern life, time and opportunity increasingly lack for the exercise of the wholesome art of story-telling. An exchange of social visits is all but rare enough to excite remark. On the street we scarcely dare to stop a friend or acquaintance for a few words of greeting or conversation. In fact, it seems hardly in keeping with good form to indicate recognition except by simply bowing or saluting. Apparently the stopping of one is pardonable only on the ground of having an ax to grind or a benefit to confer. Therefore, under the stress of circumstances, little room is afforded for exchanges of anecdotes. About the only opportunities for their injection are at the lunch counter or on the street car. In the olden times, before men had degenerated into machines on the plea of efficiency, sufficient time was at hand for such a diversion. About almost every man who figured prominently in public, professional, or private life, good stories went the rounds in the press or at the social gathering. It might have been, and probably was, the case that in some instances the basis lay not in authenticity so much as in applicableness. Because of their reproduction from antiquity or their appropriation to fit character many have been disposed to distrust the majority of a large fund of anecdotes centering about a distinguished per-

sonage. A notable exemplar of the distrustful type was the late Joshua W. Caldwell, lawyer, scholar, author. His sense of humor, in its exhibitions, played upon the surface of men and affairs like the dancing reflection of sunshine in the ripples of laughing waters. Once I suggested to him that a defect of his valuable book, The Bench and Bar of Tennessee, was his failure to incorporate more interesting stories about the State's illustrious bar, and these are multitudinous. His answer and reason are to be found on page 40 of that work:

> "Stories of distinguished men are very much to be distrusted. As a rule they have come down from a remote antiquity and have been applied in succession to the great men of many generations. The writer has heard stories told of Lincoln and Webster which are to be found in Boccaccio."

These words Mr. Caldwell uses in reproducing the bull-hide story touching Judge John Haywood from Judge Josephus C. Guild's book, Old Times in Tennessee, which he deemed trustworthy. Perhaps the trouble with him was that he was too learned and versatile; had read and remembered too much.

In the South there are widely current stories which, transmitted through the years and changed somewhat in the passage from lip to lip, have become fixed ingredients of our folklore. They survive in local traditions and habitations, differentiated in their coloring by wide intervals of time and space. Other stories have become firmly imbedded or interwoven in the structural limits of the printed page. Where this is not so it becomes the part of the historian or novelist to fix them permanently in our literature. In a rather promiscuous reading of books, magazines, and old newspapers I have been not a little entertained from finding good stories that had wide divergences of time and authorship, but whose essential elements were identical. In some instances I have heard delightful raconteurs, with slightly varying shades, tell anecdotal incidents of eccentric or of distinguished persons which were to be found in old newspapers or books of humor. As suggested above, the street car often affords an avenue for the exchange or hearing of good stories. Recently in such a public conveyance I heard from the lips of a young Knoxville barrister

a story which carried me back more than seventeen years. It was considerably altered, not on the whole for the better, and ran in this wise: A heavy rain storm overtook a belated traveler in front of a country church in which services were being held. Though not accustomed to resort to the sanctuary on any occasion, the traveler embraced the opportunity of finding shelter and joined the crowded worshiping congregation. The preacher had just begun his sermon. Much of it had to do with a classification of the prophets into major and minor, and the assignment of each to his proper class. In the course of the effort perplexity arose in his mind as to the place of Jeremiah. Thinking that the correct answer would come eventually, in the dilemma he repeated several times the interrogatory: "Where shall I place Jeremiah?" The traveler, not so familiar with the Bible or so attentive as he might have been, said aloud, "Parson, you may give Jeremiah my seat!" and straightway, the storm having ceased, left for the pursuance of his journey.

In June, 1901, Dr. Charles D. McIver, president of the North Carolina Normal and Industrial College, delivered the annual literary address at the University of Tennessee commencement. Dr. McIver, whose sudden and untimely death from apoplexy on a railway train is recalled, was a most felicitous and apt story-teller. The address on the appointed day won great favor. Audiences grew eager to hear him with the offering of opportunity. Called on frequently and unexpectedly, on one occasion he illustrated his dilemma and unpreparedness by using the above anecdote, with some material changes. As he told it, the long-winded preacher had exhausted himself and his congregation in the attempt to put in their appropriate class the prophets, and was stumbling over Hosea. Thinking to prod memory to a right solution, time and again he asked the question: "Where shall I place Hosea?" As the repetition went on, it was uttered in more vehement tones until it reached the stentorian pitch. In a rear pew of the building an old farmer had fallen asleep. Awakened by the vociferous inquiry he failed to catch the meaning or connection. Regardless of the surroundings, and heedless of the proprieties, he shouted: "Preacher, you may give Hosea my seat;

I've had enough of the sarmint and am agwine out." Here is instanced the survival of practically the same story in the same environment, whether traceable or not to Dr. McIver, from whose lips I first heard it.

Another parallelism of the kind brings to mind a delightful Southern humorist and a notable university president of the foretimes. Nearly twenty-one years ago, as the representative of the University of Tennessee I attended the annual meeting of the Southern Association of High Schools, Colleges, and Universities held at Vanderbilt University. On one of the days of the gathering a good number of the delegates were dined by Chancellor and Mrs. James A. Kirkland. Among these was Dr. George T. Winston, then president of the University of Texas. A felicitous story-teller, as his old Latin students in the University of North Carolina can testify, around the hospitable board he regaled us with lively anecdotes. One was to this effect: "A Tennessean, with an ugly crime charged against him, consulted a lawyer, and the advice was that he had best "slope" to another State. In Louisiana incorrigible criminal instincts again found gratification. An attorney was consulted as to the best course to pursue, in view of all the facts, and Texas was presented as an inviting field. In this once haven of outlaws the criminal was again confronted with the law's inexorable claims for punishment. His Texas lawyer counseled that he had better "slope" at once to Mexico, if he would evade the law's toils. "Hell!" came the response. "Ain't I already in Texas?" With a little less elaboration and a change of setting we have a story of the Georgia humorist, Major Charles H. Smith, founded on the same basis. The twelfth paper of that entertaining volume Bill Arp's Peace Papers thus closes the account of a "run-a-gee" trying to escape from General Sherman's march through Georgia:

> "We have now tride Mr. Sherman's front and his flanks, and found no pease, for the future we shall rest in the reer of his army, until dislodged by kauses unknown and unfourseen. We can't run agin, for the reesin urged by the Texin, who, when he got into trouble, took advise of a lawyer as to what he orter do. His kase was so bad that his fathful atturney advised him to run away. 'The devil,' says he, 'Where shall I run to? I'm in Texas now.'"

A curious repetition, or overlapping, of the same story I have recently noted in some reading of Methodist history. A very laughable coffee incident is told in the History of Methodism in Georgia and Florida by Rev. George G. Smith, D.D. Its preservation is attributed to old ministers who were contemporaries of the victim of the joke, the Rev. Robert L. Edwards. The author hesitated about inserting it, as perhaps too trivial for dignified history. This is his narrative:

> "He (Edwards) was very fond of good coffee, and he was often where it was not to be found. He met Bishop Andrew, who was passing through his circuit. They were going to dine at the house of an old lady whose coffee lost in quality what it made up in quantity. He concluded that he would secure a refreshing cup for himself while he saw to the bishop's welfare. He rode ahead to the house, and said to the good sister:
>
> "'Sister, Bishop Andrew is going to dine with you, and he is specially fond of strong coffee.'
>
> "Dinner came. There were two coffee pots on the table. The lady poured for the bishop a cup, rich, amber-colored, strong. Then sweetly turning to Brother Edwards, said: 'Well, Brother Edwards, we do not like ours so strong.' The preacher had his coffee poor, but the joke on him was rich, and he enjoyed it."

In Sprague's Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit, which appeared in 1861, sixteen years before Dr. Smith's work, and is listed by the Georgia author as one of his authorities, Bishop James O. Andrew gives a sketch of the pioneer Carolina preacher, Rev. Daniel Asbury, and tells the coffee story of him in these words:

> "My venerable friend (Asbury) was a great lover of strong coffee; and this proclivity of his was well understood where he had often lodged, and the good sisters directed their coffee arrangements with reference to it. But it seems that, once on a time, he was traveling with a junior brother who knew that, at the house where they were to breakfast, the good lady was rather economical in the use of the precious berry—so he rode ahead, and informed the hostess that Brother Asbury would relish a cup of coffee of much more than ordinary strength. At length breakfast was announced, and the junior brother approached the table, congratulating himself that he too should get a good dish of coffee, and on the old gentleman's credit; but what was his disappointment and mortification when he espied two coffee-pots on the table, from one of which Brother Asbury was served with good strong coffee while the ingenious junior had to take his portion from the family coffee-pot. This joke on his

young traveling companion the old man used to tell with great zest; and no one had a keener relish for a good joke than he."

The two amusing incidents are so identical, there being merely changes of names, that they are referable to the same source. The conclusion is forced that Dr. Smith had forgotten or overlooked the Sprague's Annals story and that he had accepted the traditional account which confused Asbury and Andrew, the junior preacher and Edwards. The History of Methodism in South Carolina, by Rev. Albert M. Shipp, D.D., which was published in 1882, gives literally the story from the Annals.

Two recent books of Southern history I have read with deep interest. They are Lucian Lamar Knight's Georgia Landmarks, Memorials and Legends, which was published in 1914, and William Ballard Lenoir's History of Sweetwater Valley, in East Tennessee, which appeared in 1916. In Mr. Knight's work may be found the details of an Indian story which has long been current in East Tennessee and thought to belong solely to its folklore, and which Mr. Lenoir has committed to the pages of his work. From its locality the Georgia story affects the Creek Indians, while that of East Tennessee touches the Cherokees. With boundaries touching over a wide extent, and often in dispute, the relations of the two tribes were so intimate that stories and legends might be interchangeable. Taking the time element into consideration, the hero of the Georgia story enjoys precedence over his Tennessee counterpart. George Galphin's activities among the Creeks belonged to the latter part of the eighteenth century, whereas those of John McGhee among the Cherokees were restricted in the main to the early part of the nineteenth. As a trader and an influential man with the Creeks, Galphin held a primary position on the banks of the Savannah river. In reaching out for landed possessions in Indian territory his avidity, or cupidity, extended to the Ogeechee river, and embraced a domain which included the State's future capital, Louisville. Mr. Knight says:

"The following story is told of how George Galphin acquired the land on which the town of Louisville was afterward built. Attracted by the red coat which he wore, an old Indian chief, whose wits had been some-

what sharpened by contact with the traders, thus approached him, in the hope of securing the coveted garment. Said he:

"'Me had dream last night.'

"'You did? What did you dream about?'

"'Me dream you gave me dat coat.'

"'Then you shall have it,' said Galphin, who immediately suited the action to the word by transferring to him the coat.

"Quite a time elapsed before the old chief returned to the post, but when he again appeared in the settlement Galphin said:

"'Chief, I dreamed about you last night.'

"'Ugh!' he grunted, 'what did you dream?'

"'I dreamed that you gave me all the land in the fork of the creek,' pointing to one of the tributary streams of the Ogeechee.

"'Well, said the old chief, 'you take it, but me no more dream.'"

Exchanging coat for rifle, this story does not differ materially from one narrated of John McGhee in connection with a large island in the Little Tennessee river, the acquirement of which is thus told by Lenoir:

"In relation to one of these islands in Little Tennessee river the late Henry Bradley related to me this anecdote: Mr. Bradley was for years an employee of Colonel Charles M. McGhee, son of John McGhee of whom the story is told. An Indian chief owned or claimed an island in the river the bank of which was owned by McGhee. McGhee had a very fine rifle of rare make which the Indian was anxious to buy, but McGhee was unwilling to part with. On one occasion the Indian visited McGhee and after hanging around for a while remarked:

"'Big Chief had a dream.'

"'I hope that it was a pleasant one; what did Big Chief dream?'

"'Big Chief dreamed White Chief gave Indian his fine gun.'

"'O, that's it, is it? Well, if Big Chief was told by the spirit in a dream that he is to have fine gun, he must not be disappointed.'

"Not a great while afterward they met, and after the customary greeting McGhee said:

"'How did you like your gun?'

"'Great gun; kill anything.'

"'White Chief had a dream too.'

"'Uh, huh! What?'

"'White Chief dream Indian Chief made him a deed to the island over there.'

"'Here, take gun back.'

"'Can't do it; Indian dreamed it away from me, no good to me any more.'

"'Big Chief make you a deed, but Indian no dream against white man no more.'"

In quoting the Galphin story Mr. Knight does not give the source,

and it may be that the date of origin is subsequent to the McGhee story.

At times my attention has been arrested from finding the same threads or keynotes in stories emanating from diverse quarters. In some instances the connecting links were more or less close, while in others they may have been suggested by similar circumstances or environments.

Richard Malcolm Johnston's Life of Alexander Stephens records a scene illustrative of the superstitious fears of the Negro. A sick slave-owner, dosed with calomel and forbidden to drink cold water, was left in the care of a trusty slave. When constant begging for water, followed by threats of extreme punishment if unheeded, failed to move the servant, other expedients were resorted to in this fashion:

> "'Shadrach, my boy, you are a good nigger, Shadrach. If you'll go now and fetch old master a pitcher of water, I'll set you free and give you five hundred dollars!' and he dragged out the syllables slowly and heavily from his dry jaws, as if to make the sum immeasurably vast.
>
> "But Shadrach was proof even against this temptation. The old gentleman groaned and moaned. At last he bethought him of one final stratagem. He raised his head as well as he could, turned his haggard face full on Shadrach, and glaring at him from his hollow, bloodshot eyes, said:
>
> "'Shadrach, I am going to die, and it is because I can't get any water. If you don't go and bring me a pitcher of water, after I'm dead I'll come back and haunt you? I'll haunt you as long as you live!'
>
> "'O, Lordy, master! You shall hab de water!" cried Shadrach, and he rushed out to the spring.
>
> "The next morning the master was decidedly better, and, to the astonishment of all, got well."

When, nearly forty years ago, a citizen of Alabama and teaching my first school in Gainesville, Sumter County, I heard a somewhat similar story of Governor John A. Winston, the State's first native-born executive. His large plantation was near Gainesville. Amid its broad and smiling acres sat the spacious dwelling of the ante-bellum type, and in it I spent some pleasant week-ends. After the Civil War Governor Winston, broken in health and awaiting death, sought to place his house in order. He had sold a large family coach to one of his old ex-slaves, whose political

ambitions were all the greater by reason of the high station once held by his former master. Part of the debt remained unpaid for a long time. No threats or entreaties could effect a settlement. Failing in every recourse, the aged statesman determined to work upon the superstitious awe of the ex-slave. Calling him to his bedside, he said: "Jim, I am going to die; the end cannot be far away. I shall be buried in the old family burial ground yonder in sight of your cabin. I have used every means to get you to pay the balance due on that carriage. You are able to do so, but refuse, and make excuses. Let me tell you now, solemnly and sacredly, if that money isn't paid before I die, every time you take a ride in that coach my ghost is going to take a seat right by your side and haunt you as long as you live!" Such an appeal evidently had an overwhelming effect, as the debt was immediately canceled.

One of the most humorous sketches in Joseph G. Baldwin's Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi hinges about the pineapple sop incident at the Saint Charles Hotel in New Orleans. Two young men from Mississippi were visitors to the South's metropolis and its most famous hostelry. One was a practical joker, the other a pretentious parvenu. The latter had attended East Tennessee University at Knoxville. He professed to have had ready entrée to the most refined families of the college town, and prided himself upon his familiarity with all the usages of polite society. Ushered into the beautifully appointed dining room, the two surveyed the brilliant throng of guests with immense satisfaction. The festive youth thought of the possible opportunities for making an impression. After the fruit was served finger bowls were brought by the waiter. Their shape was very different, the upstart noticed, from the ordinary drinking vessel, and he asked his companion what the curious glasses contained. With nonchalant air, the reply came that the contents were a delicious pineapple sop. Thereupon the credulous youth proceeded to drink a deep draught. The young men had already attracted attention. When the observant guests saw the performance roars of laughter followed. Uncontrolled mirth reigned, which the would-be lion was quick to perceive he had evoked. Feeling sore that his com-

panion had made him a butt of ridicule he immediately left the table, thirsting for revenge. The consequences were a severe punishment inflicted bodily upon the perpetrator of the joke, a prosecution for assault and battery, and a complete vindication of the accused when the evidence disclosed all the facts. This incident may have had some foundation in fact, although embellished no doubt by Baldwin's inimitable grasp of ludicrous situations and his rare skill in descriptive effects.

In William Garrett's Reminiscences of the Public Men of Alabama may be found an account of a like breach of etiquette. Among that State's prominent lawyers and legislators was George W. Williams. He served with Baldwin in the State legislature of 1843. A great lover of anecdote and a charming raconteur, his mirth was contagious and his popularity unbounded. While at college in Columbia, and a guest with fellow students in the home of South Carolina's governor, he committed a breach similar to that described by Baldwin. Sitting at the corner of the table, to him first, of the guests, the finger bowl was handed. Without any delay or ceremony he took it. Presuming it the proper thing to do, and being thirsty, he put it to his lips and assuaged his thirst. A general titter among the students followed. Greatly perturbed, he failed to grasp the meaning until he noted that the one to whom a bowl was next handed daintily bathed his fingers therein and carefully wiped them on a napkin. His mortification was great.

In telling the incident in after years, Williams said that he did not receive the consideration shown on one occasion to a Kentucky mule drover in the home of Judge Huger of South Carolina. Having made a sale to the jurist about the dinner hour the drover was persuaded to partake of his elegant hospitality. When the finger bowl was handed to him he refreshed himself with a copious draught. To forestall any discomfiture on the part of the guest, Judge Huger at once bade the servant pass it next to himself. Taking a drink therefrom, he passed it on to his accomplished wife and beautiful daughters, who without apparent reluctance followed the example. Thus, with remarkable tact and genuine courtesy, the feelings of the drover were shielded. Baldwin may have gathered some suggestions from his friend and legislative

colleague for the richly entertaining story in his humorous book descriptive of the flush times of the first half of the past century in the Southwest.

A good story, whether it illustrates a truth, punctures pretense, or creates mirth, is worthy of repetition. The abuse of the practice of anecdotal narrative lies in an attempt to palm off jokes as original when hoary with age or stale from use. The fact that parallels in particular incidents are sometimes found does not diminish their interest or value. The gist of the argument is that bright, pleasurable stories, however often or of whom told, are to the mind what sauce is to the palate. They are not essential to mental livelihood, as sauce is not necessary for bodily nourishment, but the enlivening effect furnishes to life an undeniable cheer and unsurpassable zest. Doubt as to their genuineness in personal application ought not to prove a deterrent to wholesome enjoyment and judicious use.

George F. Mellen.

THE QUEST OF EARNEST SOULS[1]

Life is a strange adventure. The story of suffering Job in the world's best book on religion is a picture of many a noble life. Here's a man, sitting in the throes of disease, asking a silent sky the cause of his suffering. He has lost all he had, seemingly by the turn of misfortune. Life seems to have dealt him a poor hand and still forces him to play his game. Death anxiously waits for him, while the evil barters for his soul. This picture suggests to us the problem of life.

What can this life of ours mean? is the question that every earnest soul sooner or later inquires. Life presents to every thinking man a problem to be solved. Why do we live? Man is not self-sufficient—why, he hardly understands himself. The world is run by a strange and commonplace routine. In fact, at times all seems to be decided by the toss of a dice or the turn of a tide. A haunting sense of incompleteness hangs like a threatening shadow over all our life. We aspire to be, but seemingly reach little but failure. "What I aspired to be and was not," seems the never-failing story of all humanity. Death puts in its sickle and reaps a harvest of young and old, of good and bad, and, with fiendish glee, seems to delight in the path of sorrow he cuts through the world.

No individual can ever settle the problem of life for the world at large; the mysteries of individual life must be solved as individual life. Social reforms must come, and we can never forget the community ideals as long as we live in community relationships. But it is just here that much of the otherwise worthy social interpretation of the gospel falls down—it tries to handle humanity by "job lots." The United States Mint can shovel up pennies in scoop shovels and weigh them in bushel baskets and account for every last individual cent; but it is once and forever impossible to account for individual personalities on any such mechanical scale. There is more to man than his size and weight,

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[1] Sketch of a talk given to the men aboard a ship of the Atlantic Fleet.

and no scheme has as yet been devised by which the strange and wonderful as well as the subtle powers of man's mysterious mind can be measured or clearly understood. The problem of life must be met for the individual by the individual. As no individual can ever settle the problem of life for the world at large, it is equally true that the world at large can never settle the problem of life for the individual. It follows, then, that every man must solve the problem of his individual life alone. We turn then to the way some meet this challenge of life.

In the first place, it seems advisable to state a pertinent consideration in relation to this theme. All men feel the bitter irony of life, but they likewise feel the need of something to put their trust in. Some trust in one thing and others in another, but this much must be stated as irrefutable logic: that man is only as strong as the object in which he puts his trust. If he puts his trust in a modern flying machine, as he tries the wings of the air, his safety is only as safe as the machine that carries him. If it falls to death and destruction, he must inevitably reap a similar harvest. Some look at life and say, "We soon die, so what's the difference?" and they live by the standards that such an interpretation of life suggests. Some say that the goddess of chance wields the scepter of the world and its destiny, and attempt to seek refuge in thoughts akin to such a creed. Others meet the problem of life by reducing all to a mechanical philosophy—the world was wound up like a clock, and it is now ticking off its time for no other reason but that it is forced to do so by the pressure of a tautened spring. But still others turn, like dumb driven cattle, from the problem of life and answer that they are too busy to bother with the same. They are not concerned in the purpose of their life; they must get something to eat and something to wear merely for the sake of eating and wearing. One is very prone to condemn this type of activity; but when it is remembered that this is the story of the masses, it calls for pity. And so it runs. There are thousands who never have a thought worth the time it takes to think it. And it is not because they cannot think; it is because they will not
appalling responsibilities of life. They feel that they must be
think. They are afraid they will be serious in dealing with the

young and light-hearted. Youth must giggle a certain proportion of their life, but God pity them if they do nothing else but giggle. But there are some who meet the challenge of life with a nobler spirit; they feel the impact of life's greatest realities pressing in upon them. We turn, then, to a more careful investigation of a process by which earnest souls come to a conclusion concerning how to live this life with all its mysteries.

The suggested process will begin in the kindergarten of logic and understanding. Whatever the physical world may be in reality, man remains once and forever a living, breathing personality that thinks and feels, that longs and loves, that wills and does. From whence came both man and the phenomenal world? It is at this point that one hears from time to time the echoes of some shallow brains with the old "which-came-first-the-hen-or-the-egg" method of skepticism. But some one even now urges the same issue and asks for an answer. They feel that it is logical to ask who made God if God made the world. What is the answer? It lies just here, that all life is based on some assumption. One old school decried a God as the beginning of things and set up a whirling mass of unthinking matter as the beginning of things and called it a nebular hypothesis. No matter what scheme is propounded the fact remains that it must in the final analysis rest upon nothing but an assumption. The problem then hinges on the choice of assumptions and on nothing more. Many and varied are the assumptions from which to choose, as "Mobile Cosmic Ether," "Nebular Hypothesis," "The Eternity of Matter," "A Blind Principle That is Blindly Working Out Some Blind Scheme," "The Christian Interpretation," etc., etc. Some choose one thing and others choose another, but it is our conviction that the loftiest minds with their long reaches of understanding inevitably choose the assumption of "In the beginning God created." And it is furthermore our contention that that choice is the most rational of all, for it more clearly meets the explanation demanded by all things concerned. To accept the "Nebular Hypothesis theory" surely puts a burden on the man that makes that choice to explain how thinking man ever came out of an unthinking mass of matter. To accept the theory of "The Eternity of

Matter" carries with it the difficulty involved in proving that matter has any existence in itself at all. Surely no assumption meets the problem better than the assumption of an adequate God. The Creator of the world must be intelligent, for the universe carries the marks of order and design. If man thinks and feels, longs and loves, wills and does, his Maker must be at least able to think and feel, to long and love, to will and do, for in a rational world everything must have an adequate cause. This same line of reasoning can be carried throughout the whole domain of life. Every fine passion in human life must be paralleled by a similar passion in the cause of life. Man fathers his offspring with a passion that springs from the deepest instinct in life, therefore God must himself be a father with all the tender qualities of a father's heart. He must care with a care that counts, for his passions are infinitely greater than any similar passions in man. And then, too, man intuitively reaches for a God. That little babe with its little pink fingers clings to its mother long before its little mind has even an inkling of an understanding. Just as intuitively man naturally clings to a faith in a God long before his little mind has any understanding of the eternal purpose of all life. To condemn man for his faith in God would be as logical as blaming the child for clinging to its mother's neck. So, then, our logic brings to us a rational faith in the backlying cause of all life. To explain the existence of the sense of moral distinctions between right and wrong, man needs a moral God on the throne of the universe; while to account for the existence of spiritual capacities in humanity, man must likewise assume an adequate God at the heart of the world. And so run the fruitful suggestions concerning the pathway through which earnest souls pass in quest of a God who cares. Ignorance may still raise its questions concerning these great fundamental things; but to ignorance like to insanity it is impossible to prove anything. To be convinced intellectually, ethically, morally, spiritually, and intuitively of God is but to put behind life the compelling power of a religious faith that makes it richer and sweeter and fuller and deeper in all its relations. The purpose of life is wrapped up and tangled with the religious reaches of human life. "Whoever

discards religious faith should appoint a day of mourning for his soul and put on sackcloth and ashes. He must take from his life the greatest thought that man the thinker ever had, the finest faith that man the worker ever leaned upon, the surest help that man the sinner ever found, the strongest reliance that man the sufferer ever trusted in, the loftiest vision that man the lover ever saw, and the only hope that man the mortal ever had." To be convinced of God back of the world, in the world, immanent and transcendent, robs life of its littleness and fashions the fabric of mighty souls. It is just that surging conviction that stirred poor old calamity-stricken Job to cry out, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him."

If the story of Job reveals a man with a practical faith in the purposes of creation, how much more should we be gripped by the tugging of eternity in our souls? For we know of a man that lived in Galilee of Judæa whom the world has called its Christ. Friend and enemy, prophet and priest, all alike agree that this man was a good man. Some say that God is like Christ and others say that Christ is like God, but both agree that God and Christ are much alike. We have therefore heard God speak in our language and have seen him walk in our streets. Jesus remains once and forever the unveiled righteousness of God. He then, who is intellectually, ethically, morally, spiritually, and intuitively convinced of God must meet the challenge of this Christ. Some conclusion must be reached concerning him who clearly claims to be the only Saviour of the world. Thus the thoughtful quest of earnest souls sooner or later leads to the threshold of the Christ.

H. H. Lippincott

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

BRITAIN'S CONTRIBUTION TO VICTORY[1]

During the earlier part of our participation in this war, most of us were so busy being conscious of the contribution America must make that we thought of scarcely anything else. Perhaps for the time being it was allowable, as we mobilized the physical, moral, and spiritual resources of the United States; as we thought of what we must give and of what we must do, perhaps it was allowable that for the time we should forget, at least, that for the time we should cease to emphasize the immortal sacrifice of France, the audacious, splendid daring of Italy, the organized and completely masterful defiance of Great Britain to the foe.

Perhaps it was well that just at that time this nation, which had been a series of multitudinous fragments, unorganized into cohesive unity, should have such a compelling sense of the new oneness it had attained, of that spiritual consciousness of American solidarity, that that one experience should fill its mind. Perhaps it is not strange that at that time the fathers who were seeing their sons across the sea should be busy thinking of that and saying to themselves:

"Our hands and our boys' hands are joined in a grip unbroken,
Though they fight in far stern lands, 'mid tragedies unspoken."

Perhaps it was natural that they should be so busy with that thought of giving, that they should forget to think of other lands. Perhaps it was natural for the American mother, sitting in her home and thinking of her boy in France, to say to herself,

"Your eyes are shining in my heart to-night;
Are they shining bright in France?
Your face is glowing with courageous light;
Is it strong and firm in France?
I sit lonely in a still, dark night,
But I fight with you in France."

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[1] Delivered before the Chicago Association of Commerce on "British Day," December 7, 1918, by Professor Lynn Harold Hough, who was sent to Great Britain by Northwestern University on a speaking tour to interpret to the British people American ideals and purposes in the war. This is the first message of Professor Hough to America as a result of his visit to Britain.

Perhaps it was natural that she should be so busy then with the gift of her own son that she would not be busy thinking of the contribution of other lands.

But now we have come to the moment of quiet getting of perspective after peace has come, and now we have a right to forget even that glorious and noble self-consciousness of a great people girding themselves for a mighty task. We have a right to look out and see what we have owed, what we do owe to the other nations participating with us and before us in this war.

To-day we are to think about the contribution of Great Britain, and I am very glad that the chairman struck the note which I want to be my note, of a serious consideration of some things Americans have been all too likely to forget, for I am not here this afternoon to attempt any verbal gymnastics, or any tortuous phrases, which by their unusual depth and skill will tickle your fancy or touch your imagination. I am not here to attempt any flights of vivid and emotional oratory, which by the mere sweeping movement of their dynamic force shall set your hearts beating faster. The thing I would like to do this afternoon is to consider very frankly some of those things which are basal for a true understanding of what Great Britain has done, and for a true understanding of the place Britain and America are to take together in coming days.

The first contribution which Great Britain made to the victory was the contribution of the character of the British empire.

There has been a very subtle and a very deadly propaganda in America which had as its objective making us misunderstand the British Empire, and there is inside the United States a certain type of man who insists that, if he will have to give up loving Germany, he at least will hate Great Britain until he dies. Now, sometimes that man is a man of sincerity, who does not understand the facts. It is very important, because of insidious remarks which he is making and the intellectual confusion which he is disseminating, that we should face the facts.

Now, the fundamental thing we need to understand is that the British Empire is in the profoundest sense a democracy, and that as a democracy it went into the war; that Great Britain is not a monarchy in any sense which defeats or antagonizes the profoundest ends of democracy.

King George is the symbol of the national solidarity, he is the human flag of Great Britain. Now, we would die for our flag, but

nobody ever thought of giving the flag the right to vote. We would not allow anybody to insult our flag, but nobody ever supposed that the flag could draft a constitution. We love our flag, but the flag is the symbol of the nation's solidarity, and that, and no more, gloriously vivified in splendid human manhood, is King George.

Then we need to understand that the history of the British Empire, certainly since the eighteenth century, has been a history constantly approximating an understanding of the position of people in various parts of the empire, and giving them the fullest self-government as rapidly as they were capable of functioning in that regard.

I don't need to tell you Canadian friends who are here this afternoon that the dominion of Canada has not paid one cent of taxation to the imperial treasury of Great Britain since it has existed as a dominion.

The dominion of Canada represents something profoundly significant when you think of men who have been telling us that the British Empire is an instrument of tyranny. Now, imagine that great dominion not paying one cent taxation to the treasury of Great Britain during its history, and not coerced to send one soldier to this great war! And when you face a fact like that, you begin to understand what is the genius of Great Britain.

When you look at South Africa, and think of that great South African group of states, with a situation that would parallel what it would have meant for us if Robert E. Lee had been President of the United States within ten years of the close of the civil war, you begin to understand the largeness and the generosity of the governmental methods of the British Empire. And when you see the fashion in which South Africa stood loyal at the moment of fullest opportunity to secure revenge, if revenge were desired after the South African war, you begin to understand that there is some quality in the British Empire which captures the affection even of people who have been lately foes.

Now, there have been some people who are willing to admit this sort of thing, who have tried to insist that after all Great Britain in its interior activity is not democratic. Now, of course, the truth is that Great Britain is more democratic, politically, than the United States of America. There are two points at which Great Britain is more democratic than the United States. I say this not to praise Great Britain and not to condemn the United States, because, as I

shall show in a moment, I think perhaps there is something to be said for our method.

But if by democracy you mean the speed with which people realize their will, just observe this: You can have a piece of legislation passed by Congress, by the Senate, and signed by the President, and then a tiny group of men in Washington, in the name of a clause in our written constitution, can nullify the will of the people as expressed in legislation all down the years, unless we go through the slow and laborious and difficult process of amending the constitution. And there is no power which can defeat the final action of the Parliament of Great Britain.

Of course, sometimes when people get their way too quickly they get their mood instead of their will, so perhaps we are fortunate; but at least it is clear that an empire constructed in that fashion is tremendously democratic.

Now, it is also true that if Great Britain were to become suddenly impatient with Lloyd George's leadership, it would be possible to have a vote of want of confidence in the House of Commons; it would be possible, if he thought after the vote of confidence that the country would back him, to appeal to it, and in a very few weeks the country would have pronounced for or against the administration. We are helpless until the end of four years after we elect a President.

Now, again, there may be something to be said for that helplessness. It may give the administration fuller opportunity. There may be times when Mr. Lloyd George would be perfectly willing to labor under the burden that our President carries at that particular point. But however that may be, those two points taken right out of the contemporary situation of the British government illustrate the fashion in which the will of the people is secured more immediately in Great Britain than in the United States. So that if by democracy you mean the speed with which the people realize their will, Great Britain is at present politically more democratic than is the United States of America.

There are some people who have admitted all that, and who then state, "After all, Great Britain is the great economic danger of the world." And there were some people in the earlier vocal days of the pro-German group in America who insisted after all Germany went into the war fighting for commercial breathing room. Now, that sounded awfully impressive until some of us began to investi-

gate a little, and we discovered that in the summer of 1914, in spite of the intolerable menace of the British navy, in the summer of 1914 Germany was underselling Great Britain in the city of London in certain staple products. And we discovered that before 1914, in the statistical reports of particular colonies of the British Empire, this year and that year, that Germany sold more materials to a British colony than did the mother country.

Now, if anybody knows what under heaven the British navy was doing in the way of stifling the commercial life of Germany when Germany was underselling Britain in British colonies, I am perfectly willing to be enlightened. Well, I think perhaps I have said enough to indicate what I mean when I say that the first great contribution of Great Britain to victory was the character of Great Britain.

Of course, somebody here is saying "Ireland" under his breath. Well, I will say "Ireland" out loud, and I will deal with that problem in just a few sentences and pass it by. The problem in Ireland has not been for a number of years the problem of what the British government was willing to give. The problem has been the problem of what Ireland was willing to receive. I think that one epigram goes to the very heart of the situation. The whole assumption of the people who want the United States to interfere in that problem is an assumption that Ireland is suffering because of something the British government will not give, when the poor, nervous British government would give almost anything if the united Ireland would only take it.

When I was in Ireland a few weeks ago, before the war had come to an end, getting better things to eat there than I could get anywhere in England, because Ireland was ignoring the food regulations, with Sinn Feiners treasonably practicing the manual of arms, watching that island almost plunging into a kind of anarchy because of the patient, grandmotherly attitude of the British government, it seemed to me that at last the particular type of wrong Ireland is crying out about to-day would perish in the laughter of the nations. Now, there is no doubt in the world that in the past Ireland suffered wrong, and grave wrong, but the nineteenth century saw the end of any technically or really large wrong suffered on the part of Ireland, and to-day the problem is a problem of an Ireland incapable of making up its mind, and not the problem of a Great Britain unready to give it what it really desires.

It would be perfectly possible for me to go on and talk about the crown colonies and other things, and perfectly possible to deal with every one of those things, at least to my own satisfaction, in respect of the profound idealism of the British Empire. Of course, as Professor Wrong, of Toronto University, is fond of saying, there is really no such thing as the British Empire. There is the British Commonwealth, which is a great organism of free peoples, and of people under tutelage in process of becoming free. Now, the genius of that empire is obvious and we need to see it. A nation living by formal logic would treat with everybody and for everybody in a mathematical way all at once, but Britain, with the true psychology of common sense, treats every group according to the pedagogy required by its own state of development. The truth of the matter is that one of the differences structurally between Germany and Great Britain is at this point.

Suppose I characterize France and Germany and Great Britain from the standpoint of this analysis. France represents idealism and mathematical logic, and the reason France had so much trouble a little while ago was because when a Frenchman makes up his mind, he is so gloriously loyal he wants to do everything after breakfast the first morning, and not wait. France is idealism plus mathematical logic. And Germany since 1870 has been unethically efficient, with a mathematical logic, so that the difference between Germany and France was that France harnessed its logic to idealism, and Germany harnessed its logic to efficiency. And Great Britain is idealism harnessed to common sense.

That, of course, is the reason why the typical British man in the ruling class is so often inconsistent, and so gloriously successful with his inconsistency, for he has a perfect way of doing the thing which mathematically is the wrong thing, but psychologically is the right thing. And really, the hope of the world is in combining idealism and shrewd practical strategy after some such fashion as it has been done in the British Empire. And so I say, concluding my first point, that the first great contribution of Great Britain to victory was the character of the British Empire itself.

Now I come to a thing regarding which I must speak in a more personal and intimate way. The second contribution of Great Britain was its gift of sacrifice and heroic courage during four years of war. On September the first of this year, when I stood on the deck of the Carmania, and we steamed out of New York harbor, and we

could see a few other transport ships, somebody said, "We are shipping forty thousand American boys over to the other side"; and as the bands played, "We Are Coming Over," and the thrill of the crusade of America into the old world's conflict swept over and over and over me, again and again, it seemed to me that that was typically the supremest thing in American life.

A little later I was able to see, as I went over the statistics, that America had in Europe about two million fighting men; that America had training in America about a million more. Suppose that every one of the two million American boys who crossed over to Europe, and every one of the one million in training in America, had either been killed or had died of disease or been wounded or been incapacitated through disease, every one of them, that would have represented a smaller casualty list than that of the British Empire.

And yet, there were cynical Americans, who a little earlier were saying that Britain was ready to fight out this war to the last Frenchman. What a small sacrifice in numbers ours has been, though the sacrifice, of course, of any life is priceless; and when I attempt to visualize that 3,048,000 casualty list, it staggers my imagination. Well, I had some help on the other side in making it real. One day I was in the National Liberal Club, talking to a couple of English public men. One of them, as we sat there, took out of his pocket a little photograph of the son of his who had gone over to France to fight and had not come back. Again and again I was entertained over week ends in English homes, with that rare and exquisitely gracious hospitality which England knows so well how to give, and which has been given with such ample generosity to the Americans in the recent days—every time almost before the week end was over, I would be taken into some room; perhaps there would be a medal, perhaps one or two photographs, and then I would hear the story of this boy who had gone to France and would not come back. Maybe there was the prize that he had won in one of England's great universities. Maybe there was a letter from some great teacher with a great reputation, saying that this boy had it in him to become a scholar whose name would have been known all over the world.

Why, when I think of the mental and moral and spiritual power poured out in this rare gift of young English manhood, it seems as if the mother of the nations must weep with an undying sorrow at

such a sacrifice. That has been Great Britain's terrible contribution to victory. On the day when King George was going to St. Paul's for the thanksgiving service after the conclusion of the armistice, I was in the office of a great London weekly on Fleet Street, chatting with my friend the editor. We stood, one at each of the two windows of that particular office, as the king and queen drove down Fleet Street amid the cheering of the people on each side; and as they passed, I turned to my friend. There was a light in his eye and his face glowed. Then in a moment the light darkened, and a look of unutterable sadness came upon his face, and he said, "Well, you know, my friend, after all this is a very hard day for me. That boy of mine who died in France would be nineteen to-day if he were alive."

And so joy and sorrow, the gladness of victory and the pain of renunciation, met in that day. What has been the price? I was in the office of a well-known public man in London. He motioned me quietly to watch his typewriter, and I looked over and noticed in a moment that the man who was his secretary was absolutely blind. He had learned to operate the machine, and he was doing effective, careful work as the secretary of this English public man. And I sat there in the chair for a moment beside this man, with his fingers moving easily upon the machine, and I tried to think and feel my way through that one man's gift of sight for liberty; oh, the unutterable pang and tragedy that that man must bear there, and that ever men must have their eyes torn out to make the world a world fit to live in.

And those are the gifts that many a man of Britain has made, three million of them and more on this great casualty list, with such an enthusiasm and such a dauntless purpose.

One night I was riding in a railroad train from Southampton to London, and for a good part of the way I was alone in the compartment with a very wonderful young British aviator, and as he told me of all that he had gone through and suffered, and of his eagerness to go back to flying again, the passion, the quiet power, the devotion, the energy of that man filled me with a sort of enthusiasm as deep as the very sources of human inspiration. Well, I tried at last to say the thing before I left England, to say it in some way which I could leave behind with a friend of mine who was an editor of one of the weeklies, and it came out something like this:

SEEING ENGLAND

I

On a train for London bound,
While the wheels moved round and round,
Gliding swiftly on the rails,
Whispering untranslated tales
Of men traveling up and down,
Of the vast mysterious town,
I beheld a lad's bright face,
With its haunting fresh young grace,
With its joy of unused power,
With youth's happy, magic dower,
As if God had smiled with joy,
Giving to the world this boy.
Now his face was set for France,
And his eyes flashed like a lance,
Eager, dauntless, strong and bright,
Ready for the last hard fight,
I saw the hope of England.

II

On a dull, gray winter's day,
When cold winds went forth to play,
When the streets were dark and chill,
And life lost its quickening thrill,
I beheld a man's hard face,
Like a runner in a race,
Rigid, tense, and sternly strong,
For endurance hard and long.
There was heartbreak in his eyes,
And a cruel pained surprise,
At life's tragic tides of grief,
Wave on wave without relief.
Yet his purpose as a fire,
Leaping, flaming ever higher,
Through his solid self-control,
Pierced its way into my soul.
I saw the strength of England.

III

By a dim lamp's flickering light
On a London street at night,
While the war, a huge black cloud,
Wrapped the city like a shroud,
I beheld a woman's face,
Stern and sad, yet full of grace.
In her deep and tragic eyes
I saw sorrows' mysteries,
Yet beneath the poignant pain
I could feel a sense of gain,

As if she had power to see
High things hidden far from me.
Though grief left its bitter trace,
There was splendor in her face.
By the trembling yellow light,
In the shadows of the night,
I saw the soul of England.

And so that inexpressible, intangible, invisible spiritual vitality, that is England's second gift to victory. So patient, so uncomplaining, with such quiet dignity, with such insistence that Britain must carry on whatever came, a sort of an incarnate spiritualist granite of the lions on Trafalgar Square, with a human heart beating in them; that is England.

You must understand that that gift of character, that gift of an invisible and priceless strength of purpose, that gift of vision, that gift of commitment, that is the fight which has made these four years immortal.

I sat one night in one of the colleges of Oxford, beside the wife of the principal of that particular college; as the fire was glowing in front of us, we talked along quietly until at last, somehow, there was produced just that atmosphere where it was possible to talk simply and really, and she told me the story of that son of hers who had given his life in France, and at the same time absolutely unable to know even where he rests, and of the fashion in which she had tried to get one fact and one detail after another to piece together the story of the last heroic hour. And as I sat there in that principal's residence in Oxford, with the light playing about that beautiful room, and looked into the face of that mother, with the serenity of those who have suffered for a cause which has dignified their sorrow, and the patience of those who have translated unutterable pain into mental and spiritual power, I felt like taking off my sandals because I, too, was in the presence of the bush which was burning and not consumed; I, too, was standing upon holy ground.

Now, the thing that must not happen is for any of the superficial or temperamental differences on the day of adjustment to hide from our eyes the moral or spiritual splendor of these last four years. Of course we are going to have differences. We are going to have them honestly; we are going to have them frankly, but they are going to be the differences of right and noble men who understand each other and believe in each other, so that deeper than all the difference there is a unity of common understanding and of common devotion.

Now, what about the future? I really wonder how many of you have ever seen this dream of the British and American life, solidified with all the fine idealism of France added, with all the splendor of a developed Italy, at last with all the gift of a new Russia, and some day, please God, with the addition of a regenerated Germany —I wonder if you have seen what that can mean for the world; and I pause a moment on that regenerated Germany because as long as the heart of your foe is unconquered, there is a danger left which menaces your own life, and Germany itself must be made over spiritually as well as defeated from a military standpoint before the world is profoundly safe. Have you thought of how Britain and America, the great English-speaking peoples, are to move forward in this new day? I think something of it came to me in the most dramatic experience, perhaps, I had while on the other side, when I flew over London in one of the big Handley-Page war planes. There were eight of us that afternoon left the field at Herndon, going about eighty miles an hour, went up and circled round and round over London half a mile up in the air, and then came back. It was a curious experience.

In the first place, those Handley-Page machines are so big. I had a feeling as we went back and forth over the field that the machine could not possibly lift, that it was a great fairy story that any machine had lifted, that it would simply move back and forth over the ground, and when finally the thing actually lifted in the air, I had the supremest physical sensation I ever had in my life. I will say that for just superb physical enjoyment I have never known anything like it. And as we moved up over the city and circled about it, a number of things came to me, and that night when I could not sleep at all, when all during the hours of the night I was going over that experience again, I tried to put in copy some words which would show the spiritual meaning of that flight to me:

FLYING OVER LONDON

(Written October 2, after a flight over London in a British war plane.)

The mighty whirling horses of the car
Plunged madly through the highways of the sky,
Like home-sick meteors from some far star,
Scorning the world and its low destiny,
Whom some kind god had given wings to fly
Back to their planet's distant mystery.
The winds reached out great leaping arms of power,
Strong in their ancient heritage of might,

But bent like abject slaves that shake and cower
In sudden shattering and unmanly fright
When there uncoils in hissing serpent's spite
The menace of the lash above their fearful sight.
The earth sends forth its clutching hands of force
Which held men chained below in all the years.
The car climbs upward in its regal course
Among the high-flying birds, its only peers.
It has subdued all crouching human fears,
It has fulfilled the daring dreams of seers.
Widespread below are towns and fields of green
On to the edges of the purple sea,
And there in clear distinctness sharply seen
Is London in her queenly majesty.
Her spires and palaces and homes you see,
The heart of a great empire strong and free.
The silver ribbon of the sparkling Thames
Winds through the city on its shining way.
The sunlight glistens as a million gems
Send from their facets each a glittering ray.
And by the river in the distance there
Saint Paul's cathedral summons men to prayer.
We circle grandly o'er the ancient town.
We taste the triumphs of audacious flight.
Then strangely presses that most cruel crown
Whose thorns draw blood in many a far-flung fight.
For all the world, a tragic, broken star,
Is held in the remorseless clutches of the war.
But upward, upward, moves our certain way,
And upward, upward, is the world's bold flight,
Up from the cruelties of this dread day,
Up from the heartbreaks of this bitter night;
Up to the highways of the common good,
Up to the radiant heights of brotherhood.

That is the story of the future to be wrought out by the liberty-loving peoples of the world, and my last word, the inevitable last word, is this: Anybody can be a cynic, anybody can doubt. It takes a hero to believe. And civilization survives, carried forward on the wings of the dauntless faith of the world's dreamers.

Now, are we going to settle down into the dull lethargy of heavy and uninspired commonplaceness of those incapable of dreaming great dreams? Are we going to settle down into the confusing and disabling incapacity of those who have lost the soul of splendor out of their lives, or are we going to prove that the least we can do to deserve these immortal boys who have gone to the heights on a chariot of sacrificial fire, is to believe with a new dauntlessness, to serve with a new devotion, to love with a new devotion, and to give

ourselves for the making of a better world; and standing as we stand at the parting of the ways, shall we see Britain, not that Britain whose lion's tail some of us liked to twist when we were studying ancient school books, but that other Britain of our more adequate understanding and our more complete investigation, that Britain whose garments have been soiled sometimes, but which has always risen with a new idealism in its eyes, that Britain whose hands have been torn by battle, but always battled towards something better, that Britain which sometimes having a superficial cynicism always cherishes an undying idealism at its heart?

I wonder if you know that little allegory written by Maarten Maartens, the Dutch author, who says, "Once there was a satirist, and he said so many sarcastic things that his friends killed him, and then they stood around him and looked at him, and said, 'This man just treated the world like a football, he always kicked it.' And the dead man opened his left eye: 'Yes,' he said. 'I did kick the world, but I always kicked it toward the goal.'"

After all, the best thing I can say for Britain is that even when Great Britain has gone upon the football field to kick the world, somehow it has turned out that the world has been kicked toward the goal.

And so, together the master of the idealism of a great commonwealth and the dreaming, dauntless exponent of a new world's eager hope will go out upon the highway of that nobler future which is to be, and together, please God, will make the world a good world for little children to live in, a good world for babies, and mothers who hold the babies in their arms, a good world for common men and common women and little peoples, a good world with the mighty solidarity of the imperishable consecration of the English-speaking world to liberty and democracy, holding steady and true all the mighty enginery of the life on this planet; together then, Britain and America, together to-day, together in all the glad to-morrows that are to be.

THE ARENA

THE RETURNED SOLDIER AND THE CHURCH

No country in the world has done so much for the moral welfare of her soldiers as our own. In no country has the Church stood so liberally

behind the soldier. The world will never know how great a contribution the Church has made toward winning the war. The sympathy, interest, and prayers of the Church have strengthened our men in many a discouraging hour. The service flags in the churches have not only aided the people at home in remembering the soldier, but it has been a vast encouragement to the men to know they were remembered.

Correspondence from Sunday schools, Epworth Leagues, and Brotherhoods has been a vast builder of morale. But the Church has made her best contribution to the winning of the war for the most part indirectly. The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. are the direct heritage of Christian teaching, and the churches have been a large factor in their work. The personnel of these organizations has very largely come from the churches. The most telling contribution of the Church has been the splendid body of men who have represented the Church in the capacity of chaplains. Few men have been so useful to the army, and, perhaps, no part of the army is so highly respected by the men. It is not too much to say that the chaplains have made good, and have kept many thousands of men in touch with the Church. The Church has followed her members through the person of the chaplain. Very rightly, the chaplains are more seriously regarded than either Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and one reason is that they have more directly represented the churches.

The Church may also be credited with having had much to do in building the splendid fellows who make up the rank and file of our army. Very naturally the war has revealed the weakness of our educational institutions, and especially the superficial character of much that is done in our Sunday schools, nevertheless the fact remains that the church and Sunday school were mighty factors in the lives of our men. Few boys with a good church and Sunday school training have fallen into gross sin. They have stood the moral tests far better than the men without that training. It is estimated that less than five per cent of church-trained men have fallen. Again it is clear to this writer that our college men have, on the whole, stood the tests better than the non-college men. This is due to their wider knowledge on matters of character, especially sex questions. Their college days, with the training in physical well being, and the higher ideals, have stood them in hand, during these days of fearful strain.

Our people will find their boys much changed upon their return, and especially those who have been over a long time and have seen actual service. They will be greatly changed physically. The army system of training develops strong men. It is a physique builder which our athletic departments might well study. Many parents will hardly know their sons when they return.

They are changed mentally. This experience in France has broadened their knowledge of human life, and has given a wider vision. Most of them will no longer be cursed by the "township mind" which many Americans possess. They are cured of "provincialism." They have been brought into touch with the ends of the earth. From henceforth they must be world-citizens.

These men have a wider knowledge of the underworld. By this it is not affirmed that many of them have gained this knowledge by experience, though some have, but because of wide experience and observation. It will also be found that many of them have thrown over the Puritan ideals of their homes, for a more liberal view so called. They have been led to compromise on a good many questions. At least temporarily they have felt called upon to wink at certain evils. The total result will be a little less conscience on several questions. Profanity has been nearly universal, and will now be vastly increased in civil life. Smoking will be vastly increased. Drinking and gambling will both be viewed with less censure. A few have come to entertain so-called broader notions about women. No doubt a majority will react from these viewpoints after their return, but one is made to wonder whether this more liberal construction of morality will not be a curse to American life for years to come. Those who wish to influence the soldier will need to take stock of these facts. However, no greater mistake can be made by church leaders than to directly attack these topics. Wisdom will lead us not to emphasize particular views and vices so much as essential ideals of character. The Church may expect to see most of them gradually revert to their earlier and better ideals.

Over against this is the fact that these men are more religious now than when they left home. This may appear contradictory, but it is true. Many of them have faced death many times. They have suffered not a little. They have felt the futility of all earthly things. Fundamental questions of God and the world have been forced upon them. Thousands have been "shocked" into a lively sense of the Divine. The spiritual world is more real to them now. My personal conversations with scores of wounded men in the hospital have convinced me that something very fundamental has happened to many of them. One does not want to declare that they have been converted, certainly not in the accepted sense of the term. They have been tremendously awakened. They are different men because of the terrible experience through which they have passed. They tell of a new consciousness of God and spiritual things. War does not produce a revival, but in it men are driven to find refuge and encouragement. War knocks away many preconceived ideas, excuses, and prejudices. Men simply must find God, somehow. If I mistake not many of our soldiers have been convicted and awakened. They are going home with many good resolves. The Church will find many of them susceptible. The men themselves hardly know what has happened to them, or the change that has taken place. Their religion at present is unconfessed and inarticulate. Any one who preaches to them, as it has been my privilege to do, cannot doubt that their hearts warm toward religion. The Church must seek to lead these men to openly confess the faith that is in their hearts, and nurture them in Christian ideals.

The Church must not give men up who take a little fling when freed from military service. The discipline of the army has been intense. Both officers and men have been bound by all sorts of rules and regulations. We have endured this severe discipline for many months without

cessation. When free from it there will be many to abuse their liberty. Some men will feel it is their right to have their fling. But we can very easily understand the psychology of this reaction. We, who have lived for nearly two years under this discipline of the army, and have gone through the deadly monotony of these months since the fighting stopped, will have a good deal of sympathy with the fellow who has his fling. But the man who does even this is not lost. Most likely he is a fine fellow with large possibilities. The Church must immediately take hold of the soldier, and show him a good time, and steady him over this dangerous period of reaction. It must also help him to enter again upon civil life. It can do much for him in this critical time, for which the soldier will always be grateful.

Again it will be well for the Church to remember that our soldiers have learned to hate littleness, selfishness, and cowardice. He may be a little lenient in his view of profanity or drinking, but has those great virtues of unselfishness, bravery, patience, sympathy, and sacrifice. He will not take kindly to cramped notions of conduct and will look for breadth in such matters. He will always applaud sympathy and heroism and will be drawn toward such virtues. War has developed these magnificent qualities in many of our men. They will expect to find them in the Church. Will they be disappointed? Our soldiers are not saints, but they are often big strong men, with many praiseworthy qualities. They are rough on the outside, but have hearts of gold. They will take great delight in shocking pious preachers and people with their roughness of language, especially, often picturesque and full of expression. Remember that all this is for stage effect and does not indicate much as to the man's heart. The business of the Church will be to break through this rough exterior to the real man that lies hidden beneath.

The Church, above all else, must show these men a glad hand. It must make its welcome genuine, and its interest must not cease with the first reception or getting them into the church service. It must show that it cares, and that it stands to help a man in the critical turn of his career. Among other particular ministries the Church must exercise its ministry of guidance. Many of these men will get into the ministry if treated kindly. It will be worth while to help them in finding their jobs and in setting up their homes. Thousands of our boys dream daily here in France of the time when they shall lead the sweethearts of the earlier days to the altar and when they shall have homes of their own. The Church must help them realize their dream, and, in doing so, will tie them to itself for all time to come.

The women of the Church may be especially helpful to these men. They have been away from women folks a long time. Mothers and sweethearts will have more influence with them than anybody else.

Now a word to our preachers. Nearly all will depend upon the pastor when the soldier returns. He is now, as always, the pivotal man. The soldier has learned a lot about men. He knows a real man when he sees him. Moreover he loves a real man and will follow him. He cannot long be deceived. He will quickly discover insincerity and weakness.

There is no special aversion for ministers in his mind. He has associated freely and naturally with his chaplain. In no small number of cases he has loved and admired his chaplain and has confided in him. He has frequently opened the deepest things of his heart to his chaplain as a minister of God. But chaplains have generally been virile men. Not noted for piety, but sincere, big-hearted, and genuine. The soldier has liked the manly religion embodied in most chaplains. Will he find the virile manhood in the pulpit? He will in many instances, and when he does there will be no problem left.

Pastors will do well to remember that soldiers like sermons. For nearly two years this writer has been preaching exclusively to soldiers. He has preached to them in companies of ten or a dozen, up to two thousand. He has preached to them in the streets of towns, in the open fields, on mountain sides, in Y huts, and in public theaters, and has never experienced any tendency to resent a sermon. Here the word sermon is used in the ordinary sense. No form of address goes better with soldiers than the sermon. Many prominent men from home have made the mistake of supposing the boys did not want sermons, and gave lectures good, bad, and indifferent. These men will listen to sermons if they are manly and straight out from the shoulder. The preacher must not deal in trivial matters, or sensational topics. If he does the soldier will merely say, "Camouflage." He will be prepared to hear big ideas discussed in the pulpit. He will not long tolerate the man who has no message and merely rants. The preacher with a real message will find the resumed soldier his very best auditor.

Homer E. Wark, Chaplain Base Hospital.

Somewhere in France.

A JEWISH OVERTURE TO CHRISTIAN CLERGYMEN

Christian clergymen in the active pastorate may receive copies of Rabbi H. G. Enelow's recent book, The War and the Bible, absolutely without charge, by making application, addressed to J. M., P. O. Box 202, Noroton Heights, Conn.

This offer is made by a group of public-spirited Jews with a desire to promote a still better understanding between American Jews and American Christians.

They hope that this small opportunity for a better acquaintance with the religious sentiments cherished by living, English-speaking Jews will be generally welcomed. They trust that their purpose will not be misunderstood, but that information in regard to where progressive rabbis put the emphasis to-day in the proclamation of the great principles of their religion will add to the respect in which the religion of the Old Testament is already held in the Christian Church.

The War and the Bible is the work of one of our most representative religious leaders, H. G. Enelow, of Temple Emanu-El, New York City, who has been serving for months at the Paris headquarters of

the "Jewish Welfare Board." It has been selected as a good example of the addresses to which our people listen from their working pastors, covering some one great theme in a connected series of discourses.

THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE.

The undersigned willingly vouch for its good faith and recommend to their colleagues the acceptance of this overture in the same spirit of enlarging fellowship in which it is given.

(Signed) S. PARKES CADMAN.
(Signed) HENRY SLOANE COFFIN.
(Signed) CHRISTIAN F. REISNER.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE HYKSOS

THE Hyksos, called also the Shepherd Kings, have always attracted the attention of such Bible students as have been interested in the story of early Israel. Not a few scholars believe that the Hebrews immigrated to Egypt and were established in Goshen during the Hyksos domination. There is a tradition as old as Syncellus, and, indeed, probably much older, that Joseph became prime minister of Apepi, one of the greatest Hyksos rulers, and that the Hebrews were given Goshen in the seventeenth year of this king's reign. There is, however, no general agreement among Egyptologists either as to the exact time when Jacob and his clan entered Egypt, or the beginning or end of Hyksos rule. Indeed, the story of this people is shrouded in mystery, more so, if possible, than that of the Hittites; for the latter have left a large number of monuments and records or hieroglyphs—to the present time mostly undeciphered. Besides, the Hittites or children of Heth are mentioned several times in the Old Testament, and the Khatti are known to both the cuneiform inscriptions and also to the Egyptian hieroglyphs. For reasons we shall try to explain farther on, the monuments of Egypt are comparatively silent regarding the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, notwithstanding the fact that they ruled over the greater portion of Egypt for a long time and contributed not a little to its development and civilization.

The earliest reference to the Hyksos has come to us through Josephus from Manetho, an Egyptian historian of the priestly class who flourished during the reign of Ptolemy I. His books, written in Greek, were in three parts: The first part began with the early myths of Egypt and came down to the eleventh dynasty; the second covered the period from the twelfth to the nineteenth dynasty; and the third book discussed the history of Egypt from the twentieth dynasty to the reign of Alexander the Great. Thus his works cover milleniads. What sources he drew from or depended upon cannot be ascertained, for, unfortunately, we have no complete copy of his history. Consequently quotations from Manetho's are often taken at a discount, seldom at full value, unless corroborated by

the monuments of his native land, by records left upon temple walls, sepulcher, coffin, or papyrus. Josephus's trustworthiness as historian, moreover, has also been subjected to unfriendly criticism. Did Josephus quote directly from Manetho, or did he take his statements from some compilation of the Egyptian historian, made up some generations after Manetho's death? We may not be able to answer these questions, but must admit that everything we now possess by way of quotation from Manetho comes to us second hand, and is found in the works of Josephus, Eusebius, "the father of ecclesiastical history" (c. 262 A. D.), Julius Africanus, a Christian historian, also of the third century A. D., and George the Syncellus.

The quotation by Josephus concerning the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, is considered the fullest and best we possess on the subject under discussion. Whoever, therefore, would study this question cannot afford to overlook the account as given by the Jewish historian, even though some of his statements may appear misleading or even contradictory. For that reason we deem it wise to reproduce at some length what he claims to have taken from Manetho. These are the words of Josephus as given in his "Essay Against Apion" (Book I, 14).

"We had formerly a king named Timaios. It came to pass in his reign, I know not how, that God was displeased with us; so there came up from the East in a manner that was strange, men of ignoble race, who had boldness enough to invade our country, and without a battle they easily subdued us by their power. When they had defeated our rulers, they burned our cities and demolished the temples of our gods, and subjected the inhabitants to all form of barbarities, even murdered some of them, and led away their wives and children to captivity.

"At length they made one of themselves king; his name was Salatis; he lived at Memphis, he forced both Lower and Upper Egypt to pay tribute to him. He also left garrisons in the places best suited for that purpose. He paid the greatest attention to strengthen and fortify the eastern frontier, for he foresaw the growing power of the Assyrians, and was afraid they might some time desire to invade his kingdom. And as he found in the Saite Nome, on the east of the Bubastis Channel, a city which from some old theological notion was called Avaris, one well adapted for his purpose, he rebuilt this and fortified it with massive walls, and garrisoned it with 240,000 men fully armed. Salatis reigned thirteen (19) years and died. . . . Another king named Deon reigned after him forty-four years; he was succeeded by Apachnas, who reigned thirty-six years and seven months; then came Apophis, who reigned sixty-one years; then Ianias (Jannas), who reigned fifty years and one month. Then, after all the above, came Assis and reigned forty-nine years and two months. These six were the first rulers amongst them. During the entire period of their supremacy they waged war against the Egyptians, hoping thereby to annihilate the entire race.

"All this nation was called Hyksos, that is, Shepherd Kings; for the syllable *Hyk* signifies king in the sacred dialect and *sos* means a shepherd, but only in the ordinary dialect of these two syllables is com-

posed the word Hyksos. Some say that these people were Arabians. . . . These people, denominated Shepherd Kings, and also their descendants retained possession of Egypt five hundred and eleven years.

"After these things he (Manetho) says, that the kings of the Thebais and other provinces of Egypt rebelled against the Shepherd Kings and that a terrible war was made between them, till the Shepherds were overcome by a king named Misfragmouthosis and were driven out by him from the other parts of Egypt, were shut up in a place which contained ten thousand acres, and was called Avaris. Here the Shepherds built a massive wall around the place in order to keep all their possessions and their prey within a fortified place.

"But Thummosis, the son of Misfragmouthosis, made an attempt to take them by force and by siege with four hundred and eighty thousand men; but just as he was about to give up the siege in despair the city capitulated. They promised to leave Egypt if permitted to go whithersoever they pleased. According to the terms agreed upon, they left Egypt with all their families and possessions, numbering no fewer than two hundred and forty thousand. They made their way through the desert in the direction of Syria. But being afraid of the Assyrians, who at that time ruled Asia, they built a city in that country now called Judea, a city large enough to accommodate that number of men, and they called it Jerusalem."

Till comparatively recent times the above extract from Josephus was regarded, in the main, as correct and trustworthy. It has, however, of late years become quite fashionable to reject it as unreliable and all but worthless. For, it is said, were it granted that he quoted *verbatim* and directly from Manetho's original work, there is no evidence that the latter's history was, at least for the greater part, anything more than a collection of traditions and legends, mere folk-lore, and at best resting upon doubtful basis. Special objections have been made to the use of the term Assyrians and also to the statement that the "incredible" number of two hundred and forty thousand men garrisoned Avaris. Now the term Assyrians might have been used loosely, much in the same way as many Americans, more or less educated, employ the word Dutch; or, indeed, the word English instead of British. As to the large number of soldiers in the fortress at Avaris, there is nothing about this either incredible or even improbable. Thus we see that quite as much can be said in favor of the Josephus-Manetho statement as against it.

When we come to the origin of the Hyksos people we find a great variety of opinions among those best fitted to express an opinion upon the subject. They have been identified with the Arabians, Phœnicians, Elamites, Accadians, Hittites, and even the Hebrews. That they were Asiatics is generally conceded; and many of our best scholars agree also that they were Semites rather than Turanians or Mongols. That they entered Egypt from the north, or rather, northeast, will not be disputed. Nothing is better established than that there were caravan routes and military roads connecting Egypt and the Euphrates-Tigris basin as well as the intervening sections or territories at a very early date in the

world's history. Not only great armies, but also great bands of merchants passed up and down these routes constantly. There is a great temptation to think that the Hyksos represented one of the great world powers of antiquity, Elamites, Babylonians, or Hittites, for one of these powers would be a worthy match for the forces of Egypt. If they did come from Elam or Babylonia we might have justly expected some reference to them in the cuneiform inscriptions. There is none, however. It is, therefore, much more reasonable to conclude that the origin of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, must be sought among smaller clans and tribes less known to history, peoples accustomed to the simple life, who made but little use of written records or great monuments. Such a confederation of small clans and petty tribes could have been formed in the regions northeast of the Egyptian frontiers, including the Bedouin of the Sinaitic peninsula and extending northward to the Dead Sea, thence on either side of the Jordan as far north as Damascus or Kadesh, and then those in the interior of Palestine and along the Mediterranean coast northward to the Orontes and beyond. The term Shepherds would apply well to such an aggregation and justifies the etymology of Hyksos as given in the Josephus-Manetho account, for the majority of these nomads inhabiting the hills and ravines of the regions just enumerated would be keepers of sheep and cattle. Though not as cultured as the Egyptians, they were, nevertheless, people of great physical endurance, and of much natural mental strength. It goes without saying that all these would have business relations with Egypt, and that they regularly exchanged commodities with the rich merchants of the Nile Valley. Nothing could be more likely than that many of these shrewd sons of the desert would be attracted to the delta and the country farther south, for was not Egypt in those days the garden of the world, famous for its fair climate, rare fertility, great wealth, luxurious living, and pleasures of all kinds? Was it not the Eldorado of ancient times, a magnet for those living in less favored territories, where it was hard to keep soul and body together? At first individuals would be drawn to this fair land, then whole families, then entire clans or tribes, until finally these rugged, frugal foreigners, all more or less closely allied in habits and modes of life, if not in language, would form the majority. The supposition that these clans or peoples went in ever increasing numbers is perfectly legitimate, and having taken possession of the northeastern portion of the country, they gradually extended their conquests until they had become masters of both Upper and Lower Egypt.

Nor can there be any doubt that the wealth and luxurious life in Egypt had contributed in no small degree to the change of dynasty. As usual, the era of prosperity and luxury was followed by a period of effeminacy, depression, and unrest, a period of moral and mental flabbiness. Great rulers were succeeded by pleasure-loving and obscure kings. Divisions and discords arose and left the country unprepared for opposing the more sturdy foreign invaders. It was at such a time of profligate living and internal dissensions that the Shepherd Kings gained a firm footing and assumed control of the government. It is also possible that

the new method of warfare contributed to the defeat of Egypt, for the opinion prevails that the Hyksos made extensive use of horses and war chariots.

But history repeats itself. These foreign invaders from the northeast were in their turn expelled from Egypt. Their expulsion, like their entrance, may have been gradual. The Theban princes drove them step by step as far as the Delta, where they defended themselves for a season, only to be driven to their fortresses on the frontier. Though strongly fortified at Avaris they were forced to give up this stronghold too, and kept retreating farther and farther north. These rugged shepherd folks conquered Egypt to be, in turn, conquered by Egypt. They grew in power and wealth, but with increased luxury and riches there came increased degeneration, self-indulgence, and inefficiency. They entered Egypt strong and independent. As they grew less barbarous, more refined, and assumed Egyptian culture they lost the vigor of their ancestors, until at last they were too weak to withstand the attacks of the people they once conquered. Or, as Erman aptly puts it: "Civilization will kill a rough nation of nomads as surely as the plants from the desert die in a good soil." As is generally the case when a less cultured people subdue a nation of greater culture, it is only a question of time till the higher civilization triumphs, and the conquerors adapt the customs, manners, and even the language of those vanquished by them. So too with the Shepherd Kings: as time went on they too became more and more Egyptianized. Their assimilation by conformity to native customs, intermarriage, and luxurious living served to weaken them as a separate power. Thus their expulsion from the land they had once conquered and ruled over for centuries became a comparatively easy matter.

As already stated, the duration of Hyksos supremacy is still unsolved. "Historians," says Maspero, "are agreed in recognizing the three epochs of Manetho as corresponding with (1) the conquest and the first Hyksos kings, including the fifteenth Theban dynasty; (2) the complete subjection of Egypt to the sixteenth foreign dynasty; (3) the war of independence during the seventeenth dynasty, which consisted of two parallel series of kings, the one Shepherds (Pharaohs), the other Thebans." (The Struggles of the Nations, page 73, note 1.) According to Erman the fifteenth dynasty lasted 284 years, the sixteenth 234 years, and the seventeenth 134 years. This is 150 years longer than the time in the Manetho-Josephus account. Petrie accepts the 511 years of Manetho and gives the probable date as B. C. 2098 to B. C. 1587. Sayce makes it 669 years, that is, from B. C. 2269 to B. C. 1600. Brugsch and Budge argue for an earlier date, and place the Hyksos expulsion at about B. C. 1750. All this proves that Egyptian chronology has not yet been reduced to a scientific basis.

At first sight it is strange that a people who held sway in Egypt for so many generations should have left so few traces of itself or should have been all but completely ignored in the monumental records of a land so rich in such records. This may be accounted for in several ways. The Hyksos, at least in the early part of their rule, had no great love for im-

posing buildings, fine statues, and written documents. They were more practical and less given to elegance and culture. It seems that they had more talent for destruction than construction. Rawlinson, speaking of this period, uses this strong language: "Egyptian civilization had been annihilated by an avalanche of barbarians; the whole country had been devastated; tombs had been rifled; papyrus burnt or torn to shreds; even stone monuments were partially defaced and injured." The destruction of temples and sacred places is the more easily understood if we accept the general view that the Hyksos people were monotheists, while the Egyptians were polytheists and worshiped many gods. The story of the children of Israel as narrated in the Old Testament furnishes abundant parallels on a smaller scale.

Again the Egyptian rulers who succeeded the Hyksos upon their expulsion from Egypt, mindful of their destructive nature, their tyranny and oppression, would not be slow in destroying whatever monuments these "spoilers, robbers, and profane people" from Asia had left behind them. They wanted nothing which could in any way recall Egypt's subjection to a foreign race for so many generations. It was simply a matter of paying them back in their own coin. Such has been human nature in every age of the world. Even in our own day, it is the same, and even in the United States. German monuments have been destroyed or put out of the way. German books have been burnt, the names of cities, streets, and parks have been changed. Even Schiller, "the poet of freedom," did not escape. We may believe that the method employed in Egypt thirty-five centuries ago by those who drove out the Hyksos will be repeated by the French people. Every monument erected in Alsace and Lorraine by the Germans since 1871 will disappear.

Looking at the matter in this light, we are not surprised at the scarcity of Hyksos monuments, nor should we think it at all a strange thing that the Egyptians themselves had so little to say of their despised enemies and former conquerors.

But scarce as they are, there are nevertheless a few references on the Egyptian monuments to this hated race of Shepherds, as well as a few objects of undisputed Hyksos origin. There is, for instance, the Sallier Papyrus I, supposed to have been written in the second half of the nineteenth dynasty. From this we learn that Apepi (the Apophis of the Greek writer) conquered the greater part of Egypt, received tribute from the princes of Thebes and other portions of the land, that he worshiped Sutekh (Baal of the Semites) and refused to serve any other god in the whole country, and that he also built this god a magnificent temple, wherein he offered daily sacrifices, as well as on special festivals; nay, more, in true royal style, went so far as to try to force the cult of his own god upon the rest of the people. Here, too, should be mentioned a monument of the great queen Hatshepsut on which we read: "I have restored that which was ruin, I have raised that which was unfinished, since the Asiatics were in the midst of Avaris." This was written less than a century after the expulsion of the Hyksos. Breasted gives still another one, which is from a soldier in the Egyptian army that expelled the

Hyksos, and who was present at the siege of Avaris, where they were utterly defeated and driven northward through Palestine to Cœlosyria.

But coming to the monuments of the Shepherd Kings themselves, we must first of all mention an altar or sacrificial table in black granite, found at Cairo, but is supposed to have come from Memphis or Heliopolis. It is dedicated by Apepi to Sutekh. According to Maspero, this same king dedicated several tables of offerings at Tanis, and engraved his cartouche upon sphinxes and colossi of the Pharaohs of the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties, without, however, removing the inscriptions already upon them. And, furthermore, that he erected temples side by side with the sanctuaries of the feudal gods both at Bubastis and at Tanis.

Now when we come to Khian, the greatest of the Hyksos kings, who is usually identified with the Jannas of Manetho, and whose dominion, we are told, extended from the Nile to the Euphrates, we find his name engraved upon a number of objects; of these should be mentioned the lower part of a statue found by Naville at Bubastis. The hieroglyphs upon this monument are similar to those on a broken lintel found at Gebelen, south of Thebes, on which is the name of Apepi. At Bagdad was discovered a small lion cut in gray granite, and at Cnossos a jar lid in alabaster, both having the inscription of Khian. How these came to Mesopotamia and Crete will remain a mystery. None of the objects above mentioned possess any great artistic value, and compare poorly with the monuments of many other dynasties, nevertheless they are very valuable. "Khian's monuments," says Griffiths, "inconspicuous as they are, actually extend over a wider area—from Bagdad to Cnossos—than those of any other Egyptian king." The existence of a mathematical papyrus, written or at least copied during Apepi's reign, testifies to some scientific culture during that age.

Finally, as a further proof that the Hyksos were Semites, attention should be called to the name of their first king, Salatis, in the Manetho account. The root is the same as that of *shalat*, to rule, in Hebrew. Compare also the term *shallit*, translated ruler in the English versions of Gen. 42. 6.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM

The Protestants of France number only about 600,000 souls, yet manifestly they occupy to-day a highly significant strategic position among the Christian forces of the world. The high significance of their position is due not merely to their being an organic part of a great and wonderful people, whose valor and moral fortitude in the war assure us of their vocation still to bear a leading part in the affairs of mankind. The special vocation of French Protestantism is, we believe, to win millions of merely nominal Catholics to hear and obey the gospel and to represent

among the nations the spirit of widest evangelical catholicity. Do they already manifest enough of this spirit to warrant the hope that they will really fulfill this high mission?

We cannot, of course, venture a categorical answer to such a question as this. We can only record our impression that French Protestantism has experienced a profound awakening to a sense of the urgency and magnitude of its task. In the past the Protestant churches of France have been for the most part content to minister to the portion of the population that traditionally belongs to them. They determined not to proselytize. But they did not duly recognize their mission to the millions of French people who had inwardly broken with Catholicism but had not turned to evangelical Christianity, for they had never heard its message. Now, however, the leaders of French Protestantism seem to be well awake to their responsibility.

Undoubtedly the French Protestants are, and for some time will be, in sore need of help from abroad. The help should be in the first instance financial, in order that Protestant worship may not only be rehabilitated, but that it may be newly established in places where the call for it is clear and urgent. In the next place, the help should come by way of a much larger and more intimate personal fellowship. On the other hand, it need not consist in the occupation, by our several denominations, of French territory as a mission field. It would doubtless be very helpful and at the same time acceptable, if we should send, formally or informally, our strongest and wisest Christian leaders on temporary missions of help and cheer. But these should go as representatives of an evangelical catholicity, not as introducers of alien sects. And, going as wise men, they would know that there would be as much for them to receive as to impart in their spiritual intercourse. This would hold true also in relation to the Christians of many another country, but there are some particularly fine features in French Protestantism.

Among the excellent qualities of the French Protestantism of to-day there is one that deserves special recognition. It is the spirit of universal Christian fellowship, the desire for a richer communion with the evangelical Christians of other countries. This spirit was not always so clearly in evidence. And yet at the worst the French Protestants have shown less of provincial narrowness than has sometimes characterized the churches of some other lands. By way of illustration it may be pointed out that French theological writers have long displayed a better acquaintance with German theology than has generally characterized the theologians of the Church of England. But that which we specially remark in the present attitude of the leaders of French Protestantism is their desire for a real international conciliation and for such an understanding among Christians of all lands as shall ground a real peace, a *pax divina*, which is so much more than a *pax Romana*.

Among the publications that reflect the spirit of present-day French Protestantism special mention may be made of the fortnightly *Foi et Vie* (Faith and Life), edited by Paul Doumergue. While in the past this admirable journal received its chief impress from the dis-

tinguished church historian, Émile Doumergue of Montauban, and so represented a very positive orthodoxy in opposition to the liberal tendencies of Sabatier and Ménégoz in Paris, the religious problems brought forward by the war have lent it a new aspect. The periodical appears in two parts, of which the second (which need not be included in the subscription) is in each instance made up of one important essay or speech. The subjects of these articles in the last four years have related to the war. Their authors are men of real distinction—such men as Émile Boutroux, member of the French Academy; Gide, Denis, Bouglé, professors in Paris, and Bois and Doumergue, professors of theology at Montauban. The themes are handled with great ability and in fine spirit. We make particular mention of Professor Bois's "La Democratie et l'Évangile," Boutroux's "Morale et Democratie" and "Après la Guerre," Doumergue's "La France demande des Citoyens," and finally Denis's "L'Allemande vue du dehors" (Germany as viewed from without). This last article has an added interest from the fact that it is written with special reference to a compilation made by certain distinguished German scholars and published in 1916 under a similar title: "Deutschland im Urteil des Auslandes früher und jetzt." To the German compilers themselves belongs some credit for frankly recognizing the vast difference between the praise accorded Germany by such writers as Mme. de Staël, Carlyle, Dickens, Victor Hugo, Renan and others, and the condemnation meted out in every quarter to-day. These articles and the more diversified contents of the first part of *Foi et Vie* give one the impression of a large faith and hope and charity. And without question we may confidently expect the Protestants of France to press on with courage and vigor to a larger and more fruitful work than they have yet achieved.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Shorter Bible; The New Testament. Translated and arranged by Charles Foster Kent, with the collaboration of Charles Cutler Torrey, Henry A. Sherman, Frederick Harris and Ethel Cutler. 16mo, pp. xix+305. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

In his stimulating volume, The Lord of All Good Life, Donald Hankey made the suggestion that a shortened Bible would greatly enhance the value and usefulness of the sacred Book. "There are thousands of verses in the Bible," he wrote, "which are of no conceivable value for the ordinary man; and for many the Bible is a closed book, simply because it is so big that they despair of finding their way about it. . . . The Bible contains the finest literature in the world; but in its present form it is not adapted for the use to which it is put—as every Christian's manual of life. It is meant to be a help, but we often make it a burden

and a stumbling block." This volume by Kent and four others very successfully carries out the idea of a shorter Bible with the New Testament. It will be supplemented by another volume on the Old Testament. The arrangement of the material is both logical and chronological. The first section is a selection of passages from Luke, chapters 1 and 2, and Matthew, chapter 2, on the Universal Significance of Jesus' Birth. This is followed by a long section on the Life of Jesus, based on the Synoptic Gospels, and divided into subsections, according to topics. The next large section is devoted to the Teachings of Jesus; it is on the Master Teacher and His Disciples, and What He Taught on God and Man, Man and Society, Man and His Neighbor, the Essentials of True Happiness. The Acts is divided into two parts on the Work of Jesus' Early Followers in Palestine and Paul's Missionary Work; the second part also includes passages from the epistles which illustrate the narrative of Acts. The next section gives the best parts from Paul's letters. Then comes the Later Writings, and finally a section on the Gospel of John which tells of Jesus the Teacher and Saviour of Mankind. The references to the sources from which the selections are made are not given in the text, but in the table of contents, and this is supplemented by an index of biblical passages. Most of the subsections have happy titles, which show that the editors have done their work with insight and sympathy. Among the titles are: "The New Brotherhood," "The Supreme Loyalty," "The Importance of the Receptive Attitude," "The Democracy of the Kingdom of God," "Fidelity to Jesus' Ideals," "Steadfastness in the Hour of Stress," "God's Viceroy on Earth." The translation conveys the vividness and rugged strength of the original and by the use of colloquial words reproduces more accurately the *κοινή* of the New Testament writers. At times the translation is a paraphrase which gives the thought of the sacred writers instead of being a literal rendering of their language. In this respect the editors follow the excellent precedent set by the Authorized Version. "Come with me" is better than "follow me." "A heavy squall" is more in accord with the facts than "a great storm." "Yeastlike hypocrisy" is clearer than the "leaven of hypocrisy"; "follow where I lead" than "follow after me"; "modest in spirit" than "poor in spirit"; "gentle" than "meek"; "consecrated to me by faith" than "sanctified by faith in me"; "impelled by a sense of duty" than "bound in spirit." "The Christian way of teaching and living" is more intelligible than the brief words "the way." "May I never boast of anything except the Cross" is more forcible than "far be it from me to glory save in the Cross." "The spiritual man can see the true value of everything, but his own true value is seen by no man" carries more weight than the translation of the American Revision, "he that is spiritual judgeth all things and he himself is judged of no man." "The love of Christ controls us" means more than "the love of Christ constraineth us"; "the innermost being" than "the inward man"; "rekindle the divine gift" than "stir up the gift of God"; "crown for right-doing" than "crown of righteousness." "Religion is a great source of gain when it brings contentment" is less ambiguous than "godliness with contentment

is great gain"; "remain united with me" than "abide in me"; "that one who was doomed to destruction" than "the son of perdition." We welcome this volume because it throws needed light on the sacred page and will help to make it better understood, more appreciated and increasingly precious.

The Sources of the Hexateuch. By EDGAR SHEFFIELD BRIGHTMAN, Ph.D., Professor of Ethics and Religion in Wesleyan University. 8vo, pp. 395. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $3, net.

A WORK of this sort does not need originality so much as painstaking patience and scholarly insight. One of the charges against historical criticism is that too much reliance is placed on hypotheses which have contradicted one another with tantalizing rapidity. This was inevitable in the early stages of investigation, but is now uncalled for. After a century of tedious research, we have arrived at the place where it is possible to gather up some of the tangible results and to relate them to the practical study of the Bible. This is done for the first time in a large and intelligible way for the first six books of the Bible by Dr. Brightman. He accepts the documentary theory of composition, but is careful to set forth the views of all schools, conservative and progressive, without any polemic bias, but in a spirit of scholarly impartiality and in fairness to the ascertained facts of history. Any student who consults the better commentaries is at once faced by discussions of the several documents which have been welded into the Hexateuch, and he is at sea, unless he understands the character of these different writings. Indeed, such a knowledge is indispensable for a profitable study of the early institutions and inspirations of ancient Israel, to whom God spoke through lawgiver, priest, and prophet. It further enables us to follow the course of revelation; to see the hand of God in that primitive history, as it was manifested in divers portions and manners; and to relate the partial unfoldings of the mind and will of God to his fuller declarations through the later prophets, reaching their sublime climax in Jesus Christ. Another advantage is that the so-called "mistakes of Moses" become phantoms of the imagination, as soon as we recognize that these writings were a compilation, showing unity of idea, but not of execution, and produced according to Oriental literary standards which take no account of authors and authorities as is done by modern Occidental scholarship. What seem to be contradictions and inconsistencies are thus explained, and we think of the Old Testament more as a record of inspired history than as an inspired record of history. Canon Driver has well expressed the thought in his invaluable Introduction to the literature of the Old Testament. "Criticism in the hands of Christian scholars does not banish or destroy the inspiration of the Old Testament; it *presupposes* it; it seeks only to determine the conditions under which it operates, and the literary forms through which it manifests itself; and it thus helps us to frame truer conceptions of the methods which it has pleased God to employ in revealing himself to his ancient people of Israel, and in preparing the way for

the fuller manifestation of himself in Christ Jesus." There are four recognized documents woven into the Hexateuch, each marked by distinct characteristics. The Deuteronomic or prophetic narrative is an independent writing and can be read as such in the Bible. The other three can now be read consecutively in Brightman's rearrangement, in which he uses the American Revision. The Jahvistic or Judæan narrative, known by the symbol J, was written about 850 B.C. in the Southern Kingdom of Judah: it is the most picturesque and fascinating of the sources, marked by poetic power and deep religious insight. The Elohistic or Ephraimitic narrative (E) appeared about 750 B.C. and belongs to the Northern Kingdom: it is marked by an antiquarian interest, is more friendly to sacrifice and ritual than J, and has a keener moral sense. The agreements between J and E are explained by the theory that both used the same historical material. The Priestly Code (P) is chiefly interested in ritual law and ceremonial practices, in genealogies and statistics: it was written between 538 and 500 B.C., and its style is "stereotyped, measured, and prosaic." All these questions are carefully discussed by Dr. Brightman in the introductory chapters to each of the documents. In addition, there are brief introductory notes, which are excellent reports of the finding of scholars on disputed passages. The footnotes deal with differences of interpretation or textual emendations. The consensus of scholarship on this whole subject is consistently reckoned with, and the volume has been prepared to help those who know little Greek and less Hebrew. Even those who do not accept the main results of critical scholarship, will find this a book worth consulting. Its repeated use will prove it to be indispensable to all intelligent and trained Bible students. May their number grow in pulpit and pew, to the glory of God.

The Coming Day. By Oscar L. Joseph. 12mo, pp. 185. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

We congratulate Mr. Joseph on the fullness and felicity of the work of his pen. He has won a deserved reputation among the Protestant denominations for his clear, concise, and scholarly interpretations of Christian doctrine and polity. This latest book will increase that reputation and strengthen his hold upon thoughtful ministers and laymen, who crave instruction rather than exhortation, and conviction rather than mere persuasiveness. The volume deals with widely misunderstood questions, such as The End of the World, Armageddon, the Millennium, the Judgment, the Second Advent, Immortality, Heaven. An author has need of historical information, and, what is better, historical thinking, of patient and wise statement, and also a comprehensive knowledge of Holy Writ, if he is to handle these disputed mysteries of divine revelation with any marked degree of success. Mr. Joseph possesses the required qualifications and furnishes satisfactory results in this volume which sets forth the central meanings and values of the Christian gospel on these controverted themes, at present uppermost in the minds of all thinking people. The evidences of his wide and discriminating reading,

his independent thinking, his devout meditation, and his zeal for the gospel, around which the clouds of trailing glory gather, are abundantly manifest. The spiritual emphasis which really determines the value of books of this character is admirably maintained. Sane and intelligible views govern his unfolding of the great hopes enshrined in the Apocalyptic Scriptures. He does not treat them as insoluble enigmas or as landmarks in a fantastic chart of future events, nor does he avoid with erroneous inconsistency that entrance into the cloud which bespeaks a timorous faith. The supremacy of the Risen and Living Christ, and his indispensable sovereignty in the process of the ages is the dominating and constructive note of his expositions. The last chapter on "Christ or Chaos?" summing up the argument of the book, sets forth the issue with unusual forcefulness. "Indeed, it is Christ himself that the troubled and distracted world most urgently needs. And mark you, it is the complete Christ who alone can satisfy. The partial Christ of our creeds and churches is not enough. It is the manysided Christ of the New Testament, who wonderfully appeals to all classes of people by the charm of his character, the sensitiveness of his sympathy, the joy of his pardon, the blessedness of his bounty, and the peace of his presence. This is the Christ who not only holds up high and exacting standards of duty, but who also offers the fullest and most enriching help. He is the Christ of history, as genuine as any of the splendid personalities who has left his stamp on the life of men, only he has done it more thoroughly. He is also the Christ of experience, the living one, who abideth for evermore, and who is able to save unto the uttermost, to liberate to the fullest, and to empower in the highest, for the sacramental service of mankind." "We are therefore confronted by two alternatives. One is to accept the spiritual idealism of Jesus, which secures for us an outlet for the healing forces of liberty, righteousness, and fraternity. The other is to choose materialism, after the fashion of clay-eaters, and go round in a circle with bleared vision, seared conscience, and vitiated deeds." The general method of the author is to show the invalidity of the literalistic conceptions that have held sway in the church as a result of attempting to translate Oriental metaphors into the forms of western thought and speech. The chapters on "The Judgment" and "The Second Advent" are particularly suggestive, but it is equally true of the rest of the book that the writer's temper is irenical, his outlook keen, his style lucid, and his conclusions address themselves both to the reason and to religious ideals. There is no attempt at a thorough-going treatment of the critical questions involved. That would have made the book an academic discussion and placed it beyond the reach of the average reader who most needs light, and, who, for lack of a rationale of these subjects, is bewildered and distracted. Mr. Joseph nevertheless reckons with the conclusions of constructive Christian scholarship and writes with an adequate knowledge of the history of the church and its contact with the world of philosophy, politics, and social relations. The opening chapter, on "The End of the World," is a discerning review of world movements and a clear exposition of the Christian ideal. There is no better book to place in the hands of men and women

who are troubled about the issues it presents. They have been long neglected by authoritative men, too long left to the tender mercies of muddled minds, distorted by enthusiasm, and greedy of wonders. We may be certain that these themes will always have an unfailing interest for multitudes of loyal believers who are anxious for the day to break, when goodness will walk unafraid on the earth, clad in the armor of God's redeeming grace. And Mr. Joseph deserves their gratitude for the illumination he imparts and the guidance he affords in this book, which is a distinct contribution to the popular exposition of these large subjects, and a bold, challenging, and courageous tonic for the new times

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Joyce Kilmer. Poems, Essays and Letters. Edited with a Memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday. Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 271, 290. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $5 net.

A friend describes young Kilmer in his early twenties when a salesman in a New York book store: "One who met him then felt at once a gracious, slightly courtly, young presence. He gave forth an aroma of excellent, gentlemanly manners. He frequently pronounced, as an indication that he had not heard you clearly, the word, 'Pardon?' with a slightly forward inclination of his head which, altogether, was adorable. His smile, never far away, when it came was winning, charming. It broke like Spring sunshine, it was so fresh and warm and clear. And there was noticeable then in his eyes a light, a quiet glow which marked him as a spirit not to be forgotten." Rupert Brooke, the exquisite poet, was twenty-eight years old; Dixon Scott, whose posthumous volume, Men of Letters, contains some of the finest literary criticisms, was thirty-four years old, and Joyce Kilmer was thirty-two years of age, when their lives were sacrificed on the altars of freedom. What Kilmer wrote of Brooke fully applies to his own case and to many another youth of rare promise, cut short in the morning splendor of their days:

"In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry."

These two volumes are a precious legacy and what Holliday writes in his memoir is a true estimate of Kilmer's life and writings. "It is the felicity of these pages that they cannot be dull. It is their merit, peculiar in such a memoir, that they cannot be sad. It is their novelty that they can be restricted in appeal only by the varieties of the human species.

It is their good fortune that they can be extraordinarily frank. It is their virtue that they cannot fail to do immeasurable good. And it is their luck to abide many days." We think of Kilmer as a blithesome spirit, brimful of life and love, friendship and faith, goodness and beauty, captivating everyone by his joyous and genial winsomeness. Of his comrades in the field he wrote: "Say a prayer for them all, they're brave men and good, and splendid company. Danger shared together and hardships mutually borne develops in us a sort of friendship I never knew in civilian life, a friendship clean of jealousy and gossip and envy and suspicion—a fine, hearty, roaring, mirthful sort of thing, like an open fire of whole pine trees in a giant's castle." The testimony of Father Duffy, chaplain of the 165th Infantry, is expressive: "There was something of what the Scots call 'fey' about him as a soldier. He was absolutely the coolest and most indifferent man in the face of danger I have ever seen. It was not for lack of love of life, for he enjoyed his life as a soldier—his only cross was distance from home. It was partly from his inborn courage and devotion—he would not stint his sacrifice—partly his deep and real belief that what God wills is best." In one of his last letters he wrote: "Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter." This is the underlying thought in his poem, "Thanksgiving":

"The roar of the world is in my ears.
Thank God for the roar of the world!
Thank God for the mighty tide of fears
Against me always hurled!

"Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
And the sting of his chastening rod!
Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,
And oh, thank God for God!"

There was no mystery about Kilmer's deep and natural religiousness. His ancestry was enough to account for it. He came of devout Methodist stock. His mother was brought up a Methodist. His maternal grandmother, Mrs. Kilburn, living in New Brunswick, N. J., in the eighties and nineties of the last century, was a kind of city evangelist, a woman in whom dignity of character, force of will, fervency of faith and joyous evangelistic labor made a strong combination. She established and for years conducted a Rescue Mission in the poor quarter. A refined and devout woman belonging to a noble New Brunswick family, who knew Mrs. Kilburn and her work, now writes: "Her whole being was an altar afire with love and praise. Melting pity for the unsaved moved her to the outcasts of society. Her mission was open night and day. In addition she held regular religious services at the jail. One of the prisoners whom she led to Christ, a Norwegian, became a coworker in her mission." Doubtless, Kilmer's religiousness and clear faith and joyous temperament descended to him from the most ardently religious character in his immediate ancestry, this great-souled grandmother, whose presence in his home

enveloped his childhood in an atmosphere of genuine piety. Kilmer's father was superintendent of Christ Church Sunday School, and named his baby boy after his minister, the Rev. Mr. Joyce. His career is an illustration of the stirring lines of Sir Walter Scott, whom he so greatly admired:

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

He literally burned out by the sheer intensity and impetuosity of his nature, and one would hardly wish it had been otherwise. His poems have the freshness of the morning, the hearty gaiety of life, the thrill of adventure, the quality of humanity, as he sings of love and home, of duty and patriotism, of friendship and religion. One of his last letters gives his conception of poetry. "All that poetry can be expected to do is to give pleasure of a noble sort to its readers, leading them to the contemplation of that Beauty which neither words nor sculptures nor pigments can do more than faintly reflect, and to express the mental and spiritual tendencies of the people of the lands and times in which it is written." His own verse could not be better described, and in his poems we find some of the best expressions of American idealism. The first of his poems to really fascinate the public was entitled "Trees," of which the following lines give a glimpse:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

. . . .

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.
I think that I shall never scan
A tree as lovely as a man.

. . . .

A tree depicts divinest plan,
But God himself lives in a man."

He sang of the common things and the daily drudgery of life and enabled many to see the romance of the commonplace. The concluding verses of a poem called "Delicatessen" show how easily and naturally he rose from the drab to the sublime:

"O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Whose mother was a village maid,
Shall we thy children, blow our breath
In scorn on any humble trade?

"Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity."

The poet is not only an idealist, but also a soldier, and it was inevitable that when the war broke out, Kilmer should decide to enlist and make his

way to the front where danger was the greatest. In "The Proud Poet" he celebrated the prowess of soldier-poets as a resentful reply to the charge that poets are effeminate. "Rouge Bouquet," written in France, is one of his best poems, but it is too long to quote and a few lines could convey no idea of its martial sentiments. We must, however, quote "The Peacemaker," which was the last poem he wrote:

"Upon his will he binds a radiant chain,
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain.
To banish war, he must a warrior be.
He dwells in Night, eternal Dawn to see,
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain.

"What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom, goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the cross upon a conquered world."

Religion was the first thing in his life, and the religious note sounds in his poetry and his prose. In reply to a statement that many of our most famous writers to-day are anti-Christian, he wrote in a letter: "Do you not think that a reaction is coming? Already we have Chesterton, and Belloc, and Bazin, and Miss Guiney, and Father Vincent McNabb, and a number of other brilliant writers who, not as theologians, but purely as literary artists express a fine and wholesome faith. People are beginning to tire of cheap criticism and 'realism' and similar absurdities." It was just as easy for Kilmer to express himself in prose as in poetry, and his use of both forms of the literary art gives evidence of a full mind and heart. He was a prolific journalist and one of the most accomplished. The literary interview was one of his successful specialties. His essays have the flavor of Charles Lamb with their quaint humor and shrewd observations. His estimate of the poetry of Hillaire Belloc is one of the finest samples of literary criticism. "The Gentle Art of Christmas Giving" is a veritable gem. "The Inefficient Library" is unequaled for humor, irony and literary values. In a letter he wrote, "To tell the truth, I am not at all interested in writing nowadays, except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory. I am a sergeant in the Regimental Intelligence Section—the most fascinating work possible—more thrills in it than in any other branch except possibly aviation. And it's more varied than aviation. Wonderful life! But I don't know what I'll be able to do in civilian life—unless I become a fireman!" His letters to a wide circle of friends reveal the man in the genuine manliness, heartiness, lovableness of his nature. He was one of the choice spirits of American life and letters. Since Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was killed at the

front in France last July and his feet went up the shining way, we have often recalled his verses entitled "Main Street":

> "God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky.
> That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I have to die.
>
> "Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly Crown.
> But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaventown."

The Golden Milestone. By F. W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 276. New York & Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THE latest installment of Boreham from our Publishing House. Boreham never palls. There are no dull pages. His essays are the easiest kind of thoughtful reading, all beguiling. You simply float along on the gently flowing stream, and the banks that border are beautiful. You have David Grayson, and Brierley, and several others all in one, plus the singular, peculiar, and original individuality of Boreham's own inimitable style and quality. The Golden Milestone essay takes its title from Longfellow's words, "Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone, from which he measures every distance through the gateways of the world around him." This volume takes its title from one of the twenty-four essays on an amazing variety of subjects, some of them odd and surprising, all of them suggestive and stimulating; as inviting and enticing as paths that lead over the hills and far away; the pages more full of living than of dreaming; the turnpike road of actual human journeyings under a sky full of visions. Our fumbling attempt only shows how difficult it is to describe or express Boreham. We are seldom so bewildered as when we try to select one of his essays from among the others; being unable to find any clear reason for preference, we do it haphazard, which seems unworthy of a reasoning being. But since an orthodox minister announcing as his subject "My Lost Faith" excites more attention for the moment than he attracted so long as he remained orthodox, we will give this Australian preacher his moment of special notoriety by letting him explain in our pages his change of belief. Here it is without quotation marks: This morning finds me in a heretical mood. Indeed, I am not only a heretic; I am a rebel. I am in flagrant and open revolt. I have lost the faith of my boyhood. It has gone, and gone for ever, that simple, positive, implicit confidence. I have not only lost it; I scorn it, I deride it, I laugh at it. I am ashamed to think that I ever held it. And yet how firmly I once believed in it! If anybody had suggested to me that it might one day prove false, I should have replied, in boyish phraseology, that pigs might fly. And now it *has* proved false, and, with the air full of biplanes, pigs may be expected to fly at any moment! Yes, the old creed used to stand like adamant. *'I believe in arithmetic!'* I used to say; and I said it with profound conviction. I always had my doubts about grammar; it seemed so utterly arbitrary and void of authority. And geography seemed very questionable indeed; half a dozen first-class explorers might upset the whole thing, and a big war might paint the entire map in different colours.

But I believed in arithmetic. "I believe in multiplication," I used to say devoutly; "that twice two are four; I believe in addition—that two and one are three; I believe in subtraction—that one from five leaves four; I believe in arithmetic, in mathematics, in statistics, in majorities!" Here was my creed, and I used to think, as I repeated it, that I was uttering the last word in the universe, and that when I had so spoken there was no more to be said. And when I first made the Church's acquaintance, I was pleased to find that my faith was the Church's faith and that I could become a humble member of her august fellowship without deserving the brand of the heretic. I discovered with delight that the Church dealt in annual reports, copiously besprinkled with telling numerals, and in statistical tables all added up and worked out with elaborate averages and percentages. "It is all right!" I said to myself, as I tremblingly submitted myself to the Church's approval. "It is all right; the Church believes as I believe! She believes in arithmetic as firmly as I do. She believes in multiplication—that twice two are four. She believes in addition—that two and one are three. And she even believes, though with a wry face, in subtraction—that one from five leaves four. She believes as I do in arithmetic, in mathematics, in statistics, in majorities!" And so I joined the Church with a right good will, not swallowing her dogmas in order to approve myself to her, but rejoicing that she held so tenaciously and taught so clearly the very things that I had come to believe so certainly in the days of my childhood. She believed in arithmetic, and so did I. We were drawn together by that powerful and natural affinity. And now it has all gone, gone like a dream, that boyish faith of mine. I no more believe in the Rule of Three than I believe in the Rule of Thumb. I no longer believe in multiplication or in addition, and certainly I no longer believe in subtraction. I have no faith in mathematics, in statistics, or in majorities. The whole thing is to me a species of Mumbo-Jumbo. I despise myself for ever having been deceived by it. My old faith is gone, and I am glad it is gone. What the Church will say when my defection, my rebellion, is reported, I cannot imagine. But here I stand, my old faith stripped from me, naked but not ashamed. If any of my old friends are inclined to think harshly of me for my betrayal, I can only plead that I was compelled by two separate forces to abandon my former faith. My Bible and my experience of the world alike made it impossible for me to believe any longer in arithmetic. I think more respectfully of grammar now than I used to do at school, and I entertain a much higher regard for geography, but arithmetic has gone for ever. After reading my Bible, and gaining some practical knowledge of men and things, I could never trust figures any more. Figures are like fairy-tales—they serve a useful purpose in developing the imagination of young children—but when you have said that, there is no more to be said. No man can know either the world or his Bible and believe in arithmetic. I blush with very shame to think that I ever really fancied that two and two made four, or even that one and one made two. Now when you come to think of it, there is more in this matter of mathematics than one would at first suppose. The philosophers have got into some glorious tangles over it. In criticizing the doc-

trines of Kant, Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, declared, for example, that three and two make five. It seemed on the face of it a fairly safe assertion. "Three and two make five," the learned Master of Trinity declared. "We cannot," he went on, "conceive it otherwise. We cannot by any freak of thought imagine three and two to make seven." But G. H. Lewes, the author of the *History of Philosophy* and the companion of George Eliot, will not allow this for a moment. He maintains, and he quotes Herschell in support of his contention, that there is nothing at all self-evident in the contention that three and two make five. And John Stuart Mill once boldly affirmed that he could easily imagine a state of things under which two and two do not make four. Now here is the doctrine of addition in trouble already. The philosophers have their doubts about it, and the philosophers are not alone. The thing has been fought out in court. An insurance case was being argued before a Bench of seven judges some years ago, and everybody knows of the implicit faith that the average insurance company puts in actuarial computations. Figures are a perfect fetish here. Well, one of the barristers was reeling off a string of telling statistics, and was evidently making more of them than he was entitled to do. Imagine his bewilderment when Lord Craighill quietly interpolated: "But two and two, you know, do not always make four!" The whole court was astounded at the judicial interjection. "If two and two do not make four," snorted Lord Young impatiently, "what on earth are we sitting here for?" Whereupon, to the immense relief of Lord Craighill, Lord McLaren came to his assistance. "Well, you know, it all depends," said Lord McLaren; "there must be a certain unity and conformity between them; you could scarcely say that two candles and two tons of coal make four!" Now this raises a very nice point. I am reminded of the old soldier who had an insatiable passion for tabulating and adding up things, and who recorded the outstanding achievements and experiences of his life in this way:

Battles	7
Wounds	6
Children	8
Total	21

On the face of it there is a good deal to be said for the theory that seven and six and eight make twenty-one; but Lord McLaren would rule it out, and I am sure the philosophers would not allow it. Two candles and two tons of coal do *not* make four. That is precisely the point at which I suspect the statistics that the Church sometimes flourishes so proudly. You must know what the things are that you are counting. If you cannot add candles to coal, it is certain that you cannot add Judas to John. The staggering discovery that the Church made in the days of her earliest infancy was that eleven and one do not make twelve; but that sensational revelation has not materially shaken the Church's childlike confidence in figures. Take the parable of the talents, for example. Here, if any-

where, there is employment for the ecclesiastical statistician; here, if anywhere, he should be in his element. "The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country who called his own servants and delivered unto them his goods." What happened? Ask our ecclesiastical statistician. The statistician, believing in the ridiculous fallacy that two and two make four, gets to work adding things up. The good man delivered to his servants 5+2+1 talents =8; and received from them on his return 10+4+1 talents = 15. Whereupon the statistician beams with delight. How splendidly the three servants did! But it will never do. One and one and one do not make three. Five and two and one do not make eight. Ten and four and one do not make fifteen. These totals, three and eight and fifteen, so dear to the heart of man who believes in arithmetic, do not come into the story at all. The three men are never added together. Service and sloth can no more be added together than can coal and candles, or John and Judas. The church secretary, believing in arithmetic, can add me up with a lot of other people if he likes; but in the Day of Judgment the addition will all be exploded. I shall no longer be lost in the crowd. The three servants will answer each for himself—one and one and one. For one and one and one will not make three in the calculations of the last day. Even now one pound one shilling and one penny do not count as three in any reasonable scale of reckoning. That is a great story that Gibbon tells of Abu Taher: "In a daring inroad beyond the Tigris Abu Taher advanced to the gates of Bagdad with no more than 500 horse. By the special order of Moclader the bridges had been broken down, and the person or head of Abu was expected every hour by the commander of the faithful. His lieutenant, from a motive of pity, apprised Abu Taher of his danger and recommended a speedy escape. "Your master," said the intrepid Carmathian to the messenger, "is at the head of 30,000 soldiers; three such men as these are wanting in his host." At the same instant, turning to face his three companions, he commanded the first to plunge a dagger into his breast, the second to leap into the Tigris, and the third to cast himself headlong down a precipice. They obeyed without a murmur. "Relate," continued the imaum, "what you have seen; before the evening your general shall be chained among my dogs." Before the evening the camp was surprised and the menace was executed." The statistician would have reckoned the forces of Abu Taher as only 500; and as he counted the 30,000 impotent defenders of Bagdad the figures would have rolled musically over his tongue. For heroes and wasters, pounds, shillings, and pence are all alike to him. Each counts one. Let all who swear by statistics take warning. Now that is precisely the weakness of democracy. A democratic form of government is, I suppose, the nearest approach to a perfect form of government that has ever been invented; yet nobody would argue that it *is* a perfect form of government. And the chasm that yawns between it and perfection is the chasm into which we have just been peering. It adds Judas and John together, saying as it does so that one and one make two. It gives the ne'er-do-weel, the waster, and the scoundrel the same voice in the affairs of State as the man of intelligence and integrity to whom the

whole community looks up in respect. "If there is one lesson written more legibly than another upon the annals of the world, it is that majorities are almost always wrong!" So said Mr. W. S. Lilly in *The Nineteenth Century* the other day. "I hate the very word *majority*," George Gissing makes one of his characters to say; "it is the few, the very few that have always kept alive whatever of good we see in the race. There are individuals who outweigh, in every kind of value, generations of ordinary people." And Schiller asks a question to the same purport:

What are mere numbers? Numbers are but nonsense;
Wisdom is never found save with the few;
Votes should be rightly weighed, not only counted:
Sooner or later must that State go under
Where numbers rule and foolishness determines.

I do not know what one and one make; I only know what they can never, *never* make. One and one can never by any possibility make two. If one and one are like coal and candle, like Judas and John, like the good and faithful servant on the one hand and the wicked and slothful servant on the other, you cannot add them together at all. But if they are of such a character that you *can* add them together, then one and one will make much more than two. I was travelling on a ship the other evening. I was strolling on the port side of the deck; I noticed another minister strolling on the starboard side. Here we were—one and one. Presently we introduced ourselves to each other, and spent the evening in delightful comradeship. Some of the thoughts suggested by our chat that night will cling to me to my dying day. Inspirations visited the two of us together that could never have come to either of us singly. And when we went at length to our cabins we both recognized how very much more than two one and one may often make. To be sure! Hopeful and Christian felt the same thing, and commented upon it in their wonderful walk. In his *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, too, Henry James makes the casual remark that "every man works better when he has companions." Now if every man works better when he has companions, it is clear that, when he has companions, every man becomes a man and a quarter, or a man and a half, or even two men, and counting is out of the question. That is just it: counting is always out of the question. It is bad news for the census-enumerator, but it is true. Somebody asked the other day how many men there were on Robinson Crusoe's island. The census-enumerator looks wonderfully wise and, with an air of finality, says "One!" It is ridiculous. It has been pointed out that Robinson Crusoe took with him to the island everybody who had ever taught him anything, everybody whom he copied or imitated or followed. All the men and women who had been his relatives and friends and teachers and guides went with him to his exile. Otherwise his mind would have been a blank and he an imbecile. The census-taker gets out his form and calls "One!' But we, being wiser, know that there were thousands. That is the worst of trying to count. Elijah tried it, and he also said "One!" and he said it very confidently. "I, even I only, am left." "And the Lord said unto him, There are seven

thousand!" It was a bad blunder, but no worse than all the statisticians make. Arithmetic is an impossible science. I do not believe that any man who has once fallen in love will ever be persuaded that one and one are only two. I do not believe that any happy couple, into the sweet shelter of whose home a little child has come, will ever be convinced that two and one are only three. And I am certain that no such pair, from whose clinging and protecting arms their treasure has been snatched, will credit that one from three leaves two. In the great crises of life one's faith in figures breaks down hopelessly. I was reading the other day a story of a census-taker who was working on the east side of lower New York, and came to a tenement that was literally crowded with children. To the woman who was bending over the wash-tub he said: "Madam, I am the census-taker; how many children have you?" "Well, lemme see," replied the woman, as she straightened up and wiped her hands on her apron. "There's Mary and Ella and Delia and Susie and Emma and Tommy and Albert and Eddie and Charlie and Frank and——" "Madam," interrupted the census man, "if you could just give me the number——" "Number!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I want you to understand that we ain't got to *numbering* 'em yet! We ain't run out o' *names!*" The more I see of the world and the more I read my Bible the more clearly do I see that I am living in a world of Marys and Ellas and Delias and Susies, and not in a world of tens and hundreds and thousands and millions. My Bible only introduces arithmetic to make it look ridiculous. What about the story of the spies? What about the story of Gideon? What about the story of Goliath? Seventy times seven works out at about a billion in the New Testament. When the Bible deals in quantities at all, it generally tells you that things are as the stars of the sky for multitude and as the sands of the sea-shore innumerable. "Are they few that be saved?" some one inquired of Jesus; and the only answer is the picture of a multitude that no man can number, a host that no statistician can count! And so I say "Good-bye!" to my old faith in figures. I am really glad to be rid of it. I do not know what the Church, with her carefully compiled statistics, will say about it. But I am not without hope that she may even yet escape from the limitations of the Book of Numbers into the immensities of a boundless Bible, and the heresy which afflicts me to-day may be her own pride and profession to-morrow. Who can tell?

An Ethical Philosophy of Life. Presented in Its Main Outlines. By FELIX ADLER. Royal 8vo, pp. viii, 380. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price, $3 net.

THIS volume is one of the best expositions of the attempt to divorce morality from religion. But such a program has never been known to work and the depressing note which repeatedly recurs in these pages is evidence that Ethical Culture and all such methods of living cannot offer any balm to the human soul, lamed and doomed by sin and sorely in need of redemption. We agree with the author's contention, which is an echo of New Testament teaching, that every human being is an end *per se*,

worth while on his own account. We also approve of his forceful protest against all forms of exploitation, whether of individuals or of lesser developed peoples by the more advanced. In studying the worth of man we must assuredly have before us "the ideal of the whole"; but Dr. Adler stops with ethical energy and does not reckon with spiritual energy which comes through communion with God. To be sure, he uses the word spiritual, but its content is impoverished because he has no place for God, in place of whom he substitutes "a universe of spiritual beings interacting in infinite harmony." We are, therefore, not surprised that in Book III on practical "Applications," he declares that the word "Frustration" is expressive of the conduct of life. In spite of his disclaimer, such doctrine is both pathetic and melancholy, and, in the last analysis, it is paralyzingly pessimistic. If there is no personal God, in the theistic sense, there cannot be prayer. It is a gross misuse of the sacred word "worship" to apply it to the homage offered to the members of a holy community. Humanity is at best a dubious deity, and it is a serious question whether it has place in any pantheon. If it is to be our god we shall be compelled to live without any expansive horizon and in the suffocating hot-house of introspection and subjectivity. Dr. Adler acknowledges that his philosophy of life is defective. One reason for this is that no ethics worthy the name could be propounded apart from a religious basis. Moral aspiration, moral feeling, moral obligation cannot be related to an impersonal law nor receive inspiration from abstract truth. The dry abstractions of ethics have always dampened ardor where not strengthened by religion. It is plausible enough to exhort us to arouse the desire to see in others the god, the *numen*, the master end; but without the bright shining light of a personalized ideal, such as we have in Jesus Christ, it were to travel in a circle, if we attempted "to idealize the fair quality in others and thereby achieve the concomitant transformation of the self." We hold that God is the source of all authority, even he who is revealed through nature, reason and history and most perfectly through Jesus Christ. But Dr. Adler has an absurd idea of Christianity and he labors under serious misapprehensions. The chapter on "The Teachings of Jesus" would make our Master an uncompromising and cowardly pacifist. To declare that the last word in ethics has not been spoken by Jesus is to infer that there is a more penetrating and more comprehensive principle than love. But there is no indication of this in Dr. Adler's volume, in which he discourses on love, but without the constraining force of the New Testament ethic. There are sections in this volume marked by sympathetic discernment. This is particularly so of the chapters on "The Supreme Ethical Ideal," "The Family," "The Vocations," and "The State." The social philosophy herein expounded is based on the threefold reverence toward superiors, equals and inferiors. The three great tasks that occupy human life are: "To build our finite world (science and its adjuncts). To create in the finite the semblance of the infinite or spiritual relation (art). To strive to realize the spiritual relation in human intercourse (ethics and religion)." When he states that the task of being a cheerful world-builder was abandoned in dismay by Christianity, Dr. Adler shows an inexcusable

ignorance of the history and achievements of Christianity during the last one hundred years, not to go beyond this period. "The attitude of the Christian is other-worldly. He shuns intimacy with the finite world and turns his face toward his 'true home.'" This is either caricature or misunderstanding, or both. He who writes that the New Testament shows preference for celibacy should read it again. The chapter on "Religious Fellowship" has some good things, but also much that is not good because of the defective conception of religion. What is written about the ethical teacher applies with the same force to the Christian teacher; but we would add that he must above all things have an intimate knowledge of the genius and power of Christianity if he is to succeed in stimulating those whom he influences to attain and to press forward to the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. When death has been so busy reaping the greatest harvest in all history, it is a sheer mockery to offer the spurious consolation of the immortality of influence. The affectionate memory of the departed brings no adequate solace to the bereaved and what is written on this subject is utterly superficial. The concluding chapter on "The Last Outlook on Life" has a paragraph which should be quoted. It is the confession of the writer, who might be described as an inquiring spirit, and over it might be written the word "Frustration," which is a fitting legend of Adler's philosophy of life. "I have reached the bourne, or am very near it. The shadows lengthen, the twilight deepens. I look back on my life and its net results. I have seen spiritual ideals, and the more clearly I saw them, the wider appeared the distance between them and the empirical conditions, and the changes I could effect in those conditions. I have worked in social reform, and the impression I have been able to make now seems to me so utterly insignificant as to make my early sanguine aspirations appear pathetic. I have seen the vision of democracy in the air, and on the ground around me I have seen the sordid travesty of democracy—not only in practice but in idea. I have caught the far outlook upon the organization of mankind, the extension of the spiritual empire over the earth by the addition to it of new provinces, and I do not find even the faintest beginnings, or recognition of the task which the advanced nations should set themselves. I scrutinize closely my relations to those who have been closest to me—and I find that I have been groping in the dark with respect to their most real needs, and that my faculty of divination has been feeble. I look lastly into my heart, my own character, and the effort I have made to fuse the discordant elements there, to achieve a genuine integrity there, and I find the disappointment in that respect the deepest of all." How fearfully depressing is this swan-song of the leader of ethical culture. It is in radical contrast to that of the ancient lawgiver: "The eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms"; and of the Christian apostle: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day: and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved his appearing." How unlike it is to the

triumphant assurance of our blessed Lord: "In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The Visions of An Artist. Studies in G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M., with Verse Interpretations. By H. W. SHREWSBURY. 8vo, pp. 187. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, seven shillings six pence, net.

THOSE who have read The Annals of an Artist's Life, by Mrs. Watts, are familiar with the noble character of George Frederic Watts, who had the soul of a prophet and who set on canvas some of the most remarkable interpretations of life and destiny. Ruskin once said: "He is the greatest who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas." Judged by this canon, Watts occupies a high place. He not only had insight but ability to stir emotions akin to those which inspired him in his creations, and the language of his art possessed the accent of universality, so that his productions are secure against the ravages or changes of time. "It is impossible to stand before one of Watts's great symbolical pictures and examine it closely without realizing that deep thoughts were in the artist's mind, and that he is striving to give expression to them, that *his* thoughts may become *ours*." So writes Shrewsbury, who expounds with artistic and poetic insight and a devout spirit twenty-one of the masterpieces of Watts, which are reproduced in Vandyck photogravures and add to the value of this volume. Each chapter is introduced by an original poem which gathers up the chief points of the particular picture studied. The first chapter is an introduction to the man, his methods of work and his influence. Watts was intensely religious, and his ideas of religion were expressed in two sentences: "Religion is the constant desire to do right, not merely saying, 'I want to do right,' but the strong desire itself, like some powerful spring in machinery, keeping up the whole by its pressure. Religion is nothing unless it is the music that runs through all life, from the least thing we do to the greatest." One of his favorite mottoes was "the utmost for the highest," and this is evidenced in all his work. The familiar painting "Sir Galahad" is an interpretation of the quest of the highest. It is a picture of prayer, "not in the sense of bended knees and bowed head and closed eyes, but in the highest sense of all, communion; prayer as a man prays when passing through some lovely landscape, or when lifting his eyes to the starry heavens, or when treading crowded streets with a sense of great responsibility resting upon him; the prayer of a man of action pausing for a moment in the midst of the stress and strain of life to refresh his spirit with a vision of the loftiest things and to draw inspiration from the Source of all true greatness." Another notable painting is "Hope," mistakenly described as an image of despair, but imparting inspiring lessons to those who have tried and failed, and encouraging them to toil on, for success is not achievement and applause but character. Julian Grenfell, the poet, who fell in Flanders, had the right idea when he wrote: "I agree with what you say about *success*, but I like the people best who take it as it comes, or doesn't come, and are busy about im-

practical and ideal things in their heart of hearts all the time." A stirring appeal to Christendom is given in "The Spirit of Christianity." It was dedicated to all the churches and searchingly exposes the folly and weakness of bigotry and schism. The warning is greatly needed in these days. Would that it were heeded by the "Church at odds with its own self and life"! The passion of the eager prophet of God is seen in the paintings "Mammon" and "The Minotaur," two of the fearful world tyrants against whom war must be endlessly waged. "I want," wrote Watts, "to take away the terribleness of Death, and the irrational shrinking of men and women before it. My aim is to represent Death as a gracious mother calling her children home." This is strikingly shown in "Love and Death." It is not a dread messenger, but one who leads "from darkness and decay into the sunshine of eternal day, into the presence of Love's primal source." The impressive panel "The Court of Death" represents all classes and conditions of the human race paying inevitable homage to Death seated on a throne with stern and tender face, in whose lap lies a new-born babe, symbolizing that death is not only an ending but a new beginning, the commencement of a fresh cycle of development for scholar and nobleman, for rich and poor, for young and old. "The Happy Warrior" is most timely for our own day as we recall the heroes who have fallen for the cause of liberty. "The Messenger" is a pæan on old age. This picture is the more significant when it is remembered that the artist closed his earthly career at the advanced period of eighty-eight years, and worked with unabated vigor to within a month of his demise. He was over seventy-eight years old when he painted "Jonah," and it occupied him a week. In his eighty-second year he commenced the colossal statue of Tennyson. His conceptions of both old age and death had the spirit of buoyancy. Shrewsbury writes: "The fear of old age is with many second only to the fear of death. It need not be so. Rather should old age resemble that sweet eventide of life so exquisitely drawn by Bunyan in his description of the land of Beulah, trees always in blossom, unclouded sunshine, songs floating across the river of death from the celestial city; and angel visitants flitting to and fro with gracious words on their lips. It is there that the blessedness of a life well lived is fully experienced." The last study is of "Love Triumphant," a symbolical representation of the last conquest, where love takes the dark threads of our sorrows and weaves them into the perfect fabric of our life to be. We unreservedly commend this volume. The spirit of insight and appreciation manifested in every chapter is well expressed in the poem on Watts and his message:

"He sought the truth, he sought with eager longing,
  As one who knew no search for truth forbidden,
And ever to his mind new thoughts came thronging,
  Mingled with visions from a dull world hidden;
And through his soul there ran a mighty passion
  To share, with all who cared, his splendid dreaming;
In glowing tints, or sculptured form, to fashion
  Those images with which his brain was teeming.

In loftiest themes he found his inspiration,
But not for gain he wrought his masterpieces;
Freely he gave, and through his gifts the nation
Its heritage of noblest thought increases.
Yet his most glorious records are not written
On canvas, sculpture, frescoed walls or ceiling,
But in the souls, by sin or sorrow smitten,
To whom Hope, Love, and Kindly Death revealing,
His messages have come as balm of healing."

Occasional Addresses. By the Right Hon. H. H. ASQUITH. 8vo, pp. x, 194. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.25.

IN his Recollections, Viscount Morley refers with appreciation to the younger generation of Liberals who had sprung up in 1886, and were destined to exert much influence in political life. Among them were Haldane, Asquith, Grey, Acland, who had the temper of the world and the temper of business, who also had conscience, character and took their politics to heart. Referring to Asquith in another connection, Morley wrote: "The understanding and affinity between Asquith and me, from the intellectual and political point of view, is almost perfect. He is more close in expression than I am, but we both have in different ways the *esprit positif;* we are neither of us optimists; we start from common educational training, though his was in the critical hours of education much better." This volume of addresses by Asquith breathes the serene and lucid air of academic thought applied to literary, professional, and political questions. With the exception of the personal tribute to Earl Kitchener, all the addresses and speeches were delivered before the tumultuous days of the war. They deal with a wide range of subjects of continuous interest and are expressed in the mellifluous language for which Asquith is justly famed. On the function of criticism, which is both positive and negative, he says: "By discriminating between that which is true and that which is false, between good and bad art, between reality and imposture, by dethroning the ephemeral idols of fashion, and recalling the wandering crowd to the worship of beauty and of greatness, criticism plays the part of vitalizing and energizing force in social and intellectual progress. It performs the double duty of solvent and stimulant." This thesis is illustrated from a wide range of reading and thought, while he convincingly supports his contentions for a type of criticism which is open-minded, many-sided, not sectarian but catholic, impersonal in the best and largest sense, and marked by imaginative insight. In these days of rash and hasty judgments from pulpit, platform and press, the exacting standards set forth in this address should be carefully studied. In "Culture and Character," he deservedly scores "the superficial smatterer who knows something about everything and much about nothing." His plea for style is worth its weight in gold: "If a certain width of range is essential to the reality of academic culture, it is equally true that, in external form and expression, it is, or ought to be, marked by precision, aptitude, harmony—by the qualities,

in a word, which combine to make up what we call style. In all artistic production there are three factors—the subject, the form in which it is presented, and the vehicle by which the presentation is effected. In each of the separate arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music—the particular vehicle controls and limits the choice of subject. But given appropriate subject and apt vehicle, and there is nothing in which the insight of genius is better tested than in the mating of the two, it is the formative capacity of the artist which determines the value of the product. That sounds like a platitude when we are talking of the fine arts; but it is strange how careless of form even highly educated people show themselves in the commonplace everyday acts of speaking and writing. A vast deal of the slipshod and prolix stuff which we are compelled to read or to listen to is, of course, born of sheer idleness. When, as so often happens, a man takes an hour to say what might have been as well or better said in twenty minutes, or spreads over twenty pages what could easily have been exhausted in ten, the offence in a large majority of cases is due, not so much to vanity, or to indifference to the feelings of others, as to inability or unwillingness to take pains. And the uncritical world, just as it is apt to mistake noise of utterance for firmness of character, has an almost invincible tendency to think that a writer or orator cannot be eloquent unless he is also diffuse." This forceful criticism reminds us of John Foster's essay, "On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered Unacceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste." One of his explanations was "uncouth language and a barbarous diction, giving the gospel the air of a professional thing which must have its peculiar cast of phrases." Asquith points out that the aim and end of education is to free us from the dogmatic temper which relies on authority and not on the reason. "To be open-minded; to struggle against preconceptions, and hold them in due subjection; to keep the avenues of the intelligence free and unblocked; to take pains that the scales of the judgment shall be always even and fair; to welcome new truths when they have proved their title, despite the havoc they may make of old and cherished beliefs—these may sound like commonplace qualities, well within every man's reach, but experience shows that in practice they are the rarest of all." In the Rectorial Address on "Ancient Universities and the Modern World," he suggests that the trained man should keep the windows of the mind, and of the soul also, open to the light and the air. "We must take with us into the dust and tumult, the ambitions and cares, the homely joys and sorrows, which will make up the texture of our days and years, an inextinguishable sense of the things which are unseen, the things which give dignity to service, inspiration to work, purpose to suffering, a value, immeasurable and eternal, to the humblest of human lives." In his speech on "Edinburgh" he utters a note of warning against some of our present-day dangers: "The modern world, with its steam-roller methods, its levelling of inequalities, its lopping of excrescences, its rounding of angles and blunting of edges, all of them in due place and season healthful and even necessary processes, tends inevitably and increasingly

towards uniformity, sameness, monotony. Let us do all we can, both in our children and in our cities, to keep fresh and potent the saving salt of individuality." His tribute to Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, holds up an ideal worthy of emulation by all teachers, whether in the chair or the pulpit. "He had none of the vulgar marks of a successful leader either of thought or action. He founded no school; nor was he the author or the apostle of any system, constructive or even critical. In a sense it is true that he left behind him no disciples; and to those who think that no man can stamp his impress upon his generation unless he is either a dogmatist or a partisan, his career will be a constant puzzle. But to us who knew him and saw him in the daily life of the college, the secret of his power is no mystery. We cannot hope to see again the counterpart of that refined and fastidious mind, in whose presence intellectual lethargy was stirred into life, and intellectual pretentiousness sank into abashed silence. Upon his generosity no call could be too heavy; with his delicate kindliness he was ever ready to give the best hours of either the day or the night to help and to advise the humblest of those who appealed to him for aid." Many other passages could readily be quoted for the sake of keen thought and perfect phrasing, but enough for the present to commend a volume of exceptional merit and of particular value to the preacher as a model of expression and appeal.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By her brother, Arthur Christopher Benson, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo, pp. 446. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, with sixteen illustrations, $2.50 net.

An interesting and engaging family, the Bensons. They live finely and die into books. Being a Benson, Maggie must have a book written about her. Simultaneously Arthur, being a Benson, had to write another book. These two imperatives coincided and the result is before us. Copious and fluent the Bensons are. In 1905 Maggie wrote to Arthur: "Some of our family must emigrate, or English literature will be flooded." She herself wrote several books on political economy and philosophy and other themes. When a self-denial week was ordered in England to help win the world-war, London Punch said: "A. C. Benson practices self-denial by abstaining for a week from publishing another book." A great advantage it is to a gifted family to have its own gifted omnibiographer, full of intimate inside knowledge. Arthur wrote a memoir of his older sister, Nelly; then the life of his father, the archbishop; then the life of his younger brother Hugh, a proselyte to Romanism. All these were frank, unaffected, intimately revealing, and in perfect good taste. If any one desires to breathe the highly intellectual and cultured atmosphere of the ecclesiastical aristocracy of the Anglican Church, dwelling in a bishop's palace, he can find it in the Benson books. When Arthur

talked with his mother about writing Maggie's life, she saw reasons why he should not, but he thought they were not good reasons. He decided it was worth while to record a life that was happy, useful, always fine; much hampered and baffled by invalidism, but spreading itself helpfully and generously in many directions. He considers that the best reason for making record of a life is that it was of a rich, noble, beautiful quality, as was the case with his sister Maggie; a life which showed human existence to be something large and high and grand. Arthur Benson rightly thinks that to show to those who would live nobly if they could, how to live more nobly, is one of the best services that can be rendered to the world. This book begins naturally with some glimpses of Maggie's childhood. She was backward and could not read by herself until she was five. When she burst into angry tears over a subtraction sum, a looking-glass was held before her face to show her how ugly she looked; which greatly humiliated and offended her dignity. She cried often over her studies. When she was punished for some misdemeanor by being required to sit quiet in a chair, the sulky child said, "Ven I get up, I'll vip my doll." In her childish troubles she, like the rest of us, would go for comfort to her mother, put her head down on the soft shoulder, and say, "O, mamma!" to which the expected reply was, "O, Maggie!" and that was enough. While growing up, she was a silent, shy girl, afraid of publicity and social intercourse, easily abashed, feeling awkward, fearing to express herself in words or acts. This gradually diminished, yet even in mature years she was sensitive and diffident, averse to much society. A school friend remembers her commenting on Longfellow and asking what sense there was in speaking of leaving "footprints on the sands of time," when the next tide would wash them all out. One friend says, "Maggie was keen on people doing things *together*. She believed in the value of *Societies*. She made much use of this, and was always arguing for the virtue of getting together and massing forces. Once when we were talking, I had just been inquiring for the train which would bring me to a friend's house in time for luncheon. I was questioning whether worship necessitated going to church. Maggie insisted on the benefit and necessity of doing things *with* other people and making religion social; and turned on me with, 'Why, Maud, you see how particular you are to get there in time to have luncheon *with* your friend.'" Arthur Benson tells something very interesting about his father going to be Bishop of Truro. The religious current was strong in Truro, and Bishop Benson began his work there just after he had been deeply moved by a great "mission" at Lincoln. By habit he was reticent about spiritual matters in personal intercourse. But in the "mission" he had found himself in the midst of religion that was social, outspoken, and frank. He discovered that religious things could be spoken of in ordinary intercourse without affectation or indelicacy and with positive benefit. When those sensitive and searching Cornish folk found that their new bishop came to them in this spirit they acclaimed him as "a converted man," and were full of enthusiasm and eagerness. He felt the warmth of the delightful Cornish mind, so wel-

coming and responsive. Bishop Benson used to say that the Cornishmen whom he met on the road expected a smile, and a word about the weather, and a word about God. But the bishop never quite gained the natural evangelical accent of religion. Ruskin visited the school where Maggie Benson was a scholar. He complained that students' rooms were too luxurious, too many easy chairs, etc. He told the girls that the thing they needed most and first was common-sense. Here is one of Maggie's mature and thoughtful sayings: "The result and end of knowledge is to find that you don't know anything, and then to be content and wise enough to begin on a platform of faith." This was preparatory to a book she wrote on The Venture of Rational Faith. She heard at Oxford a lecture on Buddhism, and learned that among his various successive births Buddha was born six times as a snipe, once as a frog, and twice as a pig. Thus was the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration illustrated and confirmed, and its alluring and variegated prospects opened to its believing disciples. When she got to reading the Koran, Maggie wrote, "It is so dull and silly and vulgar, I can scarcely go on." The writer of this book notice rereading parts of the Koran recently was strongly impressed with its resemblance to the style and level of the book of Mormon. When Beth, the family governess, was told that one of the Benson babies squinted, she replied that he didn't squint, and that all babies squinted, and that he would get over it. This is in a letter to her brother Hugh: "I meant to write sooner, but time slips by like the jelly of which it was said, 'You puts it in your mouth and you thinks you has it, and my! ain't it vanished.'" This to brother Arthur: "The prostrations of the clergy at the cathedral are too much for me. What with candles and posturings, etc., there is no need to go to Rome, for Rome is coming to us." She liked to sit silent looking long at a fine landscape and would say, "I want to save up the impression of that scene to remember in moments of depression." To look long and intently at a scene, closing and opening your eyes again and again until you can see it with your eyes shut, prints it on the brain and makes a picture gallery of the memory. The expression on a human face in rare, rapt moments is worth fixing forever in the memory, the picture of a human soul at its best. The picture-making habit is worth any mind's cultivating. Here is Maggie Benson's sympathetic interest in simple incidents: "Such a charming scene yesterday, outside a cottage on the hill—a man holding down a large sheep, and a woman carefully cutting its fleece off with a pair of largish scissors—its two lambs dancing about in fierce excitement. The cut-off fleece was over its head, and it was lying quite still, so we asked if it wasn't smothered, and she lifted the fleece up and showed the passive old sheep lying quite sensibly quiet underneath. She kissed it effusively and said amiable nothings to it and put it back again. Then a neighbor came down very indignant at her shearing it with scissors—*she* wouldn't think of doing such a thing, and she pointed to a minute scratch the sheep had got. Then a man on the road was asked to come and help—but he had got too good a coat on. When we came back again, the sheep was just finished, and the lambs in a sur-

prised affectionate fuss. It was all so nice and individual." In Egypt one of Maggie's friends said the look of supernal patience and wisdom and kindness in the sphinx's face made her feel she should like to confess her sins to it. Maggie liked a sentence of Jeremy Taylor's on a young lady. "She had not so much of the outside of godliness, but was hugely careful for the spirit and power of it." The danger in quoting that sentence is that some may be enough impressed by it to relax the "outside of godliness," and without going on to be more "hugely careful for the spirit and the power." Maggie loves a certain Persian cat because there is so much "sentimentality and delirious gaiety in him." She tells of discussions with her brother Hugh. Hugh had been off at a Church-of-Rome "retreat" listening to addresses by leading priests. He came home full of things he wanted to expound and argue. He allowed Maggie little chance to take part in his discussion of such subjects as these: 1. Whether you could take the history of the Old Testament in any true way as symbolic of the history of a soul. 2. Marriage. 3. Whether a priest's life is required to be holier than any other life. 4. Asceticism and discipline. 5. Whether a religious life should detach you from the world—in the large sense. 6. Suffering—what is the cause of it? The restless discussion raged for hours. Maggie grew very weary, and at last Hugh tired of it and said, "Let's talk about something simple, like strawberries and cream." At one time she turned her keen study on biblical criticism. She wrote a friend: "I have found out my German critic in a pure *dishonesty*. The German professors think that if two New Testament writers agree one must have borrowed or stolen from the other; whereas I would say they agreed because both had the truth which had been taught by Christ to His followers. If two of the writers seem to disagree, the Germans hold that one is arguing against the other. But I hold that the men who teach the highest and divinest truth cannot practice literary dishonesty nor be ruled by polemical feeling." To the same friend she writes again: "A German critic thinks Second Thessalonians is a forgery, written by an imitator, because it is a sort of crescendo from First Thessalonians. I dreamed last night that I was repeating Browning's 'Christmas Eve' and that presently it ran off into his 'Easter Day.' Then it occurred to me that there is great similarity between the two poems. Would not the German critics, if they were examining those two poems, say that one was founded on the other by an imitator, and was therefore a forgery?" One letter says: "Don't you see that the worst of all attitudes toward Christian truth, the most *deadening*, is the negative attitude of criticism? On the whole I think you get more truth and help by being too credulous than by being too sceptical. A sceptical habit is so chilling and withering." To a friend: "Your photograph has been talking so loud lately as to disturb me and compel me to write you." To a letter inviting a visit, she replied: "No, I want to hide my stupid head in my own burrow; I am a dead weight on everybody's spirits, more of an anxiety than anything else, a grief to myself and to everyone connected with me." She went to hear Momerie preach at the Home for Foundlings, and he read to those children an old

philosophical sermon that had already been published. With similar lack of common sense, Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, when he went to preach to the Indians on their reservation, addressed those red men on the validity of the Anglican claim to apostolic succession: a claim which the Vatican officially denies and spurns. We knew a busy minister who hurried off to keep a preaching engagement at a girls' school. In his haste he put the wrong manuscript into his bag. He took it into the pulpit without looking at it, laid it on the Bible, and when the time came rose and began, Text: "I will make you fishers of men." Here is a good saying of Illingsworth's, "It is the men of hope who carry their fellows forward." Once Maggie comforts herself with these words: "Great troubles and adversities hast Thou shown me, yet didst Thou turn and refresh me." She writes these sensible words to a friend: "You say that man is living without Christianity—but is it *really* so? The life of Christ and the fact of Christianity have changed the whole course of history and atmosphere of the world by bringing in an utterly different standard of conduct. The man's whole social surroundings, political constitution, early education, have been molded by Christianity, through a long period of history. He may say he has thrown off Christian beliefs. And he may have thrown off one or two definite beliefs—but consider all the habits of thought and life which he cannot throw off—the respect for humanity, the care for the suffering and weak, the conceptions of freedom, of honor, of truth, the ideas of discipline, temperance, charity, all that the Christian world brought in upon the heathen world, and then molded indistinguishably with what we call civilization. Think of the man himself—his instinctive morality, interests, habits, his very physique, have been molded by Christian ancestry, that is through an ancestry of men and women who have been *trying* to live more or less according to the Christian standard. Even if you judged of the man, after two or three generations, who had thrown off Christian beliefs, still the whole formation of society, formed by Christianity, could not be eliminated. Many men who do not recognize him, still believe in him, since they believe in so much—in truth, in love, and in compassion, which is all personified in him. And is not the really Christian attitude essentially this—the throwing oneself on the things that are highest and best in life, and committing oneself to the strongest, wisest, most lovable and divinest Personality in all history, saying, 'I will take his side. I will believe him. He *cannot* have been mistaken'?" This about Henry James: "His letter is intensely sad. It sounds as if all he has attained to is a spirit of sheer endurance, not trust or submission; like saying, 'O, it's life, it's fate,' instead of saying, 'It's God.' How terrible and deadly!" This is what happened to a Christian mission worker among factory girls. One of them expressed in factory English their appreciation of her kindly interest and sympathy thus: "O, Miss Fithefull, we've been talking about why it is we likes you so much. It isn't because you're 'andsome because you're not. And it isn't because you're smart because nobody could say as *you* were *smart*. But some'ow you tikes aour fancy and we don't know why." Part of one letter runs

thus: "I've been to see Mary Munday. Dear old soul's very vivid, full of enthusiasm, and talking about glory. I gave her a photograph of papa. She said, 'Miss Benson, I do 'preciate a picture like this. It isn't the body, it's the soul. O, the soul of that picture!' And she flamed with enthusiasm, exclaiming how glorious it must be to be rich, to be the steward of God, able to minister to the heirs of salvation. She talks in a kind of rapture; seventy-seven years old and living with a brother, largely on charity." This from another letter: "By the way, my dear Wesleyan hymn-book has a hymn of Wesley's very most Wesleyan kind, which I'm personally trying to lay to heart. I'll show it you all when I see you—but this especially:

'Mollify our harsher will,
Each to each our tempers suit
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute,
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings,
Make the harmonies of love
Music for the King of kings.' "

In the Life of Queen Victoria, Maggie read of her being called to the throne when only eighteen, and wrote: "What an unexpected and splendid character was seen—that little straight, intelligent, vigorous girl, with appetite enough for pleasure to be healthy, with enough sense of duty for a regiment, a warm, sincere heart, and the simple dignity of reality." This might do for a class-meeting testimony: "I think serenity is one of the greatest helps. I'm trying hard to leave off fussing. It's the ruin of life." Dr. C. P. Hard used to tell this story about his godly father and mother. One night his father, a large man, got up in meeting and said, "I'm thankful the Grace of God keeps me from being a cross, peevish, disagreeable old man." When he sat down, up got his wife, a little bit of a woman, and said, "I'm just as glad about that as Amos is." This fine woman, Maggie Benson, whose story we are grateful for, ended her life becomingly as might have been expected. In her last week she woke one morning and said, with a radiant smile to her nurse: "Eureka! I've found it! God *is* in the world; He is love; it is all love." The last day of her life she and her mother talked together about our Saviour in Gethsemane. Giving "Good night" to her mother, she said, "Promise you'll come early to-morrow before I die." Then she said to the nurse, "Well, I *have* had a happy day." Later the nurse heard her saying softly to herself:

"As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing grace."

And those were Maggie Benson's last words. She soon fell asleep to wake no more on earth. One more true saying of hers we cannot omit: "I think one thing that keeps us from vivid realization of spiritual things is the fact of our never speaking of those things to any one else. If you

see a person who needs the life that faith in Christ gives, and you say nothing about it, your own realization fades away. If, on the other hand, you speak of it to him, you not only help him, but your own faith is quickened and becomes real, vivid, and luminous." Yes, and the spirit of affirmation may come upon you, when you find that you have a religion you are not afraid to speak about. From many points of view our Methodist fathers were wise in establishing and maintaining the class-meeting; and we are unwise and suffer loss so far as we let it die. The rector of a large Episcopal church in New York City said forty years ago: "If I could have your Methodist class-meeting in my church it would increase the spiritual life and working power sixty per cent." Few things are so confirming and quickening to ministers and members as a Pastor's Class, a good antidote to the condition described by Campbell Morgan: "The pulpit uncertain, the pew passionless, the world indifferent."

Out of the Shadow. By ROSE COHEN. 8vo, pp. vii, 313. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

IN his discerning study The Eclipse of Russia, Dr. E. G. Dillon refers to Russia as the synthesis of contradictions and the land where class misunderstands class hopelessly. Nine tenths of its vast population belongs to the peasant class who have lived for generations in bleak and lonely villages, in poverty and ignorance. Their voice has only recently become articulate in the grim and tragic revolutions, shaking the empire from center to circumference, and convulsing it in bloodshed and desolation. This is the background of the remarkable story of a peasant family who stole across the Russian border and came out of intolerable oppression into the freedom of the United States. There is pathos in this autobiography, but what gives it an enduring charm is the romance of the spiritual awakening and Americanization of the alien. This thing has frequently happened, but very few books relate the miraculous transaction with such naïveté and picturesque touches which are the marks of genuine art. The recital of the struggles of this frail girl to obtain an education, and her eagerness in spite of the handicap of ill-health, ostracism, and the prejudices of her own family; the description of sweatshop life and child slavery, of tenement life, of religious bitterness and bigotry due to ignorance, of foreign customs which persist in New York as they do in other American cities—these are all dark pictures in the vivid pages of this book; but they are happily relieved by testimony to the influences of kindness which opened doors of opportunity and enabled Rose Cohen to realize her better self. This fascinating story should be read by all who are interested in the problems of immigration and in those social questions which involve the big issues of democracy and Christianity. The book is really a challenge to the Church to fulfill its mission in the homeland no less than on the foreign field. What a record of struggle and sacrifice and suffering, as this family waded through a veritable sea of mud! But, as many other immigrants have done, they finally secured the coveted prizes of life. No quotations can do adequate

justice to this unique human document. It must be read through as it richly deserves. How touching is this paragraph telling of the night-school experiences of a girl who was too weak and sickly to earn a living in the sweat-shop and whose constitution had been undermined by years of drudgery at a time of life when she ought to have had the benefit of fresh air and nourishing food. "Now also that I had time I began to go to night school and sister came too. I only knew how to read a word here and there. I sat in the class and followed each girl who read, with my finger on the page. If I happened to lift my finger I could not find the place. Sister would have sat near me and helped me, but I felt ashamed to let her help me because I was the longest in this country. She read well and made good progress. But I sat trembling with nervousness all evening. I could never learn to forget that there were people all about me. And the time I spent in waiting for the teacher to call on me to read I can only count among the greatest sufferings I ever had. I would sit with my hands lying cold in my lap and my face turning hot and cold by turns. Most of the time I was unable to follow, I was so upset. And when the teacher called on me at last and I stood up with my book in my hand I seemed to see nothing but a blank page. Then I would hear a queer sound like some one sick. The next moment I was sitting down. And yet I could not bear to stay away. I had a feeling that the world was going on and I was being left behind. This feeling drove me on and I went to the class and learned painfully a word or two at a time." She got acquainted with a young man a few years later and when he went to Chicago they began to correspond. "And now an unexpected joy came into my life. Writing! And here again, as with the other things that I had learned, it seemed accidental. It is to this correspondence that I owe a great deal of what I learned of writing in English. With the help of the children I could read and write script myself now. All day long, then at the machine, I thought over what I would say, and looked forward to the evening when I could write. This to me was not like writing a sentence which no one would ever see. The thought that what I wrote would be read and weighed and thought about filled me with excitement. So I wrote and re-wrote my letters, using up a great deal of paper. Months passed, and one day I was filled with joy and pride. I realized quite suddenly that I had learned to read and write well enough to do the corresponding myself." This girl had an insatiable taste for reading and out of her hard savings she borrowed books from the soda-water stand keepers on payment of fifteen cents. They were Yiddish translations, and she could read only the Hebrew characters with vowels. The supply of such volumes was finally exhausted and the bookdealer made the sad announcement. He was, however, urged to look again, and from the top shelf he brought down what he described as "a thick, clumsy volume." "A thick volume! Could a book be too thick? And what did the clumsiness matter! 'Let me see,' I said, controlling my eagerness. For I had learned that people were often charged according to the desire they showed to the article. I turned to the first page of the story and read the heading of the chapter: 'I am born.' Something

in these three little words appealed to me more than anything I had yet read. I could not have told why, but perhaps it was the simplicity and the intimate tone of the first person. I had not yet read anything written in the first person. My eager fingers turned to the title page and I uttered the words half aloud, 'David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.'" The joy of this tenement house family who shared for two weeks in the experiences of little David and Peggotty and the rest must be read in the autobiography. It is one of the most touching incidents in modern literature. The influence of the Henry Street Settlement was beneficial in many ways. From her little notebook of jottings she translates a few sentences about Miss Lillian Ward, the founder of this settlement: "Miss Wald comes to our house, and a new world opens for us. We recommend to her all our neighbors who are in need. The children join clubs in the Nurses' Settlement and I spend a great deal of time there. Miss Wald and Miss Brewster treat me with affectionate kindness. I am being fed up. I am to be sent to the country for health, for education." While in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, she came across the Bible. "One day I sat up and took the Bible from the box in the bedstead and looked at it without opening it. This was the first time I had touched it, and I felt guilty and uneasy. Then I thought, 'How could it be a sin to know this man's religion?' and I opened it." (The reference is to one of the hospital visitors whose sympathy was so unlike the boisterous ways of one of the lady missionaries who was tactlessly intent on converts.) "There had always been a mystery about this Bible as well as about the people who read it. The mystery about the people was almost dissolved and now about the Book, too, I could see nothing mysterious. It had a musty smell like any other book that was old and little used; here and there the pages stuck together with a bit of food. I put it back into the box. The next day I took it out again, opened to the first page and picked out the words that I knew. Those that I could not read I spelled over to the next patient and she told me how to pronounce the words, and the meaning. I read every day and soon I was able to read by myself. And as I began to understand it I became more and more interested. Finally, I thought about it constantly. I wanted to understand the Christian religion. I was so eager to know and understand it, that though I felt so timid and sensitive I began to talk about it, ask questions, ask for explanations, and soon I gave the impression that I wanted to become a Christian. One day my doctor's friend asked, 'Ruth, do you really want to become a Christian?' I looked at her. 'O, no!' I said. She laughed merrily. 'I thought not.' No, I did not want to 'become a Christian.' And yet I felt dreadfully troubled." Many of the references to the members of her family show a spirit of tender love. Her older brother attended an agricultural school and after graduating worked for a "Gentile" farmer. But he became homesick and returned to the city, to find work in a store. "During an interval of out of work he had learned bookkeeping and typewriting and this was his work now. While doing this he was also making Regents counts. And it was at this time that he took a Civil Service examination and was appointed clerk in the Bureau of

Education in Washington. His dream was to earn enough money to go to Columbia University. He realized his dream, and it was while in his last year in the university that he won the second prize in the 'world work' contest on 'What the school will do for the boy of to-morrow.' From the material side this money came now as if in answer to his great need. He had nothing with which to pay his last year's tuition, and he was worried and discouraged. But far greater than the value of this money was the honor, for so we felt it to be. Mother had tears in her eyes. Her boy was at the great university! Her boy's article was valued second to that of a superintendent of Industrial Schools! And father looked on at us silently unbelieving; then he said, 'Ah! After all this is America.'"

Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters. Translated and edited by PRESERVED SMITH, Ph.D., and CHARLES M. JACOBS, D.D. Volume II, 1521-1530. Philadelphia: The Lutheran Publication Society (S. E. corner 9th and Sansom Streets). 1918. 8vo, pp. 568. $3.50. $3 with Volume I.

FIVE years is a long time to wait for the second volume of a work so rich, interesting, and valuable as this, but it is well worth waiting for. Now that the Great War is over we may hope that the third and last volume will not be so long delayed. Every important event in those crucial ten years is represented, and many domestic, social, literary, religious affairs are also recorded in these fascinating records. The twelve letters by Erasmus, including one never before published, and the six letters to him, are worth the price of the volume. The letters taken from the Italian archives, those by and to Henry VIII of England, and the political letters of Philip of Hesse and others—all these and numerous others are indispensable to the student. The seven or more letters on the celebrated Marburg debate are of intense interest; in fact, so far as interest is concerned, this reviewer found it an agreeable task to read the book through. The passages in the epistles exploited so unceasingly and relentlessly by Luther's opponents are fortunately all here, so that the reader can judge for himself. On the celebrated *pecca fortiter* see Faulkner in American Journal of Theology, October, 1914, 600-4, who was the first, as he thought, to translate from the Greek into English Melanchthon's letter to Camerarius on Luther's marriage (Lutheran Quarterly, January, 1910, 124ff.), though he learned later that the Rev. Dr. William A. Lambert had preceded him. See this letter here, pp. 324ff. Even the passage in letter No. 719 (p. 356), which enraged Denifle so much, is given here in full. Speaking of Luther's faults, the impression we bring away from the 400 letters in this volume is that the chief fault was the extravagance, harshness, and opprobriousness of his judgment of his opponents. But it must be remembered that they on their part spoke of him with equal frankness. It was a bitter age. In fact, amenity in controversy is one of the last fruits of the Christian spirit. Luther defended himself by the example of Christ and Paul, and then adds: "Now, as you know, I have

written many little books without any severity, in a friendly and gentle tone. I have made the most humble overtures, and run after those men and appeared before them at great difficulty and expense, and have borne their measureless lies and slanders. But the more I have humbled myself the more they rave and slander me and my doctrine, until they become hardened and can neither hear nor see." See further on this, pp. 133, 168. These are letters, not written for publication, but if you want to see the greatness of Luther read the letters on pages 63, 93, 98, 112, 183, 202, 226, as well as the wonderful letter to his father and his beautiful letters of consolation. He had no petty concern for his own reputation, unbosoms himself without reserve not only in his letters but in all his writings, and thus no man in history stands more nakedly in the light. This has given unique advantage to his enemies, who have especially exploited his private letters. The publication of these letters in English, in a translation both exact and readable, furnished with fine scholarship with all necessary notes and introductions, and the translation of his other works by the Mount Airy, Philadelphia, scholars, give those who cannot control the sources the first chance to judge Luther for himself, besides a thousand interesting documents invaluable as historical sources. The proofreading is done with remarkable care. For a future edition the following notes might be made. P. 160, note 4: for 564 read 565. P. 311, note 1, line 3: for at read as. P. 354, note 2, line 3: for J. J. Momfret read J. I. Mombert (see also line 8). P. 381: the printer has dropped out the first line of letter 741. We supply from Enders: Grace and peace. There was nothing new, my. P. 486, note 1: for Freiberg read Freiburg (also p. 497, note 3). P. 545: add to the remark on the third volume of F. M. Nichols's translation of Erasmus the following: It has been published, Longmans, 1918.. Our scholarly translators, Dr. Smith (son of the famous Dr. Henry Preserved Smith), of Poughkeepsie, and Professor Jacobs (son of the eminent theologian and scholar, Dr. Henry E. Jacobs), of the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, have brought all English readers into their profound debt by this noble volume, and the publishers on their part deserve all praise. Since writing the above the following remarks of Professor Kelsey in his edition of Cicero's Orations and Letters (Boston, 1892, 22-3) have struck us as appropriate also to Luther. "By far the greater number of facts about him are gleaned from his own writings, particularly the letters. It is safe to say that if his correspondence had not been preserved, his name would have been spared most of the unfriendly criticism that has gathered about it. He was indiscreet enough to think on paper; his passing fancies or suggestions, to most of which he may have given no second thought, are to-day before us, subject to cool critical analysis and comparison. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet. What impulsive person, whose eventful life had brought him into contact with many public men in a trying period, would not shrink from having his most private correspondence given to the world? What man, whose inmost heart should be so revealed, would not be convicted of numberless foibles, weaknesses, inconsistencies? Such are the frailties of human nature; a most unhappy illustration may

be found in the Carlyle correspondence, recently published. The letters of Cicero charm and enlighten us, yet show us many things unworthy of a great man; but, after all, deeds are greater than thoughts, more than words. Granted that a high-minded man, whose prominent position brought him many enemies and numberless trials, may have shown himself, in the privacy of friendly intercourse, at times weak and inconsistent with his professed ideals—should that make us blind to his nobler traits, or to the greatness of his life-work for humanity?"

A READING COURSE

The Religious Teaching of the Old Testament. By ALBERT C. KNUDSON, Professor in Boston University School of Theology. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, $2.50, net.

IT is of the first importance to distinguish between the history of ideas and the history of the literature in which the ideas are embodied. There may be differences of opinion on questions of authorship and dates of production; but the fact of ideas cannot be impeached. Their existence is positive proof that there were persons who held them, and others who were influenced by them. The spiritual truths of the Old Testament came from the personal experience of God of men who realized the divine presence and who held fellowship with God in the communion of the Divine Spirit. While it might be interesting to have precise information concerning the writers of the Old Testament, this is not possible in every case; and, where scholars sincerely disagree, it is hardly wise to dogmatize, in the interest either of traditional or modern views. Let us hold such view in solution and be willing to modify our positions where evidence requires it. Such an attitude need not affect our careful and profitable study of the religious ideas of the Old Testament. Indeed, we will be greatly benefited by such a study if we follow the competent leadership of one like Professor Knudson, who has written the best books on the subject. In saying this, we do not forget the great book on The Theology of the Old Testament, by A. B. Davidson, but that posthumous work appeared over fourteen years ago, and it was written from a different standpoint. Dr. Knudson has a fine knowledge of philosophy, history, and theology, which are necessary for an adequate interpretation of the Old Testament message to modern life. As an Old Testament scholar, he knows what has been written on every phase of the question; but he is not carried away by learned theories simply because their sponsors were distinguished scholars. He looks at every problem in an independent spirit and with an impartial mind; and where he takes issue with radical critics, we feel that his judgment is sound. For instance, he severely scores the tendency to disparage the contributions of the preprophetic period, especially as to the place of the individual in early Israel and the Messianic Hope. Compare Chapters XIV and XV. Where he discusses controverted questions it is not in a controversial,

but constructive spirit. Written in a clear style and free from technical expressions, he emphasizes the main points without going into pettifogging details. There is not a dull page in this book, which is of particular value to the preacher. It will quicken him to search the Old Testament and bring out of its treasures timely messages to his people.

The principle of the development of Old Testament religion and literature is well discussed in the Introductory chapter. It was a notable saying of Bishop Westcott that he resolved to treat the Bible like any other book, and that his deeper studies led him to realize that it was unlike any other book. The test of inspiration is not determined by theory, but by personal experience; and this can be appreciated more thoroughly as we recognize the gradual growth in the knowledge of God. Does any modification of the traditional view lessen or increase the value of the Old Testament? (28ff.) If we hold that the prophets were reformers rather than innovators, what bearing does it have on the ethical and religious beliefs of early Israel? Part II is a full and satisfactory answer to questions pertaining to the personality, unity, spirituality, power, holiness, righteousness and love of God. This section is one of the most lucid contributions to the theology of the Old Testament. It is very timely, inasmuch as we are learning that many of our troubles were due to pathetic attempts to ignore God and not reckon with him in modern life. The personality of God was expressed in various ways. The name "Jehovah," or "Yahweh," distinguished the God of Israel from all other deities as to individuality and character. The physical anthropomorphisms of early times gave place to the psychological in the prophetic period. Note how this progress in thought and experience is finely traced (58ff.). The freedom of God's relation to nature and history, with its implications of providence and miracle, is a subject on which Dr. Knudson makes valuable observations. The unity of God called forth the passionate devotion to him from the times of Moses, and had much to do in emphasizing his supremacy within Israel and his universal sovereignty among all nations as well as over the entire universe. It is well to be reminded that the Hebrews thought of the spirituality of God not in metaphysical, but in dynamic terms, with ethical considerations of religious life and worship. This partly explains why Old Testament religion made so much of its indispensable expression in morality. The holiness of God stressed the thought of his unapproachableness, his majesty and his sensitiveness to everything impure, not merely in a ceremonial sense, but in a profoundly ethical sense. This emphasis is particularly prominent in Isaiah. Note what is also said about the ethical significance of the work of Moses. Explain how some of the biblical writers came to impute moral imperfection to Yahweh (163). Study carefully how the ethical idealism of the prophets led them to denounce ceremonialism, to insist on righteousness as the essential element in worship, and to declare that the day of Yahweh is to be one of doom and deliverance (164ff.). The truth of the love of God was expressed in the figures of a covenant between Yahweh and Israel, of Yahweh as the husband of Israel, of God as Father. The missionary

applications of the love of God are set forth with surpassing spiritual opulence in Deutero-Isaiah, the cardinal theme of whose prophetic preaching was the gracious purpose of Yahweh to the whole world.

The subjects considered in Part III, on Man and Redemption, deal with the Nature of Man, the Doctrine of Sin, the Problem of Suffering, Forgiveness and Atonement, Nationalism and Individualism, the Messianic Hope, the Future Life. These are all big subjects and they are discussed by Dr. Knudson with a sense of historical perspective, a clear discrimination of relative psychological values, a positive appreciation of the development and worth of spiritual ideas. We have seen nowhere a better interpretation of the terms "flesh," "soul," "spirit," "heart." Read carefully the excellent explanation of the apparent absence of reference to sin even in modern religious literature (257). Deutero-Isaiah was the first to emphasize the vicarious and redemptive aspect of suffering. This was a decided advance over the primitive ideas of suffering, which could not always be substantiated by the facts of life (283ff.). The later explanation in the book of Job, as to the function of suffering, regarded it as a test and a discipline of the righteous (285ff.). While the prophets denied that sacrifices had any independent value, there are four theories which explain the idea of sacrifice, and at bottom they are interrelated. The gift-theory regarded sacrifice as an offering to the gods, to win their favor and overcome their hostility. The homage-theory held that it was an act of worship. The covenant or communion theory, that it was a means of fellowship between the deity and his worshipers. The propitiatory or substitutionary theory, that the penalty due to the sinner was inflicted on the sacrificial animal. Note how these theories are interpreted with reference to the atonement, which, in the light of the mission of the Suffering Servant, came to be regarded as a redemptive as well as a vicarious act, making the unrighteous righteous. Professor Knudson ably sustains the contention that the Messianic hope antedates literary prophecy and that it appeared almost to the beginning of the nation's history. Messianism, moreover, was a native growth and explains the invincible optimism of Israel. So also, the ideas of a divine world-plan, of a universal moral government, and of the coming of the kingdom of God are the unique creation of Israelitic genius. Nowhere else do we find anything comparable to them either in range or intensity, in moral earnestness or spiritual power. They have no parallels in any other land (357). The chapter on the Messianic Hope is of great importance. It explains many difficulties and justifies the view of the older exegesis, which, although mistaken in methods, had the sound instinct that the Messianic hope is the most significant element in the Old Testament. A justifiable protest is uttered against the tendency to lay exclusive stress upon the ethical and social teaching of the prophets and psalmists to the exclusion of their outlook into the future. "Their eschatology constituted the very atmosphere of their religious life. It was their supreme interest, the heart of their message" (380). This question is further taken up in the chapter on the Future Life, where the Old Testament belief in immortality and the future is set in its

proper historical context, with due reference to the rise of individualism, the idea of retribution, and the sense of fellowship with God. It is a timely reminder that the negative attitude of early Yahwism to the question of the future life represented only a transitional stage, and that the problem of the individual's destiny was seriously raised in later times. Special mention is made of Psalms 16, 17, 49, and 73, which are deservedly called psalms of immortality. In the development of the idea of immortality there were three stages. The first asserted it for the individual in the Messianic age, when death would be abolished. In the second, the pious soul expressed the conviction that his communion with God would be without end. The third announced the doctrine of the resurrection. "But not until the advent of Christianity did this higher hope become a living and burning faith. Stripped of its national limitations, it now became a universal hope, the hope of every man as man. It also, when linked up with the established fact of the resurrection of Christ and the thought of eternal fellowship with him, carried with it a certainty of conviction and a richness of content that were altogether new" (407f.). This book will do much to revive the preaching of the Old Testament to an age which greatly needs the prophetic emphasis on social, political, ethical, national, and spiritual problems.

Side Reading

The Religion of Israel. By George A. Barton (Macmillan, $2). A clearly written historical account of the development of religion in Israel, with estimates of Old Testament literature and illuminative illustrations from contemporary national and religious history.

Old Testament History. By Ismar J. Peritz (Abingdon Press, $1.50, net). A comprehensive survey of Old Testament history up to the rise of Christianity, with special reference to its leaders, ideas, and institutions, written in harmony with the established findings of biblical scholarship.

For information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1919

WHEN THE WORLD IS AN APPLE ORCHARD IN FULL BLOOM

When the farmer is a poet anything beautiful may happen, and that without trouble. Landing at Fort Dodge, Iowa, to dedicate a noble church, with a chime of bells of rare melody set by a widowed heart in memory of her husband, who had been a public man whose voice had had an orchestral music in it and had spoken through years for all right things, mine adversary who met me at the station said in a sly way that, if I could spare a few minutes, he would motor me to an apple orchard of one hundred and eighty-six acres. My reply, in equal courtesy, was that though my time was of great value, I being a man of affairs, I thought I *could* take a very few minutes off to see the orchard in bloom. These diplomatic preliminaries having gotten on satisfactorily to both participants therein, we took a rush for the orchard. He said it was in bloom. He told the truth. We rushed through the beautiful city: we spied the happy children with laps full, arms full, hearts full of wild flowers fresh plucked from the dear wooodland. We cruised along a stream, then crossed it: we bounded up the hill, and looked down on a pool of wild crabs eagering to be at flower. The motor sniffed the apple breath and hurried up, and we turned from the main road with a whirr and went laughing up a lane amidst all sorts of kindly trees, promiscuously planted and jostling each other as if God had planted them; and apple trees crowded up close as if inquisitive to see the faces of these callers; and the master of the motor, as he steered us lightly, to a query of mine, "Does this man know how beautiful this is?" rejoined, "He is

something of a poet, in a way." Ah, yes, something of a poet in a way, in God's way, I found him.

His house was well back from the road. The road could not see his house nor could his house see the road. It was embowered in quiet and the hush of happy winds and bees droning, and trees crowded together in a veritable city of music. We might have been in Edmund Spenser's Faerie Londe where all things mystical and dreamful could happen effortlessly as a star rises. We are intruders on a poet's premises. I watched to see him. Honestly, I am curious. Though no woman am I, yet curiosity always seizes me when I am in a neighborhood of poetry. I want to guess the looks of poets and rectify my conclusions by facing the facts. We ran up a ravine intruded on by the inquisitive apple trees, which came close to peer at us like kindly cattle in a pasture, and took by surprise a white cottage embowered in many trees of many species; and then the road dropped into a half-ravine where a crystal spring, lying unwrinkled beneath willows, common and laurel-leaved, dreamed back from its face willows and sky while a runnel which did not whisper slipped down to a stream hard by. On the banks our poet-farmer had planted pines, and many willows, and a cut-leafed birch beautiful enough to have adorned the woodlands of Paradise. I was nosing around for the poet-farmer.

His trees and vines had been disposed with such poet lore of place and variety on a bank which lifted its broadly rounded shoulder and looked over a generous expanse, of river and bridge and highway and opposing acclivity and croft, where distant vistas of apple trees shone like dashes of sea foam on ocean rocks. In my mind's eye I could see our farmer friend, in quiet love of loveliness, with spade in hand and little trees for the planting lying close at hand, and he planting and planting and digging and planting.

Can there be greater fun or greater poetry than planting trees and having their to-morrows of bloom and fruit haunt you with their prophecy? The thrust of the spade in the sod, the tossing out of the damp earth, with eternal harvest-promise in its breath and its residuum of all earth's yesterdays and also the kindly

promise of its many to-morrows, and then, when the hole is deep enough and wide enough and the ground within mellow enough, to put your hands in it and mix the soil (cool and sweet the soil is and clings like a curl about the fingers), and then with ample gentleness to dispose the roots and rootlets of the tree to-be, but shrub that is, and sift earth about those thready roots and cover them up very gently, as you would a grave in which lay a dead robin red-breast, then, when all the babying process is concluded, to press the moist earth with your foot until you surmise the roots are bedded and feel at home—and so, rising, do the like with another tree. That's fun. Men want pay for doing it, but 'tis infamous. They should pay for the privilege of doing this poetical thing.

An orchardist should not plant too many trees at once, lest the labor tax the poetry in him and he do a lovely thing in an unlovely mood. I would plant a few at a time and vary the kind I planted—here a lilac, here a dogwood, here a wild crab, now a sycamore, now a hazlenut, now a white willow, here a Niobe willow, here a cottonwood, here a wild rose, now a Dorothy Perkins, then a bittersweet, now a redbud, now a fruit tree for fruit, now fruit trees by clumps for spring flowers and autumnal leaf-glory (say, a group of pear trees, which when autumn burns is memorable and their watch fires have a strange glory on them), here a clump of cedars, here a stray pine, then a birch, and here sassafras for autumn splendor like summer in conflagration, here a wild rose, now an aster, here a trillium, now a rosa rugosa to give single rose blossom all the summer through. What a degradation not to know that all this is a liberal culture if done in the spirit of the Master of the Garden and the Wildwood!

Would all the farmers were poets. How goodly would their sweet vocations seem, as well as how wholesome; and a refined ecstasy would run along their veins through all the months which constitute the year. Not to perceive the fun and poetry of farming is to rob the soul; and not to know the poetry of agriculture is a misdemeanor of unusual proportions. Woe is me if poetry slips from my vocabulary when I plant and sow and fain would reap. It is as delicious to see trees of your own hand-planting

grow as to swim in a crystal stream under pine shadows. To work with a grim utility makes people old before their time; while to know each morning is a pageant and each night's arrival a beatitude redeems labor from drudgery and turns farming into an esthetic procedure like carving a Milo's Venus.

Meantime I am in the apple orchard and digressing—though I make no apologies, seeing digressions are the worth whiles on the Pipes of Pan. I am hunting for the poet who planted this orchard and these other unfruitful trees which bear the pleasant apples of far Hesperides; for though we eat not this fruit we none the less know full well it is an edible to the soul. "Where is the poet-farmer?" inquire I of the questful mood. Whereupon the guide of the apple orchard in bloom bids me be patient and we shall find him somewhere in the happy miles of orchard. So on we move in quest of the poet who planted this farm to perfect flower and promissory fruit. We come on him at a turn in the road.

He is ideal, and satisfies my soul. He is unshaven for a spell, and his face is husky as no smooth shaven face ever does look. We men look polite, when smoothly shaven, but not neglectful enough to be part of the growing world. Closely trimmed lawns are neither rational nor esthetic. They have lost spontaneity. They are only well-bred and conventional. Grass grown by those who know how will be let alone; so must trees and whiskers. And a man clean shaven each morning and talcumed looks polite enough but lacks patent power and the indefatigably robust, nor could he be pictured as a cow-boy on the run nor a victorious soldier on the battle front. Our friend was unkempt enough to be a part of nature, where things get their way and caper a little rather than go by dancing-master's rules. His hair and mustache were grizzled. This poet had been on this ground a good while, as testify the vines and shrubs and orchard he had planted, and the snowflakes that refuse to melt from his pow, and the lines that zigzagged like genial lightning along his looks. He was in his shirt sleeves. Of course! Could a man be a poet-farmer and go around in his coat all the while? Preposterous! Say that word again, and say it louder. Adam never wore a coat.

He went around with his shirt sleeves rolled up every day of his redolent year, sown to musk odors and dew-drench of the night and dawn. You don't look like business with a trim coat on when you're going about poetastering in a paradise. You look like a clothing merchant, which won't do for an out-of-doors poet. Nay, verily. More nay verilies. To be sure, he wore no cuffs. You can't cuff your way to the proprietorship of multi-miles of odorous orchard blooms.

His hands were naked and dirty with the dirt in which trees root; good, clean, undirty dirt, loved by all flowers—trailing arbutus, fuchsias, May apples, Solomon's seals, prairie phlox, flowerless fronds of ferns, and wistful wild violets—that good dirt was on his hands; and his hands were brawny and masterful. When I shook hands with him I knew a man was owner of that right hand, hard at the palm, sinewy of fingers, dignified of labor, coworker with the ground and the sky and the God of both to make the world beautiful in its season. It was a handsome hand, which if interpreted to mean "some hand" the exegesis would be legitimate. It would be ridiculous even to think of that brawny, business hand wearing white kid gloves. Honestly, that would make a mummy laugh. White kid gloves on these hands! Positively, that is past jest; that is insult. This man in evening clothes? Cease such suggestions, lest the poet-farmer and I both grow angry and throw you from these premises, landing you where you belong—in the rubbish heap, for the spring freshets to wash away.

We are shaking hands, the poet-farmer and I. And his hat is a work of art. It is a high art, seeing it is at the top of this man. There is where a hat should stay. It was a derby—which was a psychological blunder as well as a caput-al mistake, but I think it had been bought by his wife or hired man at a bargain sale; for I would exonerate him from having chosen it. This should have been a soft hat. That settles on your head and to it, like suds about your hands at the washing. You can sit on it and not indent it. You can wad it up and throw it at a mule and not disfigure the mule much nor your hat any. This hat was, so to say, homogeneous, if at times a little incoherent; incoherency

caught, I think, from the brain of the wearer. This orchard hat was a derby—but an old one, thank goodness! Age will dignify even a derby hat; on which I remark that, after that, no wonder-work may be thought impossible to age. There was an indentation, on one side thereof, as if an apple tree in a storm had blown against it. The hat had an inebriated look, as if the smell of the apple-bloom breath had made it tipsy. It sat akimbo on the poet's head, as if born out under the trees, in a wind-blown fashion like a wind-turned leaf. The hat had a weather-beaten sunburnt look, as if it could have voted, and sat like a small boy on a gate post when a circus invades the town.

The orchardist wore shoes. That was a tribute to civilization. He should have worn sandals or, better, should have gone barefoot. Unquestionably, barefootedness is the right foot-gear for a farmer; and, besides, it minds us of how among Maeterlinck's happinesses in "The Blue-Bird" there troops "the happiness of going barefoot in the dew." I feel the grass tickling my legs right now! So I met the master of these florescent revels, this farmer-Prospero who has called up all this orchard and runnel bank and comb and long reach with a white foam of an ocean far-spreading to the sky, an ocean of precious apple-bloom. Howbeit, not as at the wave of good-man Shakespeare's bearded Prospero, but at the dig of this Prospero's spade and hoe has this ocean been turned into a turbulence of storm so that the green waves are all one wild wallow of foam, white to the eyes as sea gull's wings. The old Greeks clept the poet, "Poietes," a maker; wherefore, by my halidome (from Captain Dalgetty and others, whose names slip me now) and in good sooth, this friend of my recent making is squarely and irrefutably a poet, for has he not made this orchard? Incidentally God helped him; though of what other poet is that not true? Poets make not themselves, else all professors of literature would be poets; whereas none of them are. They pull poetry to pieces and tell how, had they written it, it would have been written, but forget to remark that in such case people had not read it. I read how many changes should have been made in Milton's unapproachable music of "Paradise Lost," and then regard gleefully the consideration that as Milton made the poem so it stands. The critical

mutterings do not disturb the everlasting calm of that illustrious poem.

Yes, this orchard-maker is poet when we allow the old Greek notion concerning poetry. I found the orchardist genial. He would go with us through his land of wonder though we forbade him in the name of the value of his time. He felt conditioned to do as he pleased on his own premises and heeded not our prattlings, but went with us. It was like walking with Alfred Tennyson or him of the "Marshes of Glynn." How he loved it all! To hear him talk of the growing of the orchard was like hearing Tennyson's ocean-voice read "Ulysses." At least, so I think. He knew the birthdays of the willows at the stream-head and of the pine trees on the shoulder of the hill that looked down on the winding river, and the birthday of the vines which tangled over the trees, wild vagrants of the sky, and the birthday of the apple trees which marshaled the landscape we behold like white clouds billowing. He had rocked every cradle of every tree in this wide wandering land of foamy loveliness. I could all but hear the lullabies he sang them with his man's sturdy voice hushed till it crooned like an autumn wind.

The orchard was now, untouched of the plow, paved with bluegrass. Not a weed intruded on the scene, only flashing green of grass, than which the high God has made no growing thing more witchery-crowded. To walk on floor of green with amethyst skies sweet above. ("Heigh-ho the wind and the rain!") Along the green paths of apple bloom, as if they had fallen from the wet hand of a rainy wind, lay apple branches dead, and wistful to be given one last laughter of an apple-tree fire. My fingers itched to gather the dead scattered branches; for whether it be sea-soaked driftwood of ships of yesterday, or hickory wood or pine knots and branches high up in the mountains, I am of the mood to believe that none of them surpass apple trees for poetry of flame. Hickory sparkles swim up the sky with crackling fairy salutations, as fired from some fairy headland, minute yet delicious salvos of a fleet sailing out not to return, whereas apple trunks and boughs emit their sparkles without a syllable of voice, just aerial flamboyancy, the beading of apple blooming and apple juice with its hint of

mild inebriation, which ends in poetical hilarity, which makes for the laughter of angels.

I wanted to stay in those miles of apple blooms till the sun had set and the stars had risen and the moon had filled the sky with its wonder-light for which there are no words. And to have lit an apple tree fire and to have sat beside it would have been to set a linnet's song to a lark's music. With the smoke and the efflorescent sparkles and the lovely and the exalted night and the apple-bloom breath there would have been a joy like being sung to by angels.

And this one hundred and eighty-six acres of apple trees in bloom must be experienced to be apprehended. I do not say comprehended, for that is a witless word in such a scene. Throughout its length and breadth and height, for this orchard of bloom was cubic measure and so no superficial area could compass the phrasing of it, was perfect peace of a perfect day. Perfect peace! Height was its most splendid dimension. The height led up to God.

This was no hemisphere we dwelt in, but a whole sphere. We could not see out. It was a world far-going, glad-going. So white the petals were, scarce touched by any pink at all. That was a peculiarity of the apple blossoms we beheld in this orchard to-day. 'Twas a white wonderland. It was starlight rather than dawnlight. We were shut in by apple bloom. If this apple-blossom world ended we could only surmise it. The vistas of green paths between rows of redolent flowers ended by being swallowed up by the bloom. No green road traveled through this illimitable world. End was there none to the apple blossoms. The only way out of the foam of flower was to transcend the world and take passage into the blue of the overhead.

On we went loiteringly, always loiteringly, truly. Could a body be so unmannerly as to haste in such a house of praise as this? The gladness seems like great laughter. Each tree was preempted by flowers as the magnolia whose flowers come and cover the tree completely or ever there is a dream of leaf. And every tree was like a nosegay held out in the hand of God to be worn at an angel's heart.

An auto load of women came into this sanctuary of perfumed beauty. Where is it where beauty is present that lovely women do not come—seeing God has made them such lovers of beauty in everything except husbands? They seem color-blind in men. Goody! But here they were, these women, younger or older according to their age (I think that is admirably put, and compromises neither the women nor me), all aglow with the wonder of the glory of the apple orchard in full flower. And they wanted to cut apple branches! I think they would have done it without permission. Women have an anarchistic strain in their blood though they look so docile. But the master of the revels was here and gave them leave. They used it. It was funny to see them saw the branches with a jack-knife. But for politeness I should have smiled. It is a grim thing to be polite. But they broke and sawed and laughed out loud in chorus and the poet orchard-master bade them be generous in their taking, and some such words to us men, and when we were too polite to mutilate his majestical bouquets of a whole tree at unanimous flower he took his huge pruning knife and cut off young trees blossom-laden and made us bear them as his contribution to the dedicatory service of the church on the morrow.

And so thither the flowers came on that good to-morrow when the chimes rained out holy hymns, and the people sang out like the voice of many waters, and I, poor slipslop that I was in that high function, tried to preach. But the apple blossom out-preached, out-sang, out-chimed us all.

When God's flowers turn minister then truly is there a saintly sermon. "Bloom ye," said the Sunday apple blossoms. "Bloom ye, ye folk of God, even as bloom we, God's apple orchard. As we, so ye, yield bloom and fruit to the glory of God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen."

W. A. Quayle.

THE IMPONDERABLES AND A BETTER WORLD ORDER

Bismarck, in the latter part of his life, experienced a spiritual reaction and wrote this humble confession: "But for me three big wars would not have been fought; 80,000 men would not have been slain, nor would their parents, brothers, sisters, widows have mourned their death. From all that I have done I have derived little or no joy; on the other hand, vexation and trouble." He became a steadfast opponent of every proposition for military aggression. In a speech in the Reichstag, February 6, 1888, in reply to the claim of the military party that it was better for Germany's defense to employ the anticipatory thrust of attack, he made this memorable utterance: "If we proceed to attack, *the whole weight of the imponderables, which weigh much heavier than material weights, will be on the side of our enemies whom we have attacked.*" But the old pilot's warning was not heeded. He was cast overboard and the young war lord took command. Bismarck's prophecy, however, was fulfilled. The brutal attack was made, the crimes committed against humanity "smelled to heaven" and aroused against Germany "the imponderables," those mysterious powers which determine the destinies of nations and peoples.

Much has been said and written about the miracle of the Marne. "That an army could retire for ten days," as the French army did, "losing prisoners, guns, becoming exhausted, and then of a sudden return to the offensive *irresistibly*—this was a thing the German military books never considered possible, never warned German generals to expect." The soul of France was not stampeded, neither were the friends of France and Freedom.

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

The London Chronicle acknowledges gratefully the superior might of the "imponderables" in what seemed a hopeless struggle: "Faith

in God, belief in justice, the hope eternal in the life of man were the mighty barriers in the German path. A world that believed in God would never bend before the brute."

The "imponderables" have won the war. Far more significant and powerful than the material forces and munitions engaged was the spontaneous enlistment in a common defense of civilization by men of so many different races and countries, and energized not by the ordinary passions that make war, but by the compulsion of the noblest ideals. Will these "imponderables" be stronger than sinister interests and "weigh heavier than material weights" in the greater struggles now before us?

The close of the war marks the culmination of an epoch which was ushered in by the industrial revolution in England and the political revolutions in America and France. In 1823 Canning, the English statesman, speaking of the rising power of America, said that "the New World had come in to redress the balance of the Old." This prophecy has been significantly fulfilled. The liberties and substantial benefits enjoyed by the people in the prosperous American republic have given wonderful inspiration and strength to oppressed peoples everywhere. In the last one hundred years eighty constitutions incorporating democratic principles have been adopted, and when America came into this war the balance of power, so long in the grasp of Absolutism, was redressed and shifted to the side of Freedom. Another epoch with far more fateful consequences has been begun by the Peace Conference at Paris, which seeks to establish an equilibrium of political and moral forces to make a permanent peace. If a League of Nations should be formally launched, and pass through the rapids of competing interests, what control could such a league have over the Central Powers and one hundred and seventy millions of Slavs? Might not they, representing more than three fifths of the population of Europe, reverse the preponderance of power, now happily in the hands of the Allies, and keep Europe in perpetual turmoil? The vital bond of any Entente, Alliance, or League of Nations is moral, the sense of right in all men, which when strong enough will hold them and nations together as nothing else will. Only nations which have a certain moral development

and are homogeneous in character can work together in unison, no matter what their legal agreements may be. Two hundred and twenty-four such agreements and treaties have been made, but many of them have been broken and wars have been frequent. Much good is expected to come from giving certain peoples the right of self-determination. But democracy has never been a sovereign remedy for certain ills. Can it cure the millions who are burning with the fever of revolution and torn with racial hatreds and class antagonisms? Germany, whether outside or inside the League, will be a menace until she experiences a radical change of spirit and character. What can the right of self-determination do for the Slavs, without certain moral and spiritual conserving forces? The Slavs deserve sympathy and the best gifts of western civilization. Stung by cruelty, beguiled by German lies, betrayed and bribed by the Bolsheviki, the Slavs are striking madly and blindly as the French did in their revolution. The Slavs have a sacrificial zeal for liberty which for years has braved persecution, exile, and death. They have a man power and resources which if moralized and spiritualized would enrich and bless mankind immensely, but which, if left to wild passion and mobilized by the Bolsheviki, may become more terrible than the hordes that under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane laid Europe waste.

The world is under heavy obligations to the Slavs. They compelled Germany to fight on two fronts for three years. They have sacrificed millions of lives and billions of wealth. How much we owe little Serbia, who has earned the crown of martyrdom in the cause of the Allies. The Czecho-Slovaks, the countrymen of John Huss, have been fighting our battles against the Bolsheviki. There is Poland, also, the first and the greatest martyr of the nationalist faith in Europe, as France was the first evangelist. In all the republican uprisings in Europe, and in this war, the scattered Poles have fought and died to win for other peoples the nationality which has been denied them. The safety of the world and Christendom depends upon giving to the Slavs the saving forces which have imparted to the Allied Nations whatever stable character they now possess and these they must transmit to others or lose their own souls. The peoples of the four big democracies

were once at the stage where the Slavs are to-day. England, after she broke with her despotic King John at Runnymede, had seven hundred years of desperate struggle before she achieved self-government. She has severe struggles still before she makes her democratic calling and election sure. If the English people when they were smarting under oppression had followed the seductive leadership of Wat Tyler, the Lenine of that day, their liberties would have been wrecked. But fortunately they had an open Bible and they studied it. They were blessed with the leadership of Wycliff, Latimer, Simon de Montfort, and their apostolic successors in Church and State, to keep them from stumbling and to lift them up when they did stumble. Our American colonies, also, in that most critical period just after the Revolution and in several crises since, would have been torn asunder by sectional animosities but for the restraining forces of the Christian religion and its regenerating institutions. Every free people has climbed up the same bloody, rugged road. None has made any progress or possesses any real stability now save as the love of liberty has been, and is, safeguarded by the Bible and Christian institutions. The Slavs are now on their altar stairs of liberty. They are frantic with hunger, torn with anarchy, and encircled by Bolshevism as by a ring of fire. To leave them to their destruction would be a crime against humanity and a sin against God. That vast Slavic region is the storm center and the strategic center of the world's politics and of Christendom. The stability of both depends upon the reconstruction and the regeneration of the Slavs. Wherever Bolshevism does not rule, reconstruction is already going on, notably among the Czecho-Slovaks and Rumanians. The Russian peasants, who form a large part of the population, are almost wholly anti-Bolshevist. They are incurably religious. The paralyzing grasp of the State Church has been broken, the pathetic reverence for the Little Father has gone, but there remains the sweet simplicity of their faith in Jesus, the Galilean peasant, which led to the conversion of Tolstoi. Upon this foundation of Christian faith and upon the Russia of Tolstoi, Turgenieff, and Dostoievsky may be built the gold, silver, and precious stones of Christian character and a

Christian civilization. God's judgment fires are already burning up the wood, hay, and stubble.

God has more at stake in Eastern Europe than anyone. Those two hundred millions are "the people of his pasture." They are scattered abroad like sheep without a shepherd and the wolves are making sad havoc. There is no cry so certain to reach the ear of God as the cry of simple, defenseless peoples. Through many a Red Sea of revolution and through many a wilderness of misrule he has led them. He has poured his Spirit into the race in proportion to its willingness and ability to receive him. He has been drawing peoples together into societies and becoming the inner organizing power of nations. The nation is a divine institution just as truly as the Church. As Shakespeare says:

> There is a mystery—with whom relation
> Durst never meddle—in the soul of State,
> Which hath an operation more divine
> Than breath or pen can give expression to.

It is this "mystery," this Unseen Presence and Informing Spirit, which gives a nation a character, makes it a part of the moral order, and thus disciplines the race to noble service. When this Divine Spirit is quenched the nation loses its sanctity and unity; it becomes an aggregation of warring interests which seek to establish their predatory rule. The "imponderables" are God's ministering spirits ever at work to establish his Kingdom in human affairs.

There was a time when the ideal of a Divine Kingdom transcending Church and State, and immanent in both, was universally cherished by Christendom. That ideal was championed by the Roman Catholic Church and for a time rendered an immense service to humanity. It curbed violence and established "a truce of God" at a time when "bloody and disorderly tyranny" was as rampant as it is now in Central and Eastern Europe. Had that Church been true to this divine ideal, to bind nations and peoples in obedience to and love of Christ, the world would have been spared most of its wars and would need no League of Nations to keep the peace. But in its lust for temporal power

the Church antagonized every State it could not rule and denied the divine mission of the State. It trampled upon the rights and duties of the State as a part of the moral order of the world. As a consequence the State became degraded into a secular institution which recognized no higher law than its own necessity and no power other than military force. It became Machiavellian, save where the spiritual life in humanity established free self-governments. On the other hand, by this alienation of the State the Church lost its distinctive character and its primacy in human affairs. Since then there has been no united Christendom, no moral order of commanding authority and power. Europe has been a battleground of shifting alliances and warring kingdoms. Vainly endeavoring by force to preserve a Balance of Power and keep the peace, the selfishness of some nation or nations has always tipped the balance and brought on war. Out of that fateful separation, not so much between Church and State as between a spiritual kingdom and secular forces backed by sinister interests, have come this war and the present international chaos.

It is a most humiliating fact that the Church, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, has become subservient to encroaching secularism. In Germany and Russia it has given pious sanction to policies and practices which were born in hell. In all countries the Church has too often forgotten that it has been invested with the keys of the kingdom of righteousness and commissioned to bind persons and nations into a spiritual society and loose them from the lusts that alienate and destroy. We sing, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." This is true of the Church invisible, but not of the Church visible. It has no unified command, no proper subordination of sectarian and secondary interests to an overmastering purpose to carry forward the Kingdom of God. Would that the Church had the power to speak in righteousness with one voice and with that compulsive persuasion which the Holy Spirit alone gives. This is what the nations and humanity in general are travailing in pain for: sure spiritual guidance and control. In a most critical period of the war H. G. Wells visited France and Italy and met David Lubin, who was at work upon the very perplexing problem of food supply and

distribution. "Their conversation drifted from economic matters, from the ideas of nationalism and faction and policy, toward something else which is larger which they found in the minds of the people. 'The people,' Mr. Wells said, 'are feeling their way toward a bigger rule.' 'The rule of Righteousness,' said Mr. Lubin." Mr. Wells told him that he had been coming to the idea of the whole world as one state and community and of God as King of that state.

"But I say that!" cried Mr. Lubin. "I have put my name to that. And it is *here*." He seized an Old Testament that lay upon the side of the table and rapped its cover. "It is here in the Prophets."

That talk, Mr. Wells says, was only one of a number of talks about religion that he had with practical men who want to get the world straighter than it is and who perceive that they must have a leadership outside themselves, the leadership of a God of righteousness to establish a righteous world order.

Daniel Dorchester

WHAT IS DEACONESS WORK?

A SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR ARTICULATING THE VOCATIONAL WORKER AND HER WORK WITH THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE CHURCH

PRESIDENT MURLIN, in a public address delivered less than a year ago, affirmed that the status of woman in the world had changed more in the forty years prior to 1914 than it had in the preceding four hundred years, and that history would show that the progress in the woman's movement between 1914 and 1918 is equal to, or greater than, that made in the forty-year period. The truth of this statement is unchallenged. With the breaking up of monarchy, tyranny, and age-worn ecclesiasticism a new world order has been established. In this new order woman has suddenly been lifted into a place of influence and power equal to that of her brother. This change has been brought about by a recognition of her ability to serve. From matriarchal time woman has been a servant, but a servant in bonds. To-day she is a servant without shackles. She has been released from servitude for ministry. The gulf separating the two is as great as that which divides autocracy from democracy.

In the whole realm of woman's labor a readjustment of values is being made. These values are not the result of arbitrarily defined rights and privileges, but a just recognition and fine appreciation of services rendered in the hour of our country's greatest peril. A grateful world accepts the part which woman has played in helping to defeat the foes of humanity and to establish a righteous and just world order. Only one reward is adequate for such service—an equal share in the benefits and burdens of this new day. No body, religious or secular, can ignore the change in our whole attitude toward woman's work which this tremendous fact forces upon us. The attempt of the church to carry on deaconess activities on a pre-war basis is an attempt to combat the mighty tides of a renaissance. Nothing short of a reconstruction of our whole machinery will enable us to meet the challenge of to-day.

Woman's work in the Methodist Episcopal Church is characterized by a lack of correlation and unification. The only woman consecrated by the church for special service is the deaconess. The conception of just what a deaconess is and what constitutes deaconess work is so hazy in the majority of Methodist minds that it may be worth our while to face the question squarely and insist upon a clear-cut definition. The Discipline of our church attempts such in the following words (Paragraph 229, Section 1): "A deaconess is a woman who has been led by the Spirit and by the providence of God to forego all other pursuits in life that she may devote herself wholly to the Christlike service of doing good, and who, after having received this divine call, has been trained and tested during a probation of at least two years, and after such preparation has been duly licensed and consecrated."

This definition is further expanded in Section 3 by a partial enumeration of the ways in which she is to "do good." A woman having offered herself for such service, when trained and consecrated by the church *is* a deaconess. The regulations for her work, such as plan of support, prescribed garb, relief and pension, are solely matters of method. A study of the chapter on deaconess work in our Discipline will show that these minor details have been changed from time to time, as in the case of the so-called uniform allowance. It is to be regretted that a clearer definition of the deaconess and her work is not given, and that any attempt is made to qualify or to limit the ways in which she shall function. Every Christian desires to do good. Imagine, if you can, any true mother who does not "devote herself wholly to the Christlike service of doing good." And why enumerate a few ways of doing good when heaven offers countless opportunities of reincarnating the spirit of the compassionate Christ? A minister is called primarily to preach. If by this is meant only the public preaching of the Word from the pulpit there would be a marked curtailment of his ministry. The definition is, by common consent, expanded to cover all the ways by which his activities may preach the gospel to the world. Why should not a deaconess be a woman called and trained for definite service in the church in any capacity for the extension of the Kingdom?

Here the question naturally arises, "How shall she serve?" In other words, "What is deaconess work?" Let us look at some phases of service which the Discipline specifically mentions:

There can be no doubt that hospital work is considered legitimately deaconess. No service is more Christlike or more generally appeals to the sympathy of the church. The Methodist Year Book lists forty-eight hospitals operated by our denomination. Of that number five out of the first six, which are the largest and the strongest, were started by deaconesses and only one of that number is now reported as a deaconess institution. There are six or seven others which are only nominally deaconess. Methodism is certainly interested in the work of these institutions and it is to be hoped that more and better service can be given through their enlargement. Evidently hospital work has not been monopolized by deaconesses, but in a very true sense it can be said that it is of the type of Christlike ministry which deaconess work represents. The children's institutions of our church furnish a similar illustration.

Suppose we inquire into the work which is done by the regular visiting deaconess. Instantly we are confronted with some contradictions as to what shall be called deaconess and what shall be designated as nondeaconess. A timely and very well written article appeared in the January-February number of the METHODIST REVIEW entitled, "The New Program of the Church: Some Christian Vocations for Women." I quote the following: "Several specific and quite alluring vocations call to the energies of womanhood: religious education, church secretaryship, deaconess work, social service, and other forms of missionary work, home and foreign." I am wondering why the writer of this admirable article did not explain to us just how the work of the non-deaconess church secretary differs from that of the church secretary who is a deaconess. The same question may be asked of religious education, the social and immigrant work, which are singled out as new and different vocations. Suppose we acknowledge that the deaconess does one, two, three, or more lines of work, while the other worker specializes and does but one. Granting this to be true, is the difference not

one of degree rather than kind of service rendered? Religious education remains religious education, and many a deaconess is rendering as valuable service in this field as some workers who are called directors of religious education. Likewise some deaconesses have given their whole time to immigrant work, and many of the churches for our non-English speaking neighbors, like the Italians, are the direct outcome of devoted and skillful deaconess labor. Suppose the caption for this article had been, "How Deaconess Work is Opening the Door of Service to the Women of the Church." The development of this theme would have shown that the deaconess pioneered in all of these fields and secured from the church the first and only official recognition of woman's work. Why should these other vocations be mentioned? Because the church demands it. The Board of Sunday Schools appeals for directors of religious education and insists upon a high grade of specialization. The Board of Home Missions and Church Extension maps out a program for reclaiming the city and the country, and thereby issues a challenge for trained leaders. In both instances the work is practically the same as some deaconesses are doing. What line of demarcation will the church insist upon having in the *kind* of work these women are doing? Are not both rendering the same Christlike ministry to humanity? Wherein lies our difficulty? Namely, mainly in this: that the deaconess, beginning her ministry in the church when the whole field of religious-social work was undeveloped, accepted the modest task laid upon her: that she was to do "that for which other hands could not be found."

How is this situation to be handled? Shall the deaconess quietly relinquish certain lines of work and devote her energies to the doing of one thing well? Certainly that would be better than to suffer extinction by a process of elimination. A few years ago the deaconess might have considered herself in full possession of the city field, for to her as much as to any other single force must be given the credit of awakening the church to its responsibility to the immigrant and neglected classes. But, lo, a new day is upon us. The Board of Home Missions establishes training centers for high grade work, grants scholarships

for specialization, and opens doors of service on such a highly respectable and democratic basis as to appeal to the best young women of our land.

There are dozens of strong women in Methodism who have forged ahead and distinguished themselves in service, giving their whole time to Christian work under other boards of our church. Why are not these women bound together in cooperative sympathy and unity of action? We have already seen that the so-called deaconess work cannot be separated from the other activities carried on by our church, and if further restrictions are to be made in deaconess work it must be by sacrificing to a large extent the established lines of social and religious service which have characterized it. To do this means such a narrowing of interests that the work must speedily decrease in importance. As the activities for women under the other boards of our church wax stronger with the impetus which the Centenary Movement has brought we must prepare ourselves for a more complicated and perplexing situation in the realm of woman's work than the church has yet faced. Different types of women's church organizations exist, but these do not offer a solution to our difficulties. These societies are composed largely of women in our churches banded together to aid in missionary endeavor. It is true that a few people in each are giving their full time to the work of the church, but *not one is composed of women who have chosen church work as a vocation.*

In the past history of deaconess work the greatest difficulty has been to secure harmonious relationship between boards of administration. The deaconesses have been parceled out to forms of administration and no worthy effort has yet been put forth by the church to place the worker in a position where she can view the task of the church as a whole. After thirty years of General Conference legislation the deaconesses are to-day virtually in three camps, and are devoid of legislative power. Exceptions are to be made in the case of heads of institutions and a few other workers, but the rank and file of deaconesses have no official standing although they are officers in the church. In the Conference where I hold my deaconess membership there

are men who represent every board and every interest of the church. A university president, a dean of a theological school, a professor in a college, a pastor of a city church, a superintendent of an institutional church, a president of a children's home, a financial secretary for a hospital, a chaplain in the army, a departmental secretary of the Board of Home Missions, an editor of a church paper, a pastor of a mission—all are members of the same Annual Conference. What binds these men together? A mere form of administration? Never. The boards of the church are to them parts of the whole. The ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church organized into the Annual Conferences ties the whole group together for concerted action. Whatever harms one board reacts on the whole. In unity of purpose every man is strengthened for his task. Suppose that the next General Conference should change this plan and distribute a certain number of ministers to each of the benevolent boards; carry the parallel a bit farther, so that the membership of these boards shall be composed largely of the laity, whose time and training for the work of the church must necessarily be limited and restricted; separate these men from their tasks by boards and committees, making it impossible for them ever to meet to discuss their own work or to intelligently view the field as a whole, and you complete the picture. What unanimity of program or action could we expect? This is exactly the situation to-day of the women who have made church work their vocation. This group does not include the woman of our missionary societies whose first interest must be given either to home or business. Neither does it include the woman of means and philanthropic spirit who serves on our benevolent boards and is able to give her money and herself as she chooses. It is composed of women who have found in church work a task big enough for their talents and their whole time; who instead of choosing public school teaching turn to religious education; instead of becoming office assistants in large business firms consecrate their talent to the work of the church; the women whose executive ability would have placed them at the head of an educational or business enterprise now turn this gift into use for the institutions of the church.

Thirty years ago there were few institutions in Methodism as compared with those we have to-day. Now there are millions of dollars invested in hospitals, homes, schools, settlements, and other lines of work. Shall the group of women who have laid the foundation for these institutions be the leaders in the new movement which shall bind together all those who are serving in like capacity, or must another company from without point out the way to the church for an adequate policy in woman's work?

Why does not Methodism provide an organization for all vocational church workers. An awakened church is seeking to adjust itself to the new forces of a liberated world. Adaptation is the key word. To some this means a letting down of the bars in the Christian ministry so that ordination shall be as accessible to a woman as a seat in the House of Parliament or in the legislative halls of the United States Congress. The church must wrestle with this problem. Other denominations have taken the lead in this, and there is reason to believe that our own church must unlock its doors to the women who desire to preach. It is my conviction, however, that comparatively few women will care to occupy the pulpit. We might well commit ourselves to this policy for the church if something better is not found, but as an expedient for the present there is something infinitely more worth while. The crying need in Methodism to-day among its women is not ordination but articulation; not an increase of ecclesiastical authority, but an adjustment of our religious activities to the new life. Think of the appeal which our Methodist hospitals might make to the young women of our land if leaders in that work could be perfectly free to develop the ideals of service in that profession without the artificial limitations which the deaconess order now imposes upon all who thus serve. The same holds true in the field of teaching. We have never yet given the young women of Methodism any conception of what the church might offer to those who desire to become teachers. The splendid work of the boys' and girls' schools is not known to our churches, and very few of our people either appreciate the need for these institutions or help as they should to carry the burden of their support. Social and community service, institutional manage-

ment, secretarial work, journalism, are other callings which should be magnified in the ministry of woman's service. Why should not the young women see this work as a whole?

The suggestion of a woman's conference organized under the Annual Conference of the church is made in the hope that it will at least give us an opportunity for unifying all of these interests and serve as a starting point toward a permanent organization. In place of the inadequate supervision of the Board of Nine let all vocational church workers of the Conference be organized into an Annual Conference with such legislative powers as they and the General Deaconess Board shall determine. These conferences need not necessarily follow the boundary lines of the Annual Conferences for the ministers, but should be made by a fair distribution of the workers in the different sections. A bishop should preside over the deliberations of such a body, and the time of meeting should be such that there would be no interference with the regular spring and fall Conferences of the church. The district superintendents of the Annual Conferences might also be included, and together with the bishop might form the nucleus of an appointing committee. This would tie the work of the group of women workers directly to the General Board or to the Annual Conference. Legislation concerning property interests or administrative boards of the church is not necessary or desired. Let me point out a few advantages: First, it would give the women themselves the opportunity which ought to be theirs of shaping and directing in large measure their own work. No system which subordinates the individual and is paternalistic in the care of its workers can hope to succeed in democratic America. Second, it would dignify the task of every worker. The secretary who devotes her full time to the work of a church institution is doing as Christlike ministry as the woman who makes her round of parish calls. The women in our hospitals will never feel the dignity of their calling or see its relationship to the tasks of the Kingdom until they have the privilege of meeting at least once a year with those engaged in other forms of Christian work, where together they may face the opportunities for the church and realize the fellowship of a common task. Third, this group of women

should determine the qualifications and the standing of its own members. Little enthusiasm can be generated in any organization which is made up of individuals who are admitted by committees from without and whose qualifications are not passed upon by the membership of its own body. Fourth, mutual help and benefit in support, relief, and pension would give needed opportunity for cooperation. Lastly, it would serve as the great inspirational time for women of the Conference just as the Annual Conference does for the ministry. Has not our woman's work lacked the impetus of such an assemblage? and would not such a gathering arouse new enthusiasm among the workers and result in the enlistment of new recruits?

Protestant Christianity is challenged to-day by the most stupendous tasks and far-reaching opportunities that civilization has ever imposed upon mankind. The reshaping of national life is insignificant compared to the remaking of a new world order wherein truth and justice shall be the dominating elements of a world-wide brotherhood. Methodism's contribution to this program must be generous and worthy. The part which the vocational church worker will play will increasingly accelerate or retard the whole movement. Will not the church set herself to this task of so coordinating all her interests that the strongest and best-equipped young women of our land shall heed the call and give themselves in sufficient numbers to serve the present age?

Alice M. Robertson.

LOWELL AND HIS INTERPRETATION OF LIFE

James Russell Lowell was a ten-talent man. His life was rich in possibilities and rich in achievements. He was a penetrative, sympathetic, and constructive critic of literature and life, a humorist both mellow and scintillating, a clear-visioned and militant champion of democracy, and above all a deep-voiced poet of the "eternal melodies." Olympus cannot be crushed in a nutshell; neither can the bountiful harvest of a fruitful life be compressed within the narrow confines of a few flimsy sentences. But as we gaze across the chasm of the intervening years at the princely palaces which he builded in the ideal-illumined realm of art it is not hard for us to discern the great truths which permeated the life and inspired the genius of this imperial-minded son of New England's golden days.

I. The poetry of Lowell thrills and pulsates with the inclusive, dominating thought of human brotherhood. Like a thread of gold in a cloth of silver, through all the warp and woof of many a noble stanza runs the sublime truth that all men are members one of another. In the Biglow Papers the poet avers:

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
  Hev one glory and one shame;
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
  Injers all on 'em the same.

And in the militant, triumphant The Present Crisis, a poem which rings like the trumpet summoning to the fray, the winged words of the poet carry to our hearts the soul-thrilling message:

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Such stanzas are of the most profound significance to a generation which has been called by mighty events to think, not in terms of townships, but in continents. Lord Salisbury once said to a "little Englander," "You must study larger maps." These days all of us must eradicate from our thinking every scintilla of petty provincialism, and it is well worth our while to sit at the feet of the great poet who long years ago grasped truths which even now most of us but see through a glass darkly. In On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves Near Washington, Lowell gives expression to the "higher law," which no misguided congress or parliament or selfish autocrat can ever repeal:

> He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
> To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
> That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
> Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

Lowell was of the classes, not of the masses. New England's bluest blood flowed in his veins. Like Dr. Holmes, his friend and colleague, he was a Brahmin of the Brahmins. The old patrician home at Elmwood was the abode of culture and competence. But the poet was no thin-blooded aristocrat. His positive, unwavering democracy expresses itself in many a line of sinewy, virile Anglo-Saxon:

> A race of nobles may die out;
>   A royal line may leave no heir;
> Wise Nature sets no guards about
>   Her pewter plates and wooden ware.
>
> But they fail not, the kinglier breed,
>   Who starry diadems attain;
> To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
>   Heirs of the old heroic strain.

In An Incident in a Railroad Car we read, in words which are not easy to forget:

> All that hath been majestical
>   In life or death, since time began,
> Is native in the simple heart of all,
>   The angel heart of man;

And thus, among the untaught poor,
  Great deeds and feeling find a home
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
  Of classic Greece and Rome.

. . . .

All thoughts that mold the age begin
  Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
  To one who grasps the whole.

In his wide brain the feeling deep
  That struggled on the many's tongue
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
  O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

There are those to whom brotherhood means vapid phrases and nebulous theories. Sometimes the sophomoric "parlor socialist" recoils in disgust from any personal contact with those for whom he so vauntingly proclaims his sympathy. Ecclesiastical leaders with eloquently mouthed social programs have with cringing servility abased themselves at the throne of wealth. Lowell's gospel of brotherhood was more than banal academic platitudes. In The Vision of Sir Launfal we find the quintessence of the poet's gospel of brotherhood. Sir Launfal in search of the Holy Grail travels over land and sea before he apprehends the mighty truth that the victories of faith are won in the realm of lowly service. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

II. Lowell was no sycophantic imitator of European culture. As a man and a writer he was unequivocally American. In these days when every teacher must be a teacher of Americanism, when we can neglect no opportunity to contravene the subtle Prussian propaganda which has tried, not entirely without success, to pollute the fountain of our national ideals, there is no poet whom it is a greater joy to teach. He was neither a provincial New Englander nor a traitorous cosmopolitan. The first series of The Biglow Papers was written in the heat of the controversy over the ethical and political questions involved in the Mexican War; the second series, which appeared in the stormy days preceding the Civil War, is just as full of the fire of a dominating and soul-stirring emotion.

It is possibly to be expected that under such circumstances he would be somewhat unjust to his opponents. He is also inclined to discomfit the adversary by minor witticisms which severer judgment would omit, and occasionally he manifests that intellectual dexterity which has been a leading weakness of much of our political writing of America. But in spite of these defects and the many allusions to forgotten current events these dialect poems, permeated with the rugged wit and wisdom of undiluted Yankeeism, are still living interpretations of American life and ideals. A few specimens are sufficient to illustrate this:

Democ'acy gives every man
  The right to be his own oppressor;
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
  Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser.

Read,

An' why should we kick up a muss
  About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?
It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,
  Ef we don't like emancipation:
The right to be a cussed fool
  Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
  To every critter born of woman.

More than one fundamental truth of Anglo-Saxon political thought do we find expressed in unvarnished words. For example,

But I know this: our money's safest trusted
In sunthin', come wut will, thet *can't* be busted,
An' thet's the old Amerikin idee
To make a man a Man an' let him be.

But the noblest lines in The Biglow Papers are those in which the poet writes of his three nephews who had laid their young lives on the altar of their country:

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
  I hear the drummers' makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
  That follered once an' now are quiet,

. . . .

Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
  No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
  Didn't I love to see 'em growin,'
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
  Hannsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'.
I set and look into the blaze
  Whose natur', jes like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long 'zit lives, in shinin' ways,
  An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

This brings us to the Commemoration Ode, which should be a much read poem in these days when the boys from many a college have taken

the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.

Almost every college hall and classroom to-day is to some one sacred with the memories of men

Who went abroad to die.

Lowell's monumental poem in memory of the martyred sons of Harvard means much more to us to-day than it possibly could have done even a year ago. Thoughts almost too deep for words come to us from the lines:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
  Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
  With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
    Many in sad faith sought for her,
    Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
    But these, our brothers, fought for her;
    At life's dear peril wrought for her,
    So loved her that they died for her.

One of the truly great passages in the Commemoration Ode was inspired by the reverence in which Lowell held Abraham Lincoln:

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
  Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

The Ode is entirely free from any sectional or partisan feeling; it is characterized by a deep comprehension of the greatness of the

struggle and a noble spirit of magnanimity in victory. It is the one great poem inspired by the Civil War, and has been a source of patriotic inspiration to generations of the youth of America.

When the guns of the great fratricidal strife ceased to reverberate in the land the attitude of the poet, like that of the silent square-jawed soldier who led the blue-clad legions to victory, was one of charity for all and malice toward none. Lowell, too, was willing to say, "Let us have peace." In Under the Old Elm, after he pays his beautiful tribute to the great Virginian who at the foot of the old elm took up his herculean burden, he refers to the old Southern Commonwealth as the

> Mother of States and undiminished men,

and hands to her the olive branch in long-to-be-remembered lines:

> We from this consecrated plain stretch out
> Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
> As here the united North
> Poured her embrowned manhood forth
> In welcome of our Saviour and thy son.
> Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
> The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
>   Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
> Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
>   Both thine and ours the victory, hardly won.

Not only in poetry, but in prose as well did Lowell express his Americanism. As a people we have recently discovered that there are Americans of the second and third generation who neither understand nor sympathize with our ideals. Education in real patriotism most emphatically must not be neglected. And all of us can win for ourselves a greater appreciation of our heritage by now and then turning the glowing pages of New England's scholar poet.

III. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string," says Emerson. In more than one ringing stanza Lowell teaches the same vigorous lesson of self-reliance. He believed in a man doing his own thinking and expressing his thoughts in unmistakable language. He makes Hosea Biglow say,

I'm a straight-spoken kind of creetur
  That blurts right out wut's in his head,
An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,
  It is a nose that wunt be led.

Professor James divides mankind into two classes: the tough-minded and the tender-minded. Lowell was a real son of the sterling old Puritans and had nothing but contempt for the namby-pamby weakling who is afraid to take a positive stand on any conceivable question. Tough-mindedness is the very essence of Puritanism; and in Lowell the strength of the fathers had not atrophied. In this lexicon harmlessness was not the crowning virtue. We read these words,

Strike soon, sez he, or you'll be deadly ailin';
Folks that's afeared to fail are sure of failin';
God hates your sneakin' creturs that believe
He'll settle things they run away and leave.

The Present Crisis is a poem that strikes no responsive chord in the heart of the coward. It is militant to the nth power. To select quotations from it is by no means an easy task:

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

Lowell was enough like the Pilgrim fathers to be different from them. They did their own thinking; he did his. They refused to be dominated by their fathers, neither was he ruled by them. Again we quote from the same soul-thrilling poem:

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's,
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in moldy parchments while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great impulse which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her campfires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

More than once does the poet place his wreath of tribute upon the brow of a man who dared to stand alone. In his sonnet to the fearless, rugged statesman from Ohio who refused to compromise with the Moloch of slavery he says:

Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown
  Smoother than honey on the lips of men;
And thou shalt aye be honorably known
  As one who bravely used his tongue and pen,
As best befits a freeman.

And to Wendell Phillips he pays this tribute:

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
  The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
  That sank in seeming loss before its foes:
Many there were who made great haste and sold
  Unto the cunning enemy their swords,
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,
  And underneath their soft and flowery words
Heard the cold serpent hiss.

In his memorial verses to Garrison he strikes the same bold note:

O Truth! O freedom! how are ye still born
  In the rude stable, in the manger nurst!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
  Through which the splendors of the New Day burst?

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
  Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, Yes; that thunder's swell
  Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.

. . . .

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
  See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
  By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
  And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
  Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

This is good healthy teaching, of the kind which helps to stiffen the backbone and encourages one to persevere. A few days ago there appeared an article bearing the caption, "Wanted; a Spinal Column." Without a doubt many individuals who lack this important part of the human organism are going up and down the land and to and fro in it. Hypothetical courage under imaginary conditions is much easier than even the slightest degree of nonconformity in facing the practical problems of a real world. Yet the slavish imitator or the spineless compromiser can under no circumstances develop strength of character and force of personality. Emerson says, "This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four." A man can compromise and compromise until he sells his very soul to the demons of falsehood. As a practical idealist Lowell taught unswerving loyalty to truth. Vital contact with his militant message cannot but make us stand more firmly and fight better.

IV. Lowell was fundamentally a religious poet. But as we make this statement it is wise for us to keep in mind that religion is not necessarily synonymous with orthodoxy. It is useless to apply the whitewash brush to Lowell's creed. Between his position and that of intelligent orthodoxy there is a great gulf fixed. In the words of Bishop Quayle, "Lowell had not a cross and did not know that Christ was God." His religious life was powerfully influenced by his revulsion from the old "sour milk Calvinism" which had once dominated the intellectual life of New England. He was aggressive in his Unitarianism. To attempt, by ignoring certain of the poet's writings and mutilating others, to place him upon the strait and narrow path of orthodox thinking, is merely an evidence of an inability to face the facts of life. On the other hand, if we consign him into exterior darkness because we cannot always see eye to eye with him, we condemn ourselves to a spiritual

life that is "cabined, cribbed, confined." We can learn from those with whom we differ.

As a general rule it is better to emphasize the positive than the negative. To a large part of the teachings of Lowell any son of John Wesley can enthusiastically subscribe. It is rather for us to refresh souls at the Valclusa fountain of his genius than to captiously turn his pages in a spirit of critical pedantry. We have already seen that Lowell believed in a living God, whose strength is ever upon the side of right and justice:

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

The God in whom he believed was not an absentee God who "had wound up creation and rested since the first Sabbath." In the dim stanzas of Bibliolatres he says:

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
  If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
  There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find."

The closing stanza in An Ode for the Fourth of July, 1876, has lines which Americans cannot read too often:

God of our fathers, thou who wast,
Art, and shalt be when those eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt,
We, sprung from loins of stalwart men
Whose strength was in their trust
That thou wouldst make thy dwelling in their dust
And walk with those a fellow-citizen
Who build a city of the just,
We, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel thee near,
Sure that, while lasts the immutable decree,
The land to Human Nature dear
Shall not be unbeloved of thee.

In the gloomy Cathedral, a poem sicklied o'er with the pale cast of doubt, we read:

> I that still pray at morning and at eve,
> Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
> And prizing more than Plato things I learned
> At that best academe, my mother's knee,

and in L'Envoi:

> God is open-eyed and just,
> The happy center and calm-heart of all.

Lowell was not without a conception of the divine mission of Christ. He hitched all that was best and noblest in human endeavor to the old doctrine of Calvary. He believed that every duty shirked was a denial of the Christ. In his Parable he teaches that no correct doctrine avails if Christ's little ones are being crucified on the iron cross of mammonism. His gospel of service so nobly expressed in the Vision of Sir Launfal is at the center of his Christianity. In Godminster Chimes we find the same sublime truth:

> And all the way from Calvary down
>   The carven pavement shows
> Their graves who won the martyr's crown
>   And safe in God repose;
> The saints of many a warring creed
>   Who now in heaven have learned
> That all paths to the Father lead
>   Where Self the feet have spurned.

The Christian teachings of Lowell grip the heart, and give to us a more close, realizing sense of the immanence of God, the presence of Christ, and the brotherhood of man.

Lowell was a man of many interests. His strong and radiant personality found points of contact with life in many of its aspects. When we consider the range of his intellectual sympathies we almost feel as though he, like Bacon, had taken all knowledge to be his province. Ripe scholar though he was, with him books were never a substitute for life. Even the cursory reader cannot but be impressed with a sense of the largeness and richness of the world in which the poet lived. Each hour spent in the study of

his work is an arch wherethrough gleam new fields of rich experience. It is much more satisfactory to study Lowell than to study about him. His luxuriant suggestiveness makes any attempt to analyze his thought highly unsatisfactory. It is, nevertheless, indubitably true that in his writings, both prose and poetry, there are certain distinctive characteristics which set forth with translucent clearness the author's life philosophy. Preeminently he was a clean-souled, high-minded American, to whom it was given to express the noblest and sincerest idealism of his generation.

Although there are still among us those who can remember the great poets of the New England renaissance as they came and went among their fellows, it was a quarter of a century ago that the last of that shining company passed to where beyond these voices there is peace. Emerson, the earthquake scholar of Concord, and Longfellow, the sweet singer of our springtime, left us in the early eighties. Lowell, the youngest of the group, born a century ago, February 22, 1819, died in the old ancestral home of his boyhood in 1891. A year later ended the tranquil life of the gentle-spirited hermit of Amesbury. In '94 the lambient soul of the genial old autocrat, "the last leaf" on the tree, felt the gentle touch of the breath of an eternal morning. To-day our souls thrill with the mighty impulses of a tremendous age. New voices are in the air, and eyes that once were holden are seeing new visions. But not all that has come down to us from other generations should be allowed to gather mold among the forgotten archives of the past. That writer who deals with the fundamentals of life and character has eternal youth. Yet modern literature cannot be neglected. No man reads wisely who fails to keep his finger upon the great throbbing pulse of his own age. But the effervescent of to-day is an inadequate substitute for the classic of yesterday. He who reads Masters and neglects Emerson, reads Frost but not Whittier, who is familiar with Amy Lowell but is almost entirely ignorant of her much more illustrious kinsman, in his intellectual life builds towers but ignores foundations. His understanding of the literature and the life of his own age is blurred because he has no standard of comparison. Most certainly we must not supinely submit to the tyranny of the past; we must live in the present and

face the future. But although mankind progresses man remains very much the same. The texture of the soul life of a nation or an individual is not essentially changed by a few brief decades. They who a half a century ago, in our own country, stood upon the mountain and heralded the dawn are to-day more than doleful voices from the gloomy sepulchers of dead thoughts and outworn issues. It is not altogether impossible that upon their pages we find truth more vital, more richly suggestive, more spiritually illuminating than that which emanates from the consciously ultra-modern who, according to his own humble confession, is through the pages of the pseudo-progressive weekly shedding the white light of knowledge upon the darkened minds of those who are not yet ready to discard the "old traditions of right and wrong." In this the year of his centenary it can be asserted, with the strongest emphasis, that Lowell is not a dead author. In his work we find that which still lives because it has to do with those elements of life which are the same to-day as yesterday.

Lewis H Chrisman

LISTENING TO GOD

I WONDER if, after all, true prayer is not more listening to God than having God listen to us.

Hidden away in the fine print of the sacred Old Testament are many exquisite human touches and heavenly inspirations which, like hidden jewels, shine only for those who hunt for them. Among the tenderest incidents here briefly told is of a devout little mother who, as an expression of her sincere gratitude that God had answered her prayer for motherhood, willingly took her little son to the house of the Lord in Shiloh and left him in the care of Eli, the holy priest of the Lord, to be brought up in the ministry of God's house. And we remember how "his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year." And it came to pass, when the little boy was about twelve years of age and Eli had become aged and blind, that one night, after the child had finished his sacred ministries about the holy altar, as he was laid down to sleep "the Lord called Samuel," and thinking it was the voice of Eli the boy promptly answered the summons; and this he did not only once but twice, and thrice; and each time Eli assured him that he had not called him, until the third time, when the old man perceived that it was God calling the child. The sacred historian says that up to this time "Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." And Eli told the lad to lie down again and if he heard the voice once more to answer, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." And it was even so that when God spoke again the boy answered promptly, and God revealed to him some of the secrets of his purposes; "and Samuel grew and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan even to Beer-sheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord."

I wonder, again, if any man will not be a prophet and any woman a prophetess if they will only listen to what God has to say to them. Is it any less true 1900 years after

Christ than it was 1100 years before Christ that God will be able to use those instrumentalities, however humble, who listen to him?

On the glowing Transfiguration mountain, when a bright cloud overshadowed Jesus and his three disciples, there came a voice out of the cloud which said, "This is my beloved Son: hear him." I wonder, still again, if the reason why Jesus selected Peter and the two sons of Zebedee as his closer comrades was not that they were good listeners. God has so much to tell his creatures, and he speaks in so many voices, but only those who listen can learn.

Every voice of nature is a voice of God. If we could understand we might hear God's voice in the roar of the thunder and in the weird, ominous rumble of the earthquake; in the surge of the sea and in the ripple of the waterfall; in the plaintive note of the dove and in the soft cooing of a babe. What sounds the musicians hear! They can even detect the footfall of a sunbeam, and the soft rhapsody of the moonlight, and the melody of a daffodil. Wherever any power manifests itself, either of a thunderbolt or of gravity's mysterious regency, if it expresses itself in a sound it is the voice of God.

Once when our favorite poet of the High Sierras was far away in Italy he wrote homesick lines about our incomparable sunset shore. I am rapturously glad that I have been permitted to live for more than a dozen years in this lovely land. But this is Joaquin Miller's little song:

Could I return to my woods once more
And dwell in their depths as I have dwelt,
Kneel in their mosses as I have knelt,
Sit where the cool white rivers run,
Away from the world and half hid from the sun,
Hear wind in the woods of my storm-torn shore
Glad to the heart with listening,
It seems to me that I then could sing,
And sing as I never have sung before.
I miss, how wholly I miss my wood,
  My matchless, magnificent dark-leaved firs
That climb up the terrible heights of Hood,
  Where only the breath of white heaven stirs! . . .

O . . . once more in my life to hear
The voice of a wood that is loud and alive,
That stirs with its being like a vast bee-hive!
And, O, once more in my life to see
The great bright eyes of the antlered deer;
To sing with the birds that sing to me,
To tread where only the red man trod,
To say no word, but listen to God!

Was there ever such a place to listen to God as by El Capitan's silky precipice, or Wawona's lofty plumes, or 'neath Shasta's snowy crest, or within Catalina's magic thrall? How prodigal God has been of himself in our sunny southland, and how much he wants to tell in the vesper song of the bird at eventide, and in the pealing notes of the mocker at midnight. Nature is a marvelous linguist and speaks many languages, but then all are the voices of God.

To him who in love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language.

There is no silence in nature. God is speaking somewhere always. If a man has never found God it is because he is deaf to a voice which is never still. The atheist is deaf to a world that is full of God's music. God always speaks in musical notes, and when we shall know more of God we shall find the melodies of heaven and the oratories of divinity filling the whole earth. The call of duty is the voice of God. To an honest man no voice speaks so loudly, so commandingly. How should men know what God would have them do except for those mighty convictions which, like deep voices, are calling up from the depths of their souls, and which when honored are transformed into wings that lift the soul of man up to the habitations of God? Every man who seeks to do his duty finds a trail up Sinai's dizzy slopes where God dwells. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" He who answers back to God, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

When men and women listen to God then we have Samuel and Hannah and Moses and Paul. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" What if Saul had not listened? There would have

been no twelfth chapter of Romans, no thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, no eleventh chapter of Hebrews. "Lovest thou me?" What if Peter had not listened? No Pentecostal triumph. The young ruler did not listen. He would not sell all and give. Luther listened, and reformed the Church. Wesley listened, and revived a world. Lincoln listened. He heard God's voice in the sob of the slave—in the cry of the black mother when her sweet daughter was snatched from her bosom to become the chattel of a brute. Yes, Lincoln listened, and it broke his heart. Nobody has ever become a world saviour until his heart was broken with the world's sorrows. Lincoln first heard God's voice back in a rude Kentucky cabin when his dying mother pressed her frail arm around him and whispered, "Be something, Abe!" No wonder his face was always sad. He was a child of sorrow and, like his Master, he "was acquainted with grief." For many generations there have been cries of agony from homes where the curse of alcohol had inflicted unspeakable woes upon mother and child and fathers and sons. These cries of agony have been God's voice calling men and women to duty, and nation-wide prohibition is now the glorious result with world-wide prohibition in sight.

"Vox populi, vox Dei." "The voice of the people is the voice of God," said the classic Hesiod in the long ago; but it is as true to-day. The people are speaking. They spoke fifty years ago, and although human slavery was entrenched in the wealth and culture and even in the armaments of the South, it had to go; its tragic days were numbered, for the people spoke, and it was again the voice of God. The people have again spoken. The leading metropolitan dailies are against it; rich producers who live in palaces are denouncing it; even some robed prelates are calling it fanaticism; a wealth that has grown bloated and plethoric will ask the Supreme Court for its judgment; and a dilettante frivolity is pronouncing it utterly ridiculous and revolutionary that the smart set may not drink high-balls and cocktails when it pleases; but, nevertheless, the people have spoken. All too long have the people been exploited by avaricious wealth and social degenerates; but at length the people have spoken. In no unmistakable tones they have spoken. Ballots talk; and King Alcohol and Kaiser

Bill are simultaneously overthrown and Booze goes into a deep, dark sepulcher of death and oblivion, never to be again resurrected, because "the voice of the people is the voice of God!"

God has spoken once again as he spoke on smoking Sinai; and when God speaks the worshipers of golden calves would better listen!

Women have listened to God and have gone forth as messengers of the New Day. "The women who publish the good tidings are a great host." Tiny Miriam listened to God, and found Moses's mother for her baby brother. Deborah listened, and became a wise leader in Israel. Beautiful Esther listened, and saved her people. Ruth listened, and became the lovely ancestress of her Lord. Exquisite Mary listened, and became the mother of God. The sisters of Lazarus listened, and the world is filled with the odor of their ointment. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary and Salome and the wife of Herod's steward followed the angry mob without the gates, even unto the top of Golgotha, and they saw and they listened, and were the first at the sepulcher as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week; and they listened when the angel in white said, "He is not here, for he is risen," and they became the prompt heralds of the resurrection on that first radiant Easter morning. From the beginning women have listened when Christ has spoken and, unlike any other religion, the gospel of Christ is a woman's gospel as well as a man's. All other religions left the woman out, and when the women are forgotten the children are neglected; but the religion of Jesus will become universal and triumphant because he glorified motherhood and childhood in his birth, and virility, and manhood, in his achievements—the most gallant and chivalrous of men. His voice was lifted in behalf of a timid woman whose heart prompted her to a tender fragrant ministry when he said, "Let her alone; she hath done what she could," and the listening women heard those gallant words and went out to do what they could for Jesus. The women were there that day when Jesus rebukingly said to his disciples, as the mothers wanted to bring their babies to him for a blessing, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and those anxious

women, listening, went away with grateful hearts to tell their children of the Blessed Lover and to bring them up to adore and to obey him. The world belongs to the good woman, and good women will in the end get everything they want from God and from men.

Susannah Wesley was a listening woman, and what a mother and what a home; and what holy inspirations her boys drew out of her loving bosom. Barbara Heck listened, and told those early backslidden Methodists in America what God had said to her. Catherine Booth listened, and the Salvation Army. Frances Willard listened, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

During the recent flood and famine in China, in the region south of Peking, there were many to provide for in a large family, and the father decided to lighten his load by a little. He took his sweet little girl and brought her to a hole in the ice and told her to jump in; and when she hesitated, and pleadingly said, "But, Daddy, it is cold!" He answered, "Never mind; you must jump in!" and when she hesitated he thrust her under the ice and returned home with one less mouth to feed. Don't blame the father, but a tardy Christianity which is taking long to obey the Master's voice, "Go ye into all the world!" If anyone is listening to God he may hear his voice in the trembling voice of the little helpless, heathen child, "But, Daddy, it is cold!" It breaks our hearts. But those who listen to God must expect to have their hearts broken.

Charles Edward Locke.

THE MINISTER AS A RECRUITING OFFICER FOR RELIGIOUS LIFE WORKERS

That a shortage of ministers, missionaries, and other Christian workers exists is common knowledge. The Centenary aims to recruit thousands of new workers, and must do so if the final expected results are to be actually obtained. While a special obligation rests upon the colleges to enlist these leaders, still the more fundamental responsibility must be placed upon the pastors. Every preacher should provide at least his own successor in life. Every Paul should find a Timothy before he dies. It is not right that the impulse of reproduction of spiritual sons in the gospel ministry should find a stopping place in any life. Every local church should be led to produce Christian life-workers in order to keep it from sponging off other churches for its continued leadership. Consider the wide range of opportunity to be presented. Aside from the stated ministry, there are deaconesses, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries, social workers, reformers, evangelists, singers, chaplains, university professors, and religious editors. In the foreign field, in addition to ordained men, doctors, nurses, teachers, industrial workers, builders, athletic directors, etc., are wanted. Where shall this army be recruited? Who shall be the recruiting officers? The securing of these workers offers the most satisfying sense of reward to anyone who prays and works for laborers.

The pastor must set a good example as a Christian worker. Consecration is catching. The ministry must be made evidently worth while. Young men will be attracted to a Christian calling provided they see their pastor really doing things of moment. Christian work can be shown up as the highest privilege of man by the preacher's attitude and success. The handicap of low salaries paid to all religious servants can be overcome only by presenting the vast ranges of opportunity and spiritual reward. Young people will not enter upon such work for the sake of money and they will not be kept out of it on account of the lack of money.

No preacher can hope to secure missionary candidates unless he has faced the issue squarely himself. No pastor can enlist young women to work in the slums of the cities unless he is willing to go there himself, if the Lord should call him. No man can impart a stronger spiritual impulse than he possesses himself. The place of one's service need not hinder any man from summoning others to go elsewhere provided the same sacrificial spirit is dominant in his own life. Herein lies the secret why some men have a large family of spiritual children working in the church while others are eking out a miserable existence until they can retire.

Preachers should make the recruiting of religious life-workers one of the definite aims of their ministry. There is too much haziness existing on the subject of "calls." Preachers should be God's agents to give the calls. God has often spoken through godly men to others. Before Bishop E. H. Hughes went to DePauw University only a few candidates for the ministry were coming out of that great Methodist school. President Hughes felt that more should be the rule and he set about carefully to change the status. Ever since his incumbency DePauw University has regularly sent an increased quota of graduates to the theological seminaries every year. God's will has not been done by somebody, or there would not exist this present acute shortage of ministers. It is quite sane, therefore, to restate our main proposition, that preachers should make recruiting an aim. Whatever aims a preacher keeps before his mind are very likely to be reached. If he goes to a new charge with the thought, "I must see people saved and new members taken into the church," he will pray, plan, and work for that end and will most surely reach it. If he goes to a people with the purpose of building a new church structure quite probably indeed will a fine new house of worship be constructed. Similarly, if he aims to double the benevolent giving so as to reach the apportionments he will preach on the subject, pass out literature, get Advocate subscribers, and push the financial canvass. The very same general principle applies to getting Christian workers. Men who have this aim fixed in their minds are the ones who seize upon every opportunity to press the claims of the work. Has my pastor reader such an aim?

Pastors must create an atmosphere of intelligence and of hearty support to the wider work of the Kingdom. The local situation must not entirely dominate the scene. Our young friends will not wish to be prophets in their own country and must learn something about other "countries." It is the business of the minister to interest his people in the expansive program of Christianity. One sermon a year on the benevolences is totally inadequate. The presentation of these gigantic efforts to Christianize the world must not be made with an apology. Failure to raise money for benevolences will be matched with failure to recruit lives for Christian work. But where home and foreign missions, and all related subjects, are spoken of with high enthusiasm not only money will be forthcoming to meet the needs, but also the far more precious lives of boys and girls, young men and young women. In creating this atmosphere of friendliness to the wider work of the church another great subject to make live is stewardship. Men who are practicing tithing and the stewardship of all their possessions are equipped to preach the subject with power. Young people in the pews will not stop with the consecration of their money, but will offer themselves. The stewardship of personality is very closely linked with that of property. It was really no strange thing for a lawyer in the Middle West to come to New York and offer his services to the Board of Foreign Missions after he had been thoroughly aroused to the stewardship message.

What are some practical ways and means of directly influencing young people to enter Christian work? Public mention of our expectation should be made repeatedly. At the service following the session of Annual Conferences the pastor can say something about the class admitted on trial and add that he hopes somebody from his church may find his way there. When the papers tell of missionaries having just sailed some remark can be dropped about that. At the time of public prayer let the petition for laborers in God's harvest fields be made repeatedly. Use the suggestion of life service freely during revivals. Every such series of meetings should result in securing some kind of life-worker as well as conversions. On occasions that would be fitting, as at baccalaureate services, preach on the subject. A pastor with this

aim in view will develop public leadership in his young people. He will urge them to learn to pray and speak in public. He will get them into official positions in the Epworth League. He will carefully instruct them in Sunday school teaching. Finally some day he will practically force such a young man to take the pulpit in an emergency. Bishop Leete tells the story of his entrance into the ministry thus, and he has been preaching some ever since. Bishop Thoburn was appointed as leader of a class in his youth without his consent. By taking an interest as class leader he developed into a preacher to multitudes.

Pastoral calling should be utilized to realize this fixed aim of a man's ministry. In pious homes the parents may be addressed on this sacred subject. Put the thought into their minds concerning their children. Many fathers and mothers have proved to be the strongest hindrance. It used to be considered a mother's highest glory to furnish a preacher son, and that attitude should be cultivated studiously. A minister may lay hands on a little child and say, "I hope the Lord may call you to be a minister." This may be a little old-fashioned, but God has blessed such faith many times. Pastors should be on the watch to learn of the life plans of their young people. They can then suggest the Christian alternative: either to abandon the cherished plan for a definite Christian calling or use the cherished plan in the service of the church. For instance, a boy says that he wants to be a mechanic. The pastor may feel that he has possibilities as a preacher, and so urges the claims of the ministry upon him. Or, believing that the boy had best remain a mechanic, the pastor may speak of industrial missions and present the needs in Africa for such work. A girl says that she wants to be a nurse. Let her become a deaconess nurse or a missionary nurse.

Pastors should urge their young people to attend our Methodist colleges. There is no narrowness in this statement, but only a practical point. The atmosphere of a university has much to do with the choice of a life-work. As a matter of fact, very few indeed of our Christian leaders are being produced from the State universities. The chances of a choice to enter religious work are reduced to a minimum. But in our church schools speakers are

heard from the chapel platform on these very subjects. Revivals are held in which the spiritual life of the students is made vibrant with enthusiasm. The contagious example of fellow-students preparing for Christian work cannot be overestimated in importance. If a young person is to do such work in life he needs the friendship of his student comrades in after years. Associated with the attendance at colleges of our church is attendance upon summer institutes and Chautauquas controlled by Christian churches. Many a person has been led to make a serious decision at our Epworth League Institute's Life-Service meetings. Pastors can do a fine service by urging their young people to go to these gatherings and thus help to place them under proper influences.

A liberal supply of pointed literature dealing with the work, the claims and the opportunities should be constantly in hand. A little pamphlet which "hits the spot" may do a world of good. A few tested ones are here suggested: "The Claims of the Ministry on Strong Men," by Gordon; "Consecration," by Mott; "The Supreme Decision of the Christian Student," by Eddy, and "What Constitutes a Missionary Call," by Speer. The Student Volunteer Movement can supply many more.

Permit a closing word. The results of this work will not show in the Conference Minutes! One may work for years and see very few enlisted. But the finished product is worth all the patience, perseverance, and prayer bestowed upon it! The writer's own brother was importuned for ten years to consider favorably missionary work. To-day he is in China, while God has providentially hindered the writer from this field of labor. To know that other men are working in distant places where you cannot go, to feel that when you lay down your work other men will carry it on whom you have helped to start, both of these sweet thoughts are ample personal reward.

Stanley W. Wiant.

PARADISE LOST IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

Milton's great epic, written just before Newton's epoch-making discovery of the law of gravitation and when the earth was still regarded by most people as the center of things, has been relegated to the scrap heap by too many superficial people as wholly outworn in its teaching. Lovers of the rhythm in poetry concede that the cadences of Paradise Lost are unique in their richness of verbal melody, and purple patches from some of the more popular books are still not unfamiliar: but no longer, it must be conceded, is the epic read for its final logic, its interpretation of things universal. The poet Tennyson was on one occasion reading Lycidas aloud to some friends. When he had done, and the talk went on to general discussion, a girl present remarked that she had never read Paradise Lost. "Shameless daughter of your age," was the bard's caustic comment. His own inimitable apostrophe to Milton, written in classic alcaics, is a tribute to the art rather than to the teaching of his predecessor; to the grand word-painting of such books as the Fourth and the Ninth:

> O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
> O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
>   God-gifted organ-voice of England,
>   Milton, a name to resound for ages;
> Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
> Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
>   Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
>   Rings to the roar of an angel onset!
> Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
> The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
>   And bloom profuse and cedar arches
>   Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
> Where some refulgent sunset of Indiȧ
> Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
>   And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
>   Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Although Milton actually met Galileo, the thinker who recanted his astronomy only to mutter, "Yet it still moves," and though he indicates that he had accepted the new astronomy, yet he does not dare to use it in his cosmography. Isaac Newton,

educated at the same University of Cambridge, though in a different college, began his fruitful studies on motion—suggested by the falling of an apple—the very year that Paradise Lost was published. These two men were perhaps the most distinguished harbingers of our modern world of exact thinking; and yet Milton, right in between them and linked to them by many ties, in essential respects belongs to a world that has passed away. It is quite as easy to accept the cosmogony of Dante as his; indeed there is more of evolution in the Florentine's conception of God's universe. This is largely to be ascribed to the extreme literalism of Milton's interpretation of Holy Writ. He accepted the Bible as not only a guide in spiritual matters but as giving us enlightenment on scientific questions, and he rigidly adjusts his universe to the supposed special truths and hints of such writers as the author of Job and the prophet Jeremiah, not to speak of the writer of Genesis. For instance, at the opening of Jeremiah's prophecy, when the word of the Lord came to the Hebrew prophet for the second time, he was told that out of the north should break forth an evil upon all the inhabitants of the land. Accordingly, when in heaven the rebel angels, headed by Satan, set up the standard of revolt against the Most High, they retire to a mount "in the quarters of the north." Heaven is thus divided into North and South, and the Almighty, in discussing the alarming situation with his Son, uses these terms:

> Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
> In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
> Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
> Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
> We mean to hold what anciently we claim
> Of deity or empire; such a foe
> Is rising who intends to erect his throne,
> Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north.
> (Book v, 719-726.)

Modern commentators of course explain the vision in terms of the political situation in and around Syria in the seventh century B. C.; a period that is better known to us to-day than ever before owing to the researches of historians and antiquarians. And Milton carefully adjusted his cosmos hung in space to the indications in the book of Job: "He stretcheth out the north over the empty

place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." These two phrases, as found in the translation of our Authorized Version, occur in a passage that is full of religious wonder at God's power and of poetical inspiration, and they seem quite consonant with the results of modern astronomy, which regards the earth as a ball hung in space with no support on any side. Although the rest of the passage is couched in terms that can be understood only in the light of the conceptions and outlook of the time, literalists have claimed in this particular case a distinct scientific revelation of a truth not known for centuries; surely a dangerous position. "The idea of modern astronomy," says Dr. A. B. Davidson, in his masterly commentary on Job (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges), "that the earth is a ball, poised free on all sides in space, is of course not found here." The idea is rather of a flat circular surface, the earth, divided by a great void from heaven, and itself resting upon chaos. The poetical nature of the whole passage, making use as a poet does of the conceptions of the time, is emphasized by the fact that in Isaiah (40. 22) a different picture of the universe is outlined: "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Here a flat earth with the surrounding ocean is regarded as a disc, and the arch of heaven is stretched over it like the covering of a tent. Both writers are primarily concerned with the glory and majesty of God, who reveals himself in creation and in Providence. But the scientific "how?" of creative method —this is not a matter of moment. Such a question lies in the sphere of human intellectual inquiry, to be established by human tests. Milton takes all the latitude he can in the literal interpretation of passages of Scripture; and where reconciliation is impossible he leaves the matter in doubt. Thus when Satan is described as winging his way back from Pandemonium to the newly created universe and comes in sight of the battlements of heaven, he

> Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
> Far-off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
> In circuit, undetermined square or round,
> With opal towers and battlements adorn'd

> Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
> And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
> This pendent world, in bigness as a star
> Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
> (P. L., ii, 1046-1054.)

The term "square" is inserted by Milton to guard himself against any kind of contradiction with the passage in the book of Revelation (21. 16): "And the (heavenly) city lieth foursquare." So the term "pendent" is inserted to keep in touch with the language of Job, when the statement is made (26. 7), he "hangeth the earth upon nothing."

The ancient and general conception of the left hand as unlucky and accursed, which enters late into biblical phraseology, appears in Milton's epic as determining locality in his cosmogony. The well-known text in Matthew (25. 41) reads: "Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." In Book X of Paradise Lost, when the satellites of evil are making a broad causeway between Pandemonium and the shattered Cosmos, they fasten it to the outer rim, where Satan had first landed on his ugly errand of ruin:

> With pins of adamant
> And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
> And durable! And how in little space
> The confines met of empyrean Heaven
> And of this world; and, on the left hand, Hell
> With long reach interposed.
> (P. L., x, 318-323.)

Milton, always true to a theory once accepted, and clinging to the very words of Holy Writ, has thus given us a chart of Space in which terms like "right," "left," "north," "south"—which we regard as perfectly neutral from the ethical side—take on a moral meaning. The north and the left are the localities of evil and of devilish personalities. Milton's cosmography is a brilliant attempt to reconcile all preceding Jewish and Christian conceptions, and it may be said to have held its place among Christian people as a reasonable interpretation of the system of worlds until the middle of the nineteenth century, when such books as Chambers's Vestiges

of Creation, published in the early forties, began to call for a reconstruction of thought in the name of the new sciences of geology and biology. To take only one instance: how is it possible to explain fossils with a world dating back only a few thousand years? Two good United Presbyterians were taking a walk one Sunday afternoon some fifty years ago, when geology was becoming a study in the public schools, and they were both teachers. One of them picked up a fossil and began discussing its possible age. The necessary years were far too great to be included in any Miltonic cosmogony, and the discrepancy troubled them. "No doubt," was the submissive remark of the elder of the two, "God put it there to try our faith." This is exactly Milton's attitude.

Milton conceives of the universe in the first times, when Satan had not yet asserted himself, as partly the Empyrean, the highest heaven, where the pure element of fire, an ethereal element, was breathed by God and the angels. The abode of the Almighty, however, was on the south side, and to the right. Beneath the battlements of heaven was chaos. First came blustering winds, or the air element; beneath the air stratum were surging waters; beneath the turmoil of the waters, earth or mud. Right in the center of chaos, where the water merged into earth, stood the pavilion of the lord of chaos, visited later by Satan when on his way to the new-created cosmos. The whole was a

> wild abyss,
> The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
> Of neither sea nor shore, nor air nor fire,
> But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
> Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
> Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
> His dark materials to create more worlds.
> (P. L., ii, 910-916.)

With Satan's rebellion there resulted the division of the Empyrean into two quarters, and it was to the left, or north, that the rebel angels retired. The rebel angels imagined that they had a device that would decide the war in their favor; that the clever "scientific" use of a weapon of destruction would overthrow eternal order. This was the invention of gun powder, which the poet ascribes to these malicious angels. The original antipathy to its use, it may

be remarked, as unknightly and despicable, had not yet quite died out in Milton's time·

Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art
Concocted and adjusted, they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch of fire.
(P. L., vi, 512-520.)

With mirth, jeers, and puns—Belial and the other leaders had a kind of German elephantine humor—the rebels launched their new offensive. And, like the poison gas of to-day, for the moment it threw the loyalist angels into confusion:

War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
(P. L., vi, 667-670)

had not the Almighty taken measures to counteract the danger. It is almost as if Milton saw in a dream the crisis to civilization that would come with the rise of a willful and power-intoxicated empire Just as Emperor Satan and his myrmidons—Milton reserves the word "Emperor" for the Prince of Evil—counted on the new weapon of destruction to finish the war in his favor, so did the Kaiser and his military chiefs rely on the submarine and poison gas, fiendishly used, to reduce the Allies to impotency, and, with the Allies, civilization and human rights. All that is needed to complete the analogy is a medal struck by these "men of the north" to celebrate the discomfiture wrought by their foul engines.

True to his literalism, the poet has to introduce from the book of the prophet Ezekiel a strange cryptic conception which commentators find difficulty in adjusting to the political conditions of the time. It was the divine chariot as imagined by the Hebrew prophet, with its wheels and eyes, that proved the determining factor in the campaign; driven by the Son of God it was irresistible:

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:
The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
(P. L., vi, 845-866.)

This was the end of the warfare in the plains of heaven. The events do not come into the action of the epic, but are related to Adam in Paradise by the angel Raphael. While the rout of the rebels unified a divided Empyrean it was to result in a triple division of the universe, which was the conception universal in Christendom through medieval times. The old mysteries out of which developed the Elizabethan drama had a triple stage, with earth in the center, heaven above, and hell beneath. Milton continues these traditions. He begins his epic with the recovery of the discomfited rebel crew in their new abode of gloom. Their pride and willfulness were not yet by any means quelled; and they set themselves to build a palace unequaled in splendor:

Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury.
(P. L., i, 717-722.)

It was to be, in the poet's dream, what Berlin has proved in our own times, a center of willfulness, pride, and hate; of world ruin and wreckage. How often have we heard in these days of the "will to victory," the "will to conquer." This was the significant phrase in the last public utterance of General Ludendorff before his great spring offensive which ended in disaster. It was Satan's first insistent phrase in hell; associated, as in Berlin war ethics, with hate. The enemy of mankind trusted in

> the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate.
> (P. L., i, 106-7.)

He obstinately followed out his will when his less assertive fellows were in favor of making the best of a bad business; he carried out his revengeful plans; and he consistently pursued the path of hate. The final degradation to which it brought him and his followers, is the climax of the epic, as told in Book the Tenth.

Milton lived in what might be termed the age of geometry, a branch of mathematics which deals with space, not with time, as Sir William Rowan Hamilton admirably remarks. Descartes, who died when Milton was in his prime, was the first philosopher who thought in terms of algebra, "the mathematics of time," and in this sense as much as in his insistence on all knowledge beginning with the conscious self ("Cogito ergo sum") he is to be regarded as the beginner of modern philosophy. Descartes began the thinking of animate and inanimate things through process, which has so fastened itself on modern habit. Milton may be said to have ended the long train of reasoners who had no modern science whatever in their make-up, who lived in an ancient world that knew not nature. How else could he have given us his menagerie of creation?—

> Now half appear'd
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
> The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks.
> (P. L., vii, 463-469.)

All of these creatures came to Adam to receive names:

> Nor unknown
> The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
> Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
> And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
> Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
> (P. L., vii, 494-498.)

It is all very well to make them harmless and companionable; but how did they function in nature? What final propriety had they in the system of things? To amuse Adam and Eve?

> About them frisking play'd
> All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
> In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
> Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
> Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
> Gamboll'd before them.
> (P. L., iv, 340-345.)

Milton's creation does not answer the questions raised in the mind of a thinking moderner. The animals seem all to have been herbivorous in the original story in Genesis; a puzzle, if the story is to be taken literally. The ornate development of it in the epic being an attempt to make it a practical account of a previous state of things on earth with all scientific consistency left out brings it into the realm of fairyland. To enjoy it we must suspend our critical faculties for the time being and live in the realm of pure imagination. It was so that Tennyson enjoyed it. Educators of an up-to-date type have been calling on us to discard this unreal sort of literature, and teach the young hard facts. It was a favorite theme of Dr. David Starr Jordan, the exponent of "efficiency," who the week before the War broke out was telling audiences that business and the principle of "Selfish Enlightenment" had made war impossible. From such a Kultur side Milton's story is weak and worthless; but it is delightful fairyland, and admirable for imaginative and spiritual uses.

All these idyllic pleasures, a life of perfect physical and moral harmony in a world so nicely poised in space that the inhabitant enjoyed eternal spring, were rudely snatched away by Eve's folly.

Notwithstanding the positive command not to eat of the fruit on a certain tree, and in spite of special warnings of danger, she disobeyed, and persuaded her husband to disobey. The whole system of things, firmament and all, was dislocated. The Creator gave out new orders to his angels.

> The sun
> Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
> As might affect the earth with cold and heat
> Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
> Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
> Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
> Her office they prescribed; to the other five
> Their planetary motions and aspects
> In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
> Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
> In synod unbenign. . . .
> Some say he bid his angels turn askance
> The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
> From the sun's axle; they with labor push'd
> Oblique the centric globe.
> (P. L., x, 651-670.)

Sin and Death entered the world; and the causeway built through chaos, linking earth and hell, brought a host of maleficent beings to spread their bane throughout the once well-ordered world. All the result of a single act of disobedience—"the tasted fruit." In his intense desire to keep the Almighty free from all stain of evil, Milton throws an unequal burden on the hapless pair in Eden. An act of disobedience disarranges a whole universe and makes it the plaything of the forces of evil. God had foreseen all this, so the poet asserts; but he strives to distinguish foreseeing from predestination. In those unsatisfactory speeches which the Almighty makes in his own justification he declares that

> They themselves decreed
> Their own revolt, not I.
> (P. L., iii, 116-7.)

Respecting these pleadings Pope remarks that Milton makes the Deity argue like a School-Divine. But the School-Divines were metaphysicians, and Milton can hardly be classed as one. Conse-

quently the thesis which he lays down at the opening of the epic is likely to be unsatisfactory in the handling:

> That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert Eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men.

His justification, in the first issue at least, leaves much to be desired. In the early books, dealing with the wonder of creation and the mystery of evil, he marches with a presumptuously sure and steady foot, relying for truth wholly on high documents of the past. But toward the close he succeeds better with his reasoning. The note of personal devotion to the Lord Jesus which he strikes in the Third Book relieves the situation and is altogether worthy:

> He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
> Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
> Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
> Second to thee, offered himself to die
> For man's offense. O unexampled love!
> (P. L., iii, 406-410.)

Deity saves the situation through suffering and dying. And it is through loss and hardship that our first parents learn love and sympathy and turn their faces resolutely to a future of toil. Here is Eternal Providence asserted. Milton's Hell is no place of suffering for past crimes, like Dante's Inferno; it is rather the plotting place of tyrannous aristocrats. There are amusements indulged in; Homeric games, philosophical discussions on quiet hills, chivalric tournaments, musical concerts. The place is a sort of ancient Babylon or modern Berlin filled with personages who breathe hate and terror to all who oppose their domination. Satan is the "Emperor," and the solemn council is a "conclave," a word borrowed from papal Rome, with its secret meetings of cardinals. Milton indeed must have had in mind the papal Rome which had ordered in 1572 a medal to be struck in commemoration of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; an outrage on the humanitarian sense more than duplicated in modern Berlin. Pandemonium, with all its magnificence and splendor, became the poison center of the universe; and it was destined to shatter Paradise. German writers to-day are talking of the days before the War as a "lost

Paradise," however the empire may recuperate from its losses. "Already," recently wrote Friedrich Maumann, editor of Die Hilfe, "our life before the war has become a lost Paradise, and such it will be even if our arms win."

Before he began his malicious work on earth, Satan from Niphates Peak, where he had alighted, defied the Almighty and sacrificed every other consideration to the glory of wreaking revenge and working destruction:

> Evil, be thou my good; by thee, at least,
> Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold:
> By thee, and more than half, perhaps, will reign;
> As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.
> (P. L., iv, 110-113.)

To effect his corruption of Eve he disguised his evil intentions and made himself a pleasant and flattering guest; abusing her hospitality and friendly innocence. His arts have been followed by German diplomacy to-day, whose agents, recognizing no kindly obligation of host and guest, assume the guise of friendliness only to corrupt and destroy. Satan was the first of the Bernstorff school of diplomatists.

It is significant, in the light of recent events, how Milton discounts the title of Emperor. Satan, taking upon himself the burden of the political situation, planned and carried out his visit to Paradise; he believed in offensive warfare. But changing himself there into a snake, to effect his villainous purpose, a snake he was destined to remain; something to hiss and be hissed at. When he returned to Pandemonium in triumph, to celebrate his "victory" on earth, his degradation was destined to be complete. The grandees of Hell

> In council sat, solicitous what chance
> Might intercept their emperor sent.

Slipping into the hall like an ordinary plebeian angel, he passed up to his high throne. And then he blazed forth in splendor,

> clad
> With what permissive glory since his fall
> Was left him, or false glitter,
> (P. L., x, 450-452)

and called upon his myrmidons to enter into the new possessions:

> "A spacious world, to our native Heaven
> Little inferior, by my adventure hard,
> With peril great, achieved. . . .
> Ye have the account
> Of my performance; what remains, ye gods,
> But up and enter now into full bliss?"
> So having said, a while he stood, expecting
> Their universal shout and high applause
> To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn. He wonder'd, but not long
> Had leisure, wondering at himself now more:
> His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
> His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
> Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell
> A monstrous serpent, on his belly prone,
> Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Power
> Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
> According to his doom.
> (P. L., x, 466-517)

His associates, partakers of his guilt, and responsible for his crimes, met with the same fate:

> for now were all transform'd
> Alike; to serpents all as accessories
> To his bold riot.

So have the princelings of Germany tumbled from their thrones along with their arrogant Emperor. "Puritanic conception of Providence"—the constant butt of German philosophers and historians since Goethe—wins out in the end and those who flauntingly defy it are doomed. Moving in the higher spiritual plane, Milton was true to the principle of process so far as it affected personality. Satan, originally not unheroic, had allowed the virus of pride and envy to work; these took the reins of conduct, and rushed him and his myrmidons headlong to degradation, punishment, and utter contempt. In many essential respects the story of Satan is the story of modern Germany.

The downfall of an autocratic emperor and his minions, in the tenth book of Paradise Lost, is followed by the spiritual re-

generation, in the twelfth and closing book, of the parents of mankind. A simple, democratic pair, moving into the wilderness like so many of our American settlers in the past, they trust in Providence to build them a home and a family altar. Only a Puritan lover of democracy can appreciate the high dignity of the last four lines of the epic:

> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
> They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

In these later days, when an arrogant autocracy, trusting like gamblers in ruthless militarism—so glorified by Nietzsche, Treitschke, and the philosophers of German empire—set out to wreck Christian civilization, it was men trained in Christian homes and believing in God's Providence who came in magnificently at the critical time and hurled back these workers of iniquity. Eternal Providence has indeed been asserted to-day as Milton asserted it in his great epic.

James Main Dixon

A MONEYLESS MAGNATE

My boyhood memories are redolent of an evening with H. T. Stanton, the Kentucky poet. Unlike many of his poetic brethren, he had the art of reading his own productions in a voice and manner full of charm. Among the selections he read that evening was "The Moneyless Man," probably the best known of all his poems. I thought, as I sat under the rise and fall of his melodious voice, that he made a strong case for the man with an empty purse; and, within certain limitations, I still think so. He took our empty-handed friend into banquet halls of light, hung with velvet and trimmings of gold, and flashing with mirrors of silver; he led him up the aisle of a fashionable church, wherein his rags and patches seemed ill at home amid such pomp and pride; he gave him a look in the banks bulging with "piles of the glittering ore"; he presented him to the judge, robed "in his dark, flowing gown," who smiled on the strong and frowned on the weak. Always, no matter where he introduced his dollar-poor pilgrim, there was no smile, no pew, no credit, no justice—nothing whatever for "the moneyless man." At last, however—when life's fitful dream was over, and blithely, almost gaily, oblivious of ethical considerations—

> There's welcome above for—a moneyless man.

Now no sane person, surely, manifests any disposition to depreciate the value of money. For money is not only absolutely necessary, but in some true and noble sense a part of the "good things" offered at the feast of life. However, one's quarrel is emphatically with the philosophy of life which dominates the poem, because, if for no other reason, it is one of those subtle, taking half-truths which verge on the abyss of falsehood. Schiller's familiar saying that the artist is known by what he omits belongs to the same questionable mental progeny. As a matter of fact no genuine artist is known by what he leaves out, but by what he puts in. To omit is, at best, nothing more than negation; to

put in is creation. For example: Is Raphael known for what he left out of his Sistine Madonna? To ask the question ought to evoke a sensible answer; certainly a glimpse at those two cherubs lifts it beyond the realm of dispute. No: the merest dauber can leave out; only an artist can put in the ideas worthy of genius.

Yet, whether in the matter of money or painting or morals, the soul of man, as Montaigne long ago affirmed, "discharges her passions upon false objects where the true are wanting." Now the only way to dislodge the false is to install the true; but the falseness of things, like the poor, is ever with us, and it has such an insatiable appetite that it sometimes threatens to devour the true altogether, leaving not a wrack of the permanent values in the wake of its greedy and materialistic triumph. This paper, therefore, is the crass confession of "A Moneyless Magnate." If either the moneyed or moneyless man denies its major postulate, calling it a paradox and such like, he is thoroughly within his verbal rights. Only I would gently remind my pragmatic and easily overheated friend that one of the definitions of a paradox reads as follows: "That which in appearance or terms is absurd, but yet may be true in fact."

I. To begin with, and speaking as becomes a modest man, I own huge blocks of real estate. All of that downtown section in New York between the Brooklyn Bridge and Battery Park is in a special sense my own property. The view of it from my study window is simply enchanting. There is probably no such skyline on earth, no such pile of concrete, stone, and steel on the planet. Looking out from the south side of the East River, I find my skyscrapers invariably punctual (except on a foggy day), cordial, majestic, awe-inspiring. Had Pericles seen them he would have said that they were built by the gods, not by men. They do not savor at all of architectural monotony. Each is a law unto itself; many colors urge their claims; many shapes assert their popularity. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature in the matter of similarity, if similarity there be, is this: each one seems struggling to be a little higher than all the others. For example, when the Municipal Building attained a height of 560 feet and 1 inch the Singer Building crawled up to a distance of 612 feet and 1

inch. You see, my tall buildings are so jealous of their height that they even claim all the inches due them! Of course these cloudy aspirations stirred the Woolworth Building into a towering, climbing rage whose wrath never cooled until it reached the dizzy height of 750 feet! I am not revealing these family secrets in a fault-finding spirit; for I don't mind the ambitions of my lofty steel and stone neighbors. They might perhaps achieve more of architectural harmony if their heads were all about the same height. Still I take satisfaction in their variety, even in their rough raggedness and stony jaggedness. Nor is their attraction one whit less by night. For then my skyscrapers are transformed into illuminated cliffs, brilliantly twinkling cañons, casting their luminous loveliness across the shadow-hung river. Then also, though a modern, I am suddenly changed into a cliff dweller, living with my ancestors of the dim and antique past.

Now, on analyzing the terms of my ownership in these colossal buildings, I affirm them to be most satisfactory. Indeed, after much reflection, I am convinced that my terms are very much better than the terms imposed upon their legal owners. For instance, I was not put to the trouble and expense of building them. Most obligingly have others planned and invested and toiled for me. Furthermore, having built them, my generous friends promptly pay the taxes on them, keep them in repair, and graciously assume all the responsibilities connected with their maintenance. So I am satisfied with my terms of ownership, and thus far I have heard no protest from those who hold title deeds to the buildings. But there is one other item in which I claim to have a distinct advantage: the owners, certainly most of them, lack my opportunity of appraising the beauty of their real estate. Their realty may yield them much gold, but if it fails to yield them the dividends of beauty as well, of what permanent value is all their yield in gold? And 196 Columbia Heights, fourth floor, back room, offers the best outlook on earth. If you don't believe it, come in and see for yourself!

II. Another fraction of my material capital is in the great steamship lines. Shipbuilding has a long and interesting history. While traveling through Colorado it was my good fortune to fall

in with a captivating young man. Learning that I once lived in Pennsylvania, he said that he was reminded of this story: A man who went through the Johnstown flood talked about that terrible disaster as long as he lived. After dying and entering the New Jerusalem, he continued to recite some of the thrilling episodes in the tragedy of Johnstown. However, he discovered that among his listeners there was always a venerable, long-bearded gentleman who after patiently hearing the recital religiously shook his hoary head and remarked, "No flood at all." Naturally the former citizen of Johnstown was considerably piqued by this chilling and ever-ready comment of the ancient one. So one day he ventured to ask, "Will somebody be good enough to tell me the name of the man who, every time I recite my story of Johnstown, shakes his head and says, 'No flood at all'?" "Why," answered a voice from the crowd, "that's old Father Noah." And Noah was the pioneer ship-builder, a first-hand authority on floods. We must go back beyond the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, even the Phœnicians themselves, and pay tribute to the man who built the ark. It is a long journey from the twentieth century queen of the seas back to the dugout, the raft, and the log from the Delaware and the Clyde to water-courses whose shore-lines have either changed or quite vanished from the earth. In this, as in other realms of life and progress, evolution is slow but steady and forward-looking. Therefore, as I look out and behold my gigantic and graceful vessels coming and going, why should I not rejoice in my spiritual investments in these stately floating palaces of the deep? They visit every land and people; they return laden with commerce, food, gold, and gems from the ends of the earth. The sailing of any one of them is enough to shake one to the roots of his being, setting the looms of imagination to weaving thought-tapestries from invisible threads that bind the peoples into one! And mark you: it costs me nothing to enjoy this drifting, movable feast of beauty. Somebody, of course, has gone to vast expense to make it possible. Generations of high and brave and courageous souls lie behind it all. What a mean, stingy nature one must have not to rise up and say: "Thank you, brothers, whoever you are and wherever you be, for lending me your brains, your hands,

your years. Having given me much, let me not make it necessary for you to forgive the sin of ingratitude and unappreciation."

Assessing steamship lines at their supreme values, I naturally claim a large share in the bay—a vast dimple of silver set in a vaster cheek of beauty. Henry Ward Beecher used to say, watching the white flocks of gulls breasting the blue, "There go my gulls." I have decided to yield him his claim on the gulls and to keep the bay for myself. Yes; yonder go the immortal preacher's snowy gulls, and yonder, too, goes my bay—always flowing, always going, but never gone! Above the bay, and higher, much higher, than the gulls, human birdmen ride in their throbbing machines. Sometimes they perform gyroscopic feats, drop from great heights and make straight for the Brooklyn Bridge, threatening me with heart failure in their apparent aim to smash into one of its arches. But I have learned that there is no use worrying—crossing the bridge before we reach it—for with graceful, swanlike motion the birdman flying by dives under the bridge. Thus is my apoplectic attack postponed until the daredevil comes back again!

But with all the many-toned life and kaleidoscopic scenes along river, bay, and harbor, I mourn the absence of one of my noblest ships. Above all other vessels that have sailed the seven oceans, her blood-stains are the deepest, the reddest, the foulest, the most unpardonable. Her innocent blood will crimson the seas until Time drinks them dry. As Joyce Kilmer sang, that white and brave and lamented soldier-poet, she did not go forth to battle; she carried friendly men; children played about her decks and women sang. In this unsuspecting mood the Lusitania was waylaid by inhuman monsters, and sent to her ensanguined grave in the deep. Never again shall I see her come, as of old, stately, magnificent, triumphant, into this hospitable port. But above the unforgetting years, above roaring billows and howling tempests, I shall hear the accusing voice of this murdered queen of the seas:

My wrong cries out for vengeance;
  The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in hell. My dying scream
  Has reached Jehovah's ear.

Not all the seven oceans
  Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
  I am the brand of Cain.

When God's great voice assembles
  The fleet on judgment day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
  In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
  Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver,
  But one—shall be like blood.

III. You may begin to think that my riches are so fabulous as to be embarrassing. But let me reassure you on that score; for the more I try to measure my wealth the more I revel in it. Consequently, I am not satisfied with the sea only, and the many kinds of vessels that traverse its fluent paths. I claim to be, in my way, a heavy investor in the railroads of the United States. To say nothing of the tremendous capital invested, it costs billions every year to operate American railways. They represent 230,000 miles of steel strung over cities, towns, plains, hills, and valleys. Think of it—enough steel to engirdle the earth more than thirteen times! And are not their finest trains palatial enough? I have a friend living in New York who invited his father to come on from Ohio to visit him. He told his father, who was as transparent as noonday and as candid as sunlight, that he must make the journey from Ohio on one of the best trains. The old gentleman accordingly boarded the fast express and was directed to handsome quarters by the porter. Soon the conductor came in, punched his ticket, and informed him that, in case he wished to occupy his present seat, he would have to pay something extra. "How much extra?" retorted the passenger. "Eighteen dollars," replied the conductor. Now I have already said that the old man was frankness personified, the dispenser of a Lincolnlike simplicity that smites one blind by its splendor. Thus, recovering from his surprise, the venerable passenger exclaimed: "Eighteen dollars for a little cubby hole like this to spend the night in! Why, man, I get only ten dollars a month for an eight-room house

back in the town where I live. No, sir, I'll have none of your fancy cubby holes at eighteen dollars per night."

Yet there are many who are glad enough to pay the extra fare on these luxurious hotels on wheels, palaces that roll and whizz through space at a bewildering speed. But before many years passenger trains will be comparatively out of date. We shall think no more of traveling through the air than we now do of traveling by automobile. Utopian? Why, the ox-cart and canoe were once utopian, while the steamship, the locomotive, the submarine, and wireless waves were perplexingly so. Man has only begun to extract the multiplied secrets hidden away in the cosmic storehouse. If nations will come together in a federation of brotherhood and mutual cooperation, thus averting the disaster of race extermination by war, there is hardly a limit to man's possible mastery of the physical forces. Meantime, I am a sharer in these marvelous railroad systems—one of the most stupendous engineering and commercial achievements in the history of mankind. For a few dollars an investment of billions is offered for my use, day and night, year in and year out. And what shall I say of our street railways and subways? I once rode in a subway train with the president of the system. If I am not mistaken, he bought a ticket, just as I did, walked in and sat down. He may have occupied a little more space than I required, but as far as I was able to judge I traveled as fast as he did, felt much happier than he looked, and paid only five cents into the bargain! Why, I felt like a culprit. There I was, utterly free from public criticism, unterrified by lockouts and strikes, gliding along forty miles an hour, and all for five copper cents, while the man who bore the burden of it all had to pay his own fare and also sit alongside of me! Having nothing, yet am I beginning to think, with Paul, that I possess all things.

IV. Nor must I overlook my possessions in our beautiful parks. I love them all, but I love Prospect Park supremely. I have set out and grown enough sermonic plants in the Vale of Cashmere, the Great Meadow, and the Old Fashioned Flower Garden to put several long suffering congregations permanently to sleep! Planners and builders of our cities knew that the great majority of

us could not have either large or strikingly attractive gardens and yards. As to New York there is simply not enough space on this particular part of the earth's surface. There is plenty of room up in the atmosphere, if you can manage to live at great altitudes; there is plenty of room, also, on the heaving breast of the Atlantic, if you are fond of leading an aquatic life; but here on the ground there is so much blasting, digging, running, tooting, driving, yelling, crunching, grinding, jostling, and crowding, that yards are almost lost in the chaotic mix-up. Therefore, we have these splendid breathing spaces, perfumed gardens and timbered tracts, undulating swards and lilied ponds, animal haunts and flower houses in our parks. Now I do not own a great yard; but I possess what is far grander than any yard owned by any millionaire on these two islands: I own one of the most beautiful parks on earth. The Borough of Brooklyn, in the city of New York, says to me, "Mr. Shannon, all these roads, walks, lakes, trees, birds, and flowers are yours. You will oblige us very much by coming in and enjoying them."

"But," some croaker protests, "there is a string to that invitation." "What is it?" I ask. "They don't permit you to take anything away," he replies. Don't they, indeed? Not being a vandal, I have no inclination to haul away the trees, or lead away the lions and tigers, or steal the lily ponds, or kidnap the lakes. Yet I defy the mayor, the board of aldermen, the borough president, and the entire police department to prevent me from carrying out of Prospect Park the very best things in it! Would you like to know what some of those things are? First of all, studies in human nature. Old and young, rich and poor, good and bad, happy and sad—all are met together in this fragrant out-of-doors. Second: Memories of birds singing at evensong—birds that have long since returned to the summerlands of the unreturning! Years ago I listened to a robin singing his vesper song to the silvery patter of the falling rain. Recalling it now, it seems as vivid and fresh as if it were only yesterday. Sitting there on the edge of the night in his tree-loft of green, that little minstrel of God sang into my soul the sense of calm breathing out of the supreme dawn; brought me little winds of peace blowing gently

down from the tranquil hills of morning. And then I bring away something else, too. I gather up heartfuls, armfuls of loveliness and carry them home with me. No park policeman has ever yet objected to that! But this is an essential part of that sublime and moneyless barter in which we may all profitably engage, improving the timely admonition of Sara Teasdale:

Life has loveliness to sell:
  All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff
  Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up,
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell:
  Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine-trees in the rain,
  Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness;
  Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
  Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

V. Moreover, I count myself especially rich in my luring libraries—public repositories of the learning and wisdom of countless ages. If matter is dead mind, books are the souls of the dead dressed up in living garments of glory. Books are the embodied voices of the past crying aloud in the teeming present, instruments through which minds, ejected from brain-houses fallen to dust, still inspiringly function. Books are helpful servants but autocratic masters, and no free man has the right to be ruled by an autocrat. Dr. Hillis told me some years ago that he had stopped reading books. I replied: "I am not surprised at that. Does not a man stop eating after he has eaten everything up?" However, I think that my dear and noble friend is still able to read a book now and then! While I have not stopped reading I do not buy as many books as I once did. One reason is this: either I or my books

must move out! There is no longer room for all of us. Rather than dispossess old friends it seems easier to invite new ones in for a short visit. And this is quite practicable through my ownership in several libraries. Think of that great building on Fifth Avenue, with its more than thirteen hundred thousand volumes and pamphlets—a library and art gallery under one roof. Do you not think old Plato would like to have broken into those green literary pastures and gloriously eaten his way out? Not for Platos only, but food is there in satisfying abundance for ordinary people in pursuit of extraordinary aims and ideals, angels that guide us out of the humdrum into the divinely enchanting. Formerly there was scarcely a limit to the number of volumes that a student could take out; at present, however, patrons are limited to a definite number. Even dearer and nearer are the libraries here at home. I have been in the Montague Branch so often that I fear my shadow will disfigure the walls. Besides the books, there are the weekly, monthly, and quarterly reviews from America and foreign countries. What an absorbing exercise to sit down and enjoy (or perhaps quarrel with) the Spectator, the Athenæum, the Edinburgh Review, the Hibbert Journal, and numerous other publications. Finally, if you are afflicted by a kind of disease—the bibliomaniac will readily understand!—for rare manuscripts and odd volumes, the libraries will also help to assuage, if not entirely cure, your malady. At any rate, cured or uncured, you will want to repeat "The Bibliomaniac's Prayer," by Eugene Field. Once, when Dr. Gunsaulus was undergoing an acute attack of "bibliomania," the special symptoms of which assumed a contagious craving for certain copperplates (one never can tell what extravagant and glowing forms the treacherous disease will take!) Field wrote this prayer and dedicated it to his beloved friend and sorely afflicted victim. The original manuscript of the prayer is now the property of the University of Chicago Library, having been presented to it by Dr. Gunsaulus, the text of which follows:

Keep me, I pray, in wisdom's way,
  That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care to-day—
  My purse is light, my flesh is weak.

So banish from my erring heart
  All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art,
  Of first editions, and of prints.
Direct me in some godly walk
  Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
  May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth thee
  To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly crave that I may be
  Most notably beset to-day.
Let my temptation be a book
  Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,
Whereon when other men shall look,
  They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
Oh, let it such a volume be
  As in rare copperplates abounds—
Large paper, tall, and fair to see,
  Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

VI. Henley speaks of Romney's work as "something which is only almost done." The criticism surely is pertinent to these pages. Still, I must not finish this bare outline of my material capital without mentioning the "little towns" I own. Country born and bred, I love the cities. There is soul-shaking power in their terrific energy, their splendor and squalor, their righteousness and wickedness, their wealth and poverty, their pathos and tragedy. But between the cities—the inspirers of the cities, the saviors of the cities—are the little towns, villages, and hamlets that dot the land from ocean to ocean. Sometimes they sit back from the great highways, as a vine-covered cottage sits back from the roadside; sometimes they lie hidden among the mountains, like precious gems waiting to share their beauty with every practiced eye; sometimes they nestle along the plains, sweet as the golden wheatfields billowing away to the horizon; sometimes they kneel upon the banks of a mountain river, most of the citizens never having a glimpse of their rustic river's wide and hospitable sea; sometimes they bow in quiet, nunlike valleys, faithfully guarded by high hills, over whose peace-crowned heights discordant voices never sound. But oh! my little towns—wherever you be, north,

south, east, or west—the very thought of you brings me the bread of beauty, the wine of hope, the apples of Eden. Long ago Emerson suggested that it is embarrassing to wake up some morning and discover that somebody else has expressed your own thought, even though it is expressed better than you yourself could express it. Nevertheless, I am quite willing to pardon Hilda Morris for visiting me with such an embarrassment in the form of her poem called "The Little Towns":

Oh, little town in Arkansas and little town in Maine,
And little sheltered valley town and hamlet on the plain,
Salem, Jackson, Waukesha, and Brookville, and Peru,
San Mateo, and Irontown, and Lake, and Waterloo,
Little town we smiled upon and loved for simple ways,
Quiet streets and garden beds and friendly sunlit days,
Out of you the soldiers came,
Little town of homely name.
Young and strong and brave with laughter,
They saw truth and followed after.

Little town, the birth of them
Makes you kin to Bethlehem!

Little town where Jimmy Brown ran the grocery store,
Little town where Manuel fished along the shore,
Where Russian Steve was carpenter, and Sandy Pat McQuade
Worked all day in overalls at his mechanic's trade,
Where Allen Perkins practiced law, and John, Judge Harper's son,
Planned a little house for two that never shall be done—
Little town, you gave them all,
Rich and poor and great and small,
Bred them clean and straight and strong,
Sent them forth to right the wrong.

Little town, their glorious death
Makes you kin to Nazareth!

Frederick F. Shannon

TWO THINGS ARE CERTAIN[1]

No doubt there are many of us who, once or twice in our lives, at times perhaps of great bereavement, have more or less clearly had moments, or even days, of a wonderful consciousness of God's reality and presence in us and about us. That which before was a mere phrase—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding"—became, during this experience, a marvelous actuality. The problems and the ills of life vanished into utter nothingness, and we saw with radiant clarity that this earth needed but the universality and perpetuity of such moments or days to become a veritable heaven. Right doing was natural, and inward happiness, even in the midst of outward affliction, was complete. And then, somehow or other, swiftly or slowly, the moments or days of this experience passed, and we were forever after catching but glimpses of what has always seemed the best and the most real thing that ever entered our lives. But we know for ourselves thereafter that God *is* and is *at hand:* neither man nor circumstance can persuade us he is not, and prayer and church communion renew, at least, these glimpses of a possible heaven upon earth. It is individual experiences somewhat like this, recurring throughout all history, that have kept any national religion alive, or, better, have kept nations alive, and facing forward. Worldly-wise rulers of all eras and of all races—Egyptians, Greeks, Romans—have been vaguely or clearly conscious of the tremendous import of having their peoples walk with their gods, whatever those gods may have been. A mere materialism never long has prospered and never can long prosper, even materially. Materialistic nations breed materialistic neighbors which turn and crush them, or else arouse against themselves the just and overwhelming wrath of nations less material. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding"—understanding, yes; and the will and power to do what that understanding bids would men but constantly and very humbly look to him and seek this inspiration.

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[1] Written April, 1917.

We and all Christian nations have had peculiar reason to know God. Yet we and all Christian nations, for different sums and in different positions, have sold our birthright. There is no nation but has seen the higher and followed the lower ways, no nation but has turned its eyes from God, no matter where it may have turned its tongue. The world has been too much with us, and it has always been so complex a world. It is so easy in days like these, for instance, to be patriotic, or so easy to be religious, but it is very, very hard to be both together without making of God a purely national God whose face is set against all misdeeds save our own. "My country, right or wrong, but still my country" is one of the many human cries—so human and so appealing—that imply so much that's noble and so much that's base. Where is God? where is duty? we ask ourselves in days and cruces such as these, when the nations, largely by the sins of their past, have allowed themselves to come to the point where they must so often choose, not between moral black and white, but between black and gray. We, however, are for the most part but living over again the lives of those who have gone before us, the lives of those who have had to make the same unhappy choices—yet who can doubt that God was somewhat in their lives as well, and in their nations' destiny? For, despite all temporary seeming, it is clear that throughout the ages one increasing purpose has run. Trusting, then, to the experience of ever-erring individual and ever-erring nation, of two things we may be certain: that God is most where the most good is, and that God cares.

A football team at a middle Western college was in the habit of gathering on the Friday night before a game and praying fervently for victory on the next day. The president of the institution, a dry old clergyman, grew rather weary of this weekly performance. One Saturday morning he concluded his chapel address with the statement: "I understand that the young thugs on the football team of this college last night prayed God for victory in to-day's game with the young thugs of —— college. My recommendation to both sets of young thugs is that they leave the Deity out of their reckoning and purchase a liberal supply of arnica." At the very outset of the present war there were many men in

neutral countries who felt that both sets of belligerents had best leave the Deity out of their reckoning. Here they were in a world whose goodness or badness, happiness or unhappiness, they and their forebears, with God's aid, had had the privilege of establishing. They had sown the wind of selfishness, suspicion, cruel competition, and now were reaping the whirlwind. Weeks and months and years have passed. We have seen a solemn treaty torn to shreds, a peaceful country ravaged and depopulated, a whole people forced to suffer Christian martyrdom, men, women and children of every land murdered on the seas wantonly, defiantly. We should know full well by now where God *least* is. On the other side we have seen self-interest, too, and injustice, and cruel resprisals—but not unprovoked frightfulness, godless and inhuman. We have seen a nation take arms to defend its ally and its very soil, resolved, cost what it might, to leave a better, safer home to coming generations. We have seen another nation roused as a nation primarily to save a sister nation treacherously assailed and mangled. And, last of all, we have seen a great people, long oppressed, rise against its brutal masters and show promise of a fair and glorious future. Is it not clear by now where God most is? Is the Deity to be left out of the reckoning when deeds like these are doing? He surely is not unconcerned when individual or nation sacrifices ease and comfort and life itself to right a wrong. It is unthinkable so long as the motive of that individual or nation be single, righteous, and unselfish. And even though the motive, as in this struggle, be not wholly pure, still must we believe that God is nearest those in whom the most good is. The pity of it is that by our own self-seeking we shut out so much of God and goodness and content: the marvel of it is so much remains.

And what of us in our relation to this God in this world war? Has our motive been single, righteous, and unselfish? Till three months ago, till the time of our peace note, many of us felt that we had played no shameful part. To be sure it would have been a fine and chivalrous thing to have done our utmost for Belgium at any cost. But it was a fine and noble thing ourselves to suffer indignities and injuries—provided we were sure we suffered them not in cowardice or in apathy but in Christian patience—so long

as there was the faintest hope that Germany's soul might be awakened. It would still have been a fine and chivalrous thing to have risen against Germany as a nation when she took the first foreigner's life in this present lawless submarine campaign. Every fiber of our being tells us that he who fights and dies in another's righteous cause need not hide his weapons and fear to face his God, whether that God be Jehovah, God of battles, or our Father and the Father of our Lord, a God of love. But we, with many a high moral issue calling us, have in these later days failed to do the highest, noblest thing. A crusade beckoned us; we, gloss our action as we may, have waited to follow war. It will be no unjust war, as wars have gone. It will be most certainly a war that came through no selfish will of ours. But it surely had been far better for this nation in the sight of God could it more unmistakably have gone to battle, not in the name of American rights, or in the name of American honor, or in the name of American lives barbarously taken, but in the name of Belgium, of Armenia, in the name of human righteousness, in the name of undeserved suffering throughout the world. We cannot change the causes of our entering this war, but one fine and noble thing, one fine and chivalrous thing, we still have it in our power to do. Praying God to sanctify our spirit and cleanse our hearts of bitterness, we can fight this war through like men, not beasts, fairly and magnanimously, and in the end strive to bring it to pass, by the terms of peace and by a league of peace, that all nations, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—of freedom, of security, and of generous good will.

Paul Nixon

THE RELIGION OF THE COMMON GOOD

Men unite upon principles. Discover to them a great truth that universally applies to them and to their common interests, and you have added another tie to all that which binds them into a coöperative unit. They respond to whatever serves their individual interests, and, as the socializing process goes on, men respond more and more to that which is for the common good of all. For the individual's personal wellbeing is merged into the wellbeing of the group, and the wellbeing of the group into that of the larger group, and so on, until each person is made to recognize that his own welfare lies wrapped up in the welfare of all. The man finds his good in the common good.

This process of social evolution has reached the national stage and there it has been halted for centuries. It has been halted there by autocratic rulers who would not merge their interest with the interests of mankind on an international scale, but who, because of a narrow-minded selfishness, sought to make their subjects believe that their welfare depended upon the overpowering of the neighboring peoples. But the day of such blindness is past. The light of world democracy has shone more and more unto the perfect day. As men have learned to discover their own good, first in the good of the family, then in the good of the clan, then of the tribe, then of the nation, so they are now making the next step of discovering that the welfare of each man lies in the welfare of the race, and the good of each nation is identical with the common good of all the nations of the world, not with the destruction of them. There is going to be a new citizenship which shall in no wise belittle, but shall complete true citizenship in the state, and that is to be a universal citizenship of the world. All good citizenship and allegiance to the state and nation will find itself in loyalty to the welfare of the entire race, to the universal common good.

Long have we dealt with the problem of good and evil. What is the good and what is the evil? No other problem has so much engaged the intelligence of all generations. It is the one great

question which men will not let rest, for, seemingly, it must be solved, and a man's life never gathers momentum until, for him, this matter is somehow settled. The question has been approached from the standpoint of "authority." That is to say, the attempt has been repeatedly made to settle the dispute as to what is good and what is evil by a "Thus saith the Lord" argument handed down from an ancient past. Each race has claimed its Holy Scriptures, divinely inspired and infallibly correct, though they all differ upon the issue. If our "Thus saith the Lord" does not agree with the Mohammedan's "holy writ" we and he may each assure ourselves with confidence that "I am right and you are wrong," but that does not furnish us with a basis for mutual understanding and harmony in our future conduct, and this basis we must have to-day with every race and creed, for we are at last all next-door neighbors and none of us liveth to himself alone.

The problem of what is good has been approached from the view point also of the individual conscience. And, in the real solution, conscience must be at the bottom of all, but it will be an enlightened conscience. Conscience has not yet solved the problem for the social mind even if it has satisfied a few individuals. The Hindu mother conscientiously threw her babe to the crocodiles. The Fakir conscientiously knocks out his teeth and cuts his limbs. The American Indian of some tribes conscientiously killed the aged and infirm grandparents in his tribe. The great Cotton Mather of colonial days expounded conscientiously, if not wisely, in a large volume upon "demon possession," and the book "received the approbation of the governor of the province, the president of Harvard College, and various eminent theologians in Europe as well as in America." But a wholesome skepticism came, as usual, to the rescue of the truth and challenged the belief in witchcraft, so that executions were stopped. But the good Mr. Mather "spent his last years groaning over the decline of faith." There is such a thing as the moral obligation to intelligence. Ignorance always was a breeder of crime, and misery, and evil. It is a moral sin to be less intelligent than one can be.

The question of good and evil has been approached from the purely speculative point of view. Among the Greeks, Aristotle

argued that the good man was the fully developed man; Socrates, that virtue consists in knowledge. "Know thyself," he taught. And surely all this has some direct relation to goodness. Among the Hebrews there were three standards of virtue. To possess "wisdom," that is, spiritual insight, was the ideal of the writers of the philosophical portions of the Old Testament, but to the priest goodness meant loyalty to ritualism. But the ideal which stands out so nobly above all others is that of the Hebrew prophets. Using their own word, it was "justice," that is, right ethical conduct toward man and God. We must recognize that the great prophets were no mere soothsayers. They were not foretellers. They were the great seers of truth who stood out against the institutionalized religion of their day to declare justice and the moral order in place of ceremonial observances. They dared proclaim that which was right even if it were not orthodox. They were as a rule stoned to death by the sanctified body of orthodox religionists. It has always been so and it always will be so. That is the universal meaning of the cross. The pioneer who will discover a new continent for the race must die in prison. And the prophet who will break with the traditions of his time in order to discover new continents of truth to men must consider the place called Golgotha. For his generation will crucify him there, but their children will plant flowers upon his grave and their children's children will raise him up unto immortal life.

To the church of the first century we must give the credit of having a wholesome ethical bias. We are told that, as a rule, the company of Christians in any place was looked upon favorably by the outsiders. They at least made good neighbors, and it is a pretty good religion that will make your neighbors pleasant to live by. As the church grew in power, however, the ethical emphasis was largely lost. It became, in the middle ages, an institution of great wealth and political power, not to minister but to be ministered unto and to rule by might rather than by spirit. Then it was that the good man was he who kept the regulations of the church, said his prayers by rote, performed his penance, kept the fasts and acknowledged the divine right of the Pope. Or he was especially good if he should turn his back upon the world, enter a

holy order, and meditate upon his righteousness. And the finest virtue of all was that of the ascetic illustrated by the well known saint who spent his days perched upon the top of a pillar and daily drew up such morsels of diet as the admiring passers-by were honored to give.

A more modern and possibly a more improved standard of goodness is the one popularly held to-day, which is—to accept the creed, belong to some orthodox church, to be honest, that is, according to arithmetic, to get along peaceably with all men, to do a kind turn occasionally where convenient, to avoid breaking the conventionalities, to beware of the tabu, and to lead a decent, self-respected life. And to be all this *because* it adds to one's own comfort here and hereafter. This is the good man. He will cast his bread upon the water, when he can spare it, for he believes it will return to him in some way or other. He is a believer in charity, for,

He that hath pity on the poor
  Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo, his recompence is sure,
  For more than all shall be restored.

Our good man sings lustily, for it is good business to be good. A woman of a practical turn of mind, after being baptized, asked the minister if he thought her heavenly mansion would have hardwood floors. The only difference between this woman and the rest of us is that we have different tastes. At heart we all wish to be very certain that it will pay us to be good, and then, of course, I will be good, for I want my reward. I will return the valuable I found yesterday, for certainly the owner will offer a reward for it. Take away the allurement of rewards, and the crowd battering at heaven's gate would be much smaller, though probably just as many would gain entrance. A man once turned his back upon a needy world and started out to find paradise, but he never arrived there, for the way of selfishness leads away from paradise. We cannot go to heaven, but heaven can overtake us some day when we are most busy giving a cup of cold water to some thirsty one, or kissing a tear from a child's soft cheek, or making the road safer for the youth to travel, or fighting a grim fight for human justice

and for truth. Then, and only then, can heaven's gate open to us and the swift conscript angel say, "Well done. 'Tis enough. Enter thou immortal into the everlasting life of the generations." Heaven is not for those who seek heaven, but for those who seek heavenliness.

When a man cries out, as did the Philippian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" it is no evidence that he is prompted by the motive toward goodness. He may be prompted merely by fear of punishment, of loss or death, as this jailor may have been. "Getting saved," as it is sometimes expressed, may call for no higher motive than that of getting rich, for both may be only from the desire to get personal gain, though the gain be in different terms. But when a man rises above the greed for mere personal gain, when he sees the human race groping half blindly, stumblingly, for life and truth, when he is touched by the same motive that touched the heart of the Christ, he will stretch out his arms to a world and cry, "What may I do to save?"

Goodness must be unselfish, or else it is not good. A good deed is one that benefits more than the doer. Here is the principle of the whole matter—goodness must mean the common good. A man cannot be good apart. It requires another person, a company of persons, a world of persons before there can be goodness. There is no individual virtue. There is no good but common good, and he who would be virtuous must seek the good of all. Whatever serves the interests of a community and ministers to its need, that is a holy service, a divine ministry. There are many ministries. The teacher, the preacher, the writer, the craftsman, the mechanic, the merchant, the judge, the homekeeper, the soldier, the street sweeper, the artist, the singer, the farmer, the miner, the clerk, these all, if they purpose and achieve some service to the welfare of mankind, are ministers of good, ministers of God, ordained not for their task but by it. There are no secular callings—they are all divine if they minister to the deeds of mankind.

We are very near the day when we shall quit estimating a man's worth by the amount of money he has collected from his fellow men. For every dollar that he derives from a community he owes that community a dollar's worth of service in some form

or other. When he gathers a million dollars from his townsmen without doing some real and needed service for his town he is in debt to the town just a million dollars, plus the inconvenience of having him around. When he is accommodating enough to die, his friends come and carry away the million dollars and leave a granite monument to keep the townsmen unforgetful of the man who collected a fortune from them.

Some fortunes were made and some are only collected. One day we shall be wiser. We shall honor the man who creates wealth, be it economic or social worth, material or spiritual values, but we shall tolerate no man to reap where he has not sown. He must not merely collect a fortune, he must create common wealth.

I have emphasized that whatever serves the community good is good; that it possesses social value. On the other hand, it is just as true that whatever is contrary to the social wellbeing is evil. Religious bodies have made a catalogue of "sins." Some are actually wrong, while some are only conventionalities. From time to time one has been taken from the list or one has been added, to suit the convenience. The prohibition as to personal ornamentation is crossed out of the catalogue and we are permitted to look at least as well as the Lord intended; or even to camouflage a little if that will improve appearances. The crime of going to sleep in church is no longer punishable by law, though it ought to be with a brick; and there is still a little embarrassment about using the wrong word, at the right time.

What I mean to say is this: We have never faced squarely the great reality of wrong. We have tagged our tabu onto a hundred insignificant things too small to waste time mincing over when we have the mighty problem of wrong to deal with. We have been snipping around at the grass when we have a giant oak to uproot. It is not a few little practices contrary to our conventionality that we have to deal with, but the mighty manifold forces that operate against the common good and social wellbeing. We must see from the social point of view if we are ever to have a vision of what evil and goodness are. We have now to realize that there is an everlasting principle of good and evil that remains constant while our so-called "sins" and "virtues" come and go.

It is repeatedly stated these days that we are on the verge of a great revival of religion. This statement may mean about as many different things as there are ideas of what religion consists of. It is true that we are beginning to perceive a great awakening of the social conscience. It promises to eclipse the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. But it is not a going back to the old ideals any more than was the Reformation. It is not to be a reviving of the old standards of religion. It is not a revival at all. It is an *arrival* of a new ideal, long evolving in the consciousness of the race, an ideal whose time has come and which is to possess the soul of mankind. There will be no artificial stirring up of selfish motives by the old evangelistic appeal to "get saved or you'll go to hell.". It is the awakening of the divine passion for human justice and the common good.

This war is not the final crash of a fore-doomed world, though some of our churches and ministers who would rather be orthodox than right preach that it is. It is furnishing an occasion for the host of "premillenarians" and "last day" advocates to make use of their vast stock of ignorance. What we are seeing to-day is the greatest step we have ever known in the evolution of man toward freedom and righteousness. There was a day when the present policy of the Kaiser was the legitimate program for a nation to pursue. Germany has not gone bad. She simply stepped out of the world's moral progress fifty years ago and the rest of the world has gone on ahead of her. And the other nations have made such moral progress that now when Germany tries to practice some of her out-of-date virtues upon her neighbors almost the whole civilized world says "No." We are living in the twentieth century while Germany is a hundred years behind the times in the evolution of the social mind. The difference between the early nineteenth and the twentieth centuries is the difference between the soul of a kaiser who would crush a smaller nation, crucify its manhood, rape its womanhood and murder its childhood, and the soul of a President who would give joy and freedom to every man, woman, and child, and everlasting peace to a war-riven world. That is progress. Never before did men or nations act voluntarily from such high moral purposes. The new religion of the common good

possesses them and has awakened the divine passion of vicarious sacrifice for the good of mankind.

The young American poet Alan Seeger, who heroically sacrificed his life in the Allied cause long before America entered the war, writes this to his mother: "Had I the choice I would be nowhere else in the world than where I am. Even if I had the chance to be liberated, I would not take it. Do not be sorrowful then . . . ." Again he writes to her: "You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly." Writing to a friend he said, "I am glad to be going in first wave. If you are in the thing at all it is best to be in to the limit. And this is the great experience." Soon after writing these words he fell in a brilliant charge, mortally wounded, but exultingly waving his comrades onward as he fell. How appropriate are his lines:

> "The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
> The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
> At peace beneath the eternal fusillade.
> That other generations might possess,
> From shame and menace free in years to come,
> A richer heritage of happiness,
> He marched to that heroic martyrdom."

This is not merely the word of a poet. It is the conscious purpose of whole armies of men who may not have the language to express it so beautifully, but who do have the moral courage to perform it gloriously.

But can we call this religion? And where is the divine prophet to herald this new faith? Yes, this is religion of the noblest sort. This unselfish devotion to humanity's welfare is the finest motive ever evolved in the life of the race. It is the high mark of the growth of the social conscience. It is the will of God —this will for the good of all. It is the will of God finding expression in the will of men, proving that God is not a being apart from them but a spirit within them.

And where is the prophet of this new religion? He lived

nineteen centuries ago in a village of Galilee. He was the son of a carpenter. He had one great ideal and he proclaimed it to his people. It was the ideal of the Kingdom of God, the reign of good will among men. It should be founded not upon tradition but upon brotherhood and mutual service. Whosoever should seek selfishly the interests of his own life apart from the good of others should lose it, but he who would give his life in the service of all should find life. That is his message.

Competitive civilization has failed. Selfishness has failed. Hate has failed. Kultur has failed. The Monroe Doctrine has failed. Narrow-minded patriotism has failed. Conventionalized religion has failed. Everything has crashed into the maddening maelstrom of destruction—everything but one. And that which survives alone and rises from this baptism of blood is a new world-life, which shall know neither race nor caste nor creed nor sect; a world-life which shall find itself in the new religion of the common good—the brotherhood of man—the dream of the Son of Mary.

Hugh R. Orr

THE HISTORICITY OF THE WHALE

Sometimes I wonder if I am getting to be a pessimist—about myself first and foremost and then and to a lesser degree about the rest of the world. Those are the times when I almost persuade myself that there are some things in this world that never will happen. I get to thinking that if I resign myself to a thoroughgoing acceptance of that as a principle of life I shall not only be less subject to cruel disappointments but, having given up expecting the un-expectable, I shall be better able to concentrate on expecting the merely expectable. I have no statistics upon which to base an analysis of the relative un-expectability of unexpectable things, but I have learned that to expect some of us humans to root out in ourselves the fallacy of the importance of the historicity of the whale comes somewhere near the head of the list. As well expect us to be content to give up the struggle in behalf of the vocal power of Balaam's ass as to think that we will allow the historicity of that whale to sink into merited oblivion or even into a subordinate place!

There has just come to my hands (though not just from the press) a book of one hundred and nineteen pages—The Story of Jonah. Not The Story of Jonah and the Whale, but Just The Story of Jonah. At last, I thought, we have Jonah freed from his whale and with his face set toward Nineveh as God directed, and here are one hundred and nineteen pages given over to this thrilling indictment of religious bigotry, to this vision of internationalism and world brotherhood. Not at all! Here are one hundred and nineteen pages devoted to proving just one thing: the historicity of Jonah's whale. The whale could be, should be, and was. The whale ought to have been, is said to have been, and therefore must have been. We are to be everlastingly lost, not if we fail to shake ourselves free from the narrowness of religious bigotry, but if we fail to believe in the whale. We fall short of our heritage as sons and daughters of the Most High God, not if we miss the vision of world brotherhood, but if we fail to visualize the whale!

Now I hold no brief against the whale as such. He may have been a real whale; a man-swallowing and man-preserving whale. He may have been long enough and broad enough and deep enough—and altruistic enough too—to have swallowed Jonah and fifty more like Jonah all at once. I have no dispute with anyone who says anything in regard to either the dimensions or the moral character of the whale. My sole objection to him is based upon the way in which he monopolizes all the attention so there is none left to go around. And he does this monopolizing at such an inauspicious moment too. If he had only appeared earlier and then unobtrusively gotten out of the way. If Jehu, for instance, had used him to dispose of the Baal worshipers I shouldn't in the least object to his distracting the attention of the whole world from this and everything else Jehu did. As a matter of fact it seems to me it might be a good thing to have attention thus distracted. Or if he had appeared in conjunction with Jael and relieved her of the necessity of using a tent pin on Sisera I shouldn't mind at all. The milder sex would have less to answer for if we could refer some of the blame for that episode to the whale. But appearing at so important a juncture as he did he usurps a place and an interest we are loth to grant him and seems to deserve little at our hands.

And yet, am I not a bit harsh with the whale? Is he really to blame? So far as I can ascertain from a careful perusal of his personal history he was content to play a quiet and inconspicuous role, to come on the stage, an unassuming silent instrument in the hands of fate, and then to pass off as soon as the necessity for his presence had ceased to exist. There is a certain dignity in the automatic way in which he worked in accordance to orders. But the way in which commentators have worked him makes me feel—with apologies to George Eliot—that the more I know of some commentators the better opinion I have of whales.

If, however, Jonah's whale were the only monster who is forced into playing a chief part for which he was never intended I should not be so much concerned. But his name is legion. My experience with one brand of human nature, my own, is unlimited, and this brand proves to me conclusively that whales are a prolific

breed, and that they have been increasing and multiplying ever since the days of Nineveh, that great city: race prejudice, religious prejudice, class prejudice—all based on a failure to get away from the everlasting whale of human differences; social, economic, religious dogmas—some whale too big and awkward for us to get around; a whale of environment, or hereditary instincts and desires, or, worst of all and most whalish of all, of personal bias. Is there no exterminating these whales? or, if it needs must be that whales persist, is there no doing away with the stage management that masses all the star impulses of our lives at the rear of the stage and allows the whole foreground to be monopolized by these uncontrolled monsters? I guess I'm not a pessimist after all, for I believe they not only are controllable but will be controlled. You see I haven't given up expecting the unexpectable in spite of my protests that I would. Or perhaps there is no such thing as the unexpectable. If not—*exit the whale!*

Helen Grace Murray

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THREE "IFS"

I

"If the Lord be God." 1 Kings 18. 21.[1]

THE figure in the word "halt" is that of a bird hopping from twig to twig as if uncertain where to build its nest.

This was precisely the position of the children of Israel under the reign of Ahab. They were undecided whether to worship Baal or Jehovah. There was something to be said on both sides.

On the one hand it was not easy to forget the God of their fathers who had brought them forth out of the house of their bondage into a land that flowed with milk and honey. The pillar of cloud, the tottering walls of Jericho, the smitten rock, the manna white and plenteous as hoar-frost, the battle of the stars against Sisera, all these and countless other blessings were in evidence as to the true God.

On the other hand it was both natural and convenient to drift with the current. The worship of Baal was the state religion. It had been introduced by Jezebel, the royal consort, and was conducted with imposing rites and ceremonies. It flourished under the patronage of the court; and the people, following the fashion, kissed their hands before the winged horses of the sun. The temple was forsaken, while the altars of Baal blazed on every hilltop. It requires more than ordinary courage to brace ourself against the rock of conviction while the crowd sweeps by.

To-day, however, there is to be a settlement. The people have come to Mount Carmel to witness "the controversy of the gods." Baal and Jehovah could not both be God: let them defend their respective claims. The Lord's altar shall have a bullock, and Baal's altar shall have another, and the devotees of each shall pray for the consuming fire. "The God that answereth by fire let him be God."

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[1] By D. J. Burrell.

The preparations are made. The court-chaplains are there in force, and over against them stands the solitary prophet of the Lord. Before the signal is given for the controversy, Elijah admonishes the people: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, then follow him!" And they answer with one accord, "It is well spoken."

It was indeed well spoken. And behold, how mightily the Lord was vindicated that day! The Baalites in the morning began their cry, "O Baal, hear us!" But there was no voice nor answer nor any that regarded. As the day wore on, the prophet of the Lord taunted them with rude and merciless irony: "Cry aloud, for he is a god! Either he is on a chase, or upon a journey, or engaged in conversation, or, peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awaked." And they persisted in their vain entreaties until the sun sank towards the western sea.

Then Elijah stood forth in the presence of the multitude at the time of the evening sacrifice and made his simple prayer, "O God of my fathers, hear me this day and let the people know that thou art God!" There was a moment of breathless silence. Then it came, a blazing fleece out of heaven! Nearer, nearer, until it fell upon the altar. It consumed the bullock; it consumed the stones of the altar; it lapped up the water in the trenches. Silence for a moment, and then a loud cry, "The Lord he is the God!" Ten thousand voices caught it up and ten thousand more, until there was a rolling flood of acclamation, "The Lord he is the God!"

Old Kishon heard and sent it echoing back. The rocky slopes and beetling cliffs of Esdraelon, that had reverberated with many an ancient battle shout, returned the cry, "The Lord he is the God!" Far away the Great Sea was calmed as if to listen, "The Lord he is the God! The Lord he is the God!"

But if the Lord be God, why do ye not follow him?

There is no "if."

There is no "if" in nature. The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge of him. There is no speech nor language; their voice is not heard; yet their line is gone ought through all the earth and their words to the end of the world. Their "line" is like an electric wire from heaven to earth, over which perpetually passes this message, "The Lord is God."

There is no "if" in grace. The story of redemption is eloquent

of God. For Carmel read Calvary, and you have the climacteric counterpart of this event. There the sacrifice is laid upon the altar in answer to the cry of a ruined world for deliverance from the power of sin: "O God, answer by fire; and let us know that thou art God!" The fire falls and consumes the sacrifice. Christ dies for us men and our salvation. The world looks silently on; but all the angels in heaven are shouting, "Who is like unto our God, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders!"

There is no "if" in history. The man who can read the story of Christian civilization without ruling all false gods out of the reckoning is a blind man. Blinder still is he who can read the daily newspapers without reading between the lines, "Jehovah is God, and there is none other beside him!" There never was such a controversy of gods as we are witnessing in current events. Armies driving other armies before them; thrones trembling and dynasties tottering to their fall; nations that but yesterday were Great Powers now groveling in the dust—what do these things mean? The gods of Valhalla and the Pantheon are being put to rout. In vain do their devotees cry "Hear us!" There is no response from *unser Gott* or great Allah of the Turks. It is Jehovah alone who answers by fire; and "the God that answereth by fire, let him be God!"

But if the Lord be God, why do ye not follow him?

There is no "why."

There are pretexts and subterfuges without number; but no man can offer a valid excuse for withholding his love and service from the God who has manifested his love in the sacrifice of his only begotten and well beloved Son.

A business man sits yonder in the middle aisle who excuses himself for not being a Christian by pleading *honest doubt.* Is that a valid excuse? Suppose you were in doubt as to your financial solvency; what would you do? Would you lie down to-night to pleasant dreams? O, no: you would sit up and study your assets and liabilities by the light of midnight oil until your distressing doubt was solved. If your trouble with reference to Christ were honest doubt—and particularly in view of the great issues involved—you would treat it in the same way. Otherwise you are bound to conclude that you are not a doubter at all, but an unbeliever. If you are sincere in your perplexity you will give neither sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids until you have settled it.

There is a housewife sitting yonder by the door who excuses

herself for not accepting Christ by saying that she is so cumbered with much serving that she has really *no time to consider it.* This also is a delusion and a snare. How much time do you require? Would a year or ten years be enough? Time and tide do not wait upon our convenience: "And our hearts, though stout and brave, still, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave." If there is anything to be done, the part of wisdom is to do it now.

Here at my right sits a man who says, *"I have no feeling."* What of it? The day before yesterday was the first of the month: when your grocer presented his bill did you say, "I recognize the justice of your claim: but somehow I have no deep sense of obligation in this matter. When I really feel that I ought to foot my bill I will come around and see you"? Had you spoken that way his brief answer would have been "Business is business: pay what you owe me." In like manner duty is due-ty whether you feel it or not. And, if you are an honest man, you will render what is due to God as to your fellowmen.

Up yonder in the gallery is another who says, *"I am good enough as I am.* I tell the truth, pay my honest debts and keep the Ten Commandments; and that's more than many of your church members can say." My friend, if every professing Christian in the world were a double-dyed hypocrite it would not deliver you from personal responsibility in these premises. "Other men's failures can never save you." Is it possible that you think yourself a perfect man? If so I commend to you the picture of the Pharisee who lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, "God I thank thee that I am not as other men are," and also the sequel of it. You will probably admit, however, that you are not altogether without sin. There are some things in the past which you would rather forget. But forgetting will not blot them out. Nothing but the fountain opened at Calvary for our uncleanness can do that. Would it not be wiser to resort to the only method which has ever been suggested for the obliteration of the mislived past than to have it rise up against you in the Great Day?

I am looking over my congregation now to find an honest unbeliever; one who will frankly admit that he has not accepted Christ as his Saviour because *he does not want him.* Where is he; the man who confesses that he worships Baal because he likes him better than God?

"Ye will not come unto me," said Jesus, "that ye might have life." In that *"Ye will not"* all excuses for rejecting *Christ* are

resolved into the simplest terms of fact. It is the stubborn will alone that interposes between the soul and its high destiny. "The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not." You may discredit Baal as you will; so long as you love Baalism better than you love the things that make for eternal life you will continue to reject the gracious Son of God.

It was in view of this fact that Jesus propounded this problem in the higher mathematics which never has been or can be solved: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life, or what shall he give in exchange for his life?"

II

"If thou be the Son of God." Matt. 4. 3.[1]

"If!" There is a way of interjecting that little word "if" which makes its influence upon a soul like a blast from the Arctic Zone. It is possible for us to say "if" to another person, and to say it with such a look, and in such a tone, and at such a time, that all the young and aspiring growth in the soul and all the tender leaves of hope feel the chilling touch of winter. An "if" may be so subtle in its sarcasm, it may be so laden with irony, or so steeped in incredulity or contempt, that a man's healthy confidence in himself begins to wilt, under its influence, like a plant in the cutting breath of the frost. Who has not seen the effect of an incredulous "if" upon the tender, fragile ambition of a little child? "If I am ever the head of the school!" "Yes, if, if." That "if" may be the minister of paralysis, and the child's aspiration may sicken like a young growth under a stroke of lightning. And a slyly interjected "if" may enter a more mature life and may introduce a sense of discouragement, or a feeling of doubt, or a germ of uncertainty, which may work destruction among all the active powers of the soul. "Yes, if, if!" It is like a deadly poison gas. It is a destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

Well, now, here is a young peasant from Nazareth. He carries no worldly distinctions. He has no money. He has no station. He has had no social privileges. He is the son of the village carpenter, and up to manhood he has worked at the carpenter's bench. He is the eldest son of a large family, the mother of whom is a widow. He has toiled to keep the home together. All his material circumstances are small and confined. Everything is on the village scale.

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[1] By J. H. Jowett.

There is nothing regal in his environment. There is nothing majestic in his setting. There is nothing significant of lofty splendor and sovereignty. His work is just common work. His ways are just the common roads. His relationships are just the ordinary kith and kin of Nazareth. "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James, Joses, Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not with us?" This Jesus seems to be just an ordinary Nazarene!

"And the tempter came to him and said, *If* thou be the Son of God." "If!" And you must put a chuckle into the word, and you must put a little acid irony into it, and you must put more than a suggestion of incredulity into it. "If thou art the Son of God, O carpenter of Nazareth!" That is where the temptation begins. It begins in the insinuation of a grave doubt. It is an attempt to make the man of Nazareth question his own royalty. It is a subtle endeavor to shake a man's confidence in his own supreme relationships. It is an insidious effort to lead a man to suspect that his fancied crown is only a phantasm of perverted sight, a poor ghostly splendor of his own creation. It is a temptation to make a man believe that a fond wish is the father to his greatest thought. It is a plot to make him doubt his pedigree. "Is the tempter right? Am I a victim of richly colored dreams? Am I held in the fantastic bonds of delusion?" . . . "If thou art the Son of God!" "*If*" . . . "Am I?" That is the deadly poison in the temptation. . . . "And Jesus said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan. And behold angels came and ministered unto him."

Now we are living in a time when this form of temptation is peculiarly active. Ironical voices are very busy suggesting that our supposed treasures are unrealities, attractive fictions, manufactured in worlds of make-believe and delusion. Insidious presences, visible and invisible, are pointing ironically at our spiritual regalia, the cherished distinctions which we have worn as our most precious possessions, and they are cynically hinting that they belong to the hollow reverberating world of legend and dream. "If thou art! If! If! If!" And under the chilling influence of the suggested doubt and uncertainty, our songs change into sighs, and we begin to wonder whether, after all, we are deceiving ourselves, and if the light that is in us is darkness. "If! If! If!" When that hawk gets into our sky, all the birds in our souls are apt to lose their song in fearful silence.

I should call this form of temptation the distemper of our day.

It is the temptation to doubt our royalty, to be uncertain about the reality of our vast relationships, to be tremblingly disquieted about our moral and spiritual estates. Let us listen to two or three of these voices that are speaking to us, and that in bitter irony are suggesting doubts about our inheritance. Who is there here who has not heard the *voice that would question the reality of our own divine sonship? "If* thou art a son of God! If!" Is there a single man or woman in this congregation who has not felt the chilling influence of that sarcastic doubt? "If thou art a son of the eternal and holy God! If! And if thou art a daughter of the eternal and holy God! If!" It is so easy for this secret or public voice to challenge us and demand the proofs of our august and divine relationships. Where are the signs of thy royalty? Where are thy seals? Look at the mire upon thy garments. Look at thy torn and tattered robes. Is that the likely attire of a king's son? And look at thy passions, so chaotic and uncontrolled. And look at the periodic emergence of thy flesh-life, when, by apparently natural right, it ascends and occupies thy throne. And look at thy total lack of stately moral order and spiritual harmony. And would all this suggest a king and a king's son? And then look at the many signs of thy gallivanting with the world, and thy keen and eager willingness to wear its mental and moral fashions. And look at the thin and meager character of thy joy, and the equally thin and ignoble character of thy sorrows. And what a lack of wing there is in thy life, and how broken and irregular is thy flight!

"And you a son of God! If! If!" "And you a daughter of God!" Ask those who live with you what they think of your royalty and your sublime relationships! Is it not more likely that you are just a child of the dust? You are a mere worm. You are just a very imperfect product of Mother Earth. You are a clod without a single spark divine. "If thou be a son of God! If! If!" When that uncertainty begins to invade and possess our souls, all the powers of spiritual aspiration and progress are paralyzed.

Listen again to another of the unsettling voices of our day. Who has not heard the *voice which suggests uncertainty as to the reality and validity of our so-called spiritual experiences?* Listen to the spiritual claims we make in our venerable creeds and confessions. Listen to the still more jubilant claims which we make in our hymns and spiritual songs, where confession soars into adoration, and where the assurance of the heart blossoms forth into flowers of praise. What

great boastings we make of moral and spiritual happenings! Or what wonderful emancipations we sing about, liberties which issue in life and joy and peace! And then there comes a cynical suggestion that the experiences are all fictional, and that the emancipation is only an airy product of our dreams. Take the supposed fact of our conversion. You say you were converted? Yes, I do. "If! If!" I testify to you that I met the Lord in the power of his converting grace in the English Lake District, in the light of one beautiful dawn of many years ago. "Yes, If! If!" Sometimes in gray days, when the chill gloom of some moral defeat hangs heavy upon my soul, I hear that bitter wintry "if," and I am tempted to enter a realm of grave uncertainty and doubt. Who is there among the disciples of Christ who has not heard that voice? When did you say you were converted? In October, 1900? "Converted," says the tempter. "Look at your conversation last night! If! If!"

> "I came to Jesus, and I drank
> Of that life-giving stream;
> My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
> And now I live in Him."

"And the tempter came and said unto him, If! If!"

Or take the fact of our supposed forgiveness in the atoning grace and love of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. What pæans of joy and praise resound through our hymn books, the songs of the forgiven and home-returned exiles of our Father-God. We have sung those songs, and we have sung them as if they had been moltened and fashioned in our own experience.

> "O happy day! O happy day!
> When Jesus washed my sins away."

We have sung the words and the song was laden with our praise. And then there has come a dull day in the spirit. We have been out in desert places, and the tempter has come to us in our depression and he has said, "*If* thou art forgotten! If!" How that ironical voice troubled poor John Bunyan, and into what disquietude and gloom it plunged his soul! Listen to him: "Wherefore I began to sink greatly in my soul, and began to entertain such discouragement in my heart that laid me as low as hell. These things would so break and confound my spirit that I thought at times they would have broken my wits, though no one knows the terror of

those days but myself." And John Bunyan suffered all this because of the interjection and the invasion and possession of an illegitimate and destructive doubt. "*If* thou be forgotten! If!" And the heart changes its song into a frightened cry, like a bird that sees a hawk in the sky.

> " 'Tis a point I long to know,
> Oft it gives me anxious thought,
> Do I love the Lord or no?
> Am I His or am I not?"

The tempter comes to him and says, If! If! If! If!

Let us listen again to another of the ironical voices of our day which would tempt us into destructive uncertainty and doubt. Who has not heard *the voice that pours laughter and irony upon all our personal efforts to establish the King's will, and to transform the kingdoms of this world into the kingdoms of our God?* We are happy in thinking that we are the privileged servants of the Lord's love and grace. We hug the inspiring confidence that we are permitted to share in building the new Jerusalem. Then some day, when the clouds are very low, and our spiritual enemies are multiplied, there is breathed into our spirits the paralyzing air of a doubt which saps the very springs of confidence and hope. "*You* a servant of the Lord! If!" What is the value of your service? What is the precise worth of your contribution to the readjustment of a disordered universe? What is the working power of your tiny quota of rectitude? And just what is your anæmic prayer going to accomplish on the ravaged continent of Europe? You cry and you sigh; what currents of vitality begin to flow? You give your little mites; what is their weight in turning the moral scales of the world? Do you presume to think that the great heavens would miss your trivial endeavor if you were now to cease? Would the ocean miss the babbling rivulet, even now shrunken to the thinnest line of water, if it were to be entirely absorbed by the sand? Will *God* miss *you?* Do you really think you count? You a fellow-laborer of the Lord! If! If! If! If! And heart and will are prone to droop under the blast of this cutting irony and contempt.

But all this is so unlike our Saviour. One of the great distinctions of Jesus was this, that he placed infinite value upon everybody and everything. He conferred an immortal garland upon a poor widow who had just dropped two mites into the treasury. He told us that the penitent cry of a poor publican created music through

all the courts of heaven. He said that the tender ministry of a loving woman would continue to resound along the highways of time. Was he not always magnifying small fidelities, as though small things were such glorious ligaments in the body of Christ? "He that is faithful in that which is least!" He never spake ironically of little folk with their seemingly little enterprise. He never breathed upon them with sarcasm. He never withered them with contempt.

But, O! these voices of the tempter with his deadly "ifs" in the presence of our labor! How easy it is, in a city like New York, to make us wonder if our devotion counts. A raindrop will never be missed! "You a fellow-laborer with God! If!" And thrice deadly is the tempter's influence if it lead us to shut our little wallet, and to put away our balms and cordials, and go away home to minister no more among the children of men.

There is one other "if" I should like to mention, an "if" which the tempter is just now whispering ten thousand times a day. You can hear it everywhere in Europe. "*If* Christ be not risen! *If* the dead rise not! If! If! If!" That is the voice of the tempter. He tells us there is no proof of the beyond. Sir Oliver Lodge may fondly assume that he has opened up communications with another world, but his evidence has nothing about it of the compelling distinctions of reality and truth. The tempter hints that we have no evidence that would serve in a court of law. And "*If* the dead rise not!" he adds, "Well, would it not be wise to live as the children of the passing day, a day which rarely stretches beyond the narrow limits of threescore years and ten? If the dead rise not, then why not plan our lives accordingly? Why not plan a lighter craft for smaller waters. Why not shape our lives as river craft for local cruises, and not as ocean-going liners intended for infinite seas? If the dead rise not, eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

O, these belittling "ifs" of the tempter. "*If* thou art the Son of God! *If* thou wert converted! If! If!" "If thou wert really forgotten! If!" "If thy little raindrop is really a contributor to the immeasurable sea!" "*If* the dead rise not! If! If! If!" How did Jesus meet them? How did Jesus meet every temptation which sought to belittle and impoverish his life? He faced every temptation and vanquished it. Nay, he laid hold of every temptation, and he robbed it of its spoil, and he added the very strength of the temptation to his own spiritual resources.

How did he do it? Can we in any way enter into his secret

and share the power and triumph of his holy life? The first thing Jesus did when the tempter appeared was to make a positive affirmation of God. He never argued with the tempter. He never set out the logical steps of a reasoned defense. Whenever the tempter spake to him, Jesus affirmed the reality of God. In every temptation he immediately exalted God. No matter how disquieted were his circumstances, or how ironical the tempter's voice, he quietly affirmed his Father, God. Every time the tempter approached him the subtle tones of seduction were met with the unalterable affirmation of the being and sovereignty of God. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God." It is God! God! God! It is God versus the tempter in every season when the tempter sought to break up the integrity of his spiritual life.

It was even so with the Master's great disciple, the apostle Paul. In every temptation he affirmed the Lord God, even though his outer world was upheaved in convulsion, and tossed with all the turbulence of a fiercely angry sea. "Sirs, I believe God!" that was ever the apostle's answer to the assault of disturbing circumstances. And that too must be our first resource, in the midst of all our modern convulsions, and in a world that is just clamorous with disturbing "ifs" and "buts." We must quietly and steadfastly reaffirm God, we must declare his name and being to our discouraged souls. "God is our refuge and strength. . . . Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be shaken in the heart of the sea."

But Jesus Christ the Nazarene did more than affirm the Father-God when the tempter approached him, carrying the poisoned weapons of insidious doubts. Whenever Jesus was tempted he resurrendered his life to the service of God's will. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and *him only shalt thou serve.*" In the very breath of the devil's irony Jesus entered, if that were possible, into deeper and more sacrificial service. And, my brethren, that must be our way, for it is the only way of conquest. When the devil questions our loyalty, let us enlist in a deeper service. If he insinuates doubt about our conversion let us answer him with a larger consecration. If he hints that we count for nothing with God, let us fling all we have into God's Kingdom with a more abandoned sacrifice. If he sarcastically declares that we are only the trifling spawn of the hour, let

us answer his contempt by building everything for eternity and putting infinite significance even into the toil of the passing day.

And thus, in affirming God as the resting place of our minds and hearts, and in seeking the deeper life of a larger consecration, we shall be able to do the third thing which Jesus did when the tempter came on his destructive mission; we shall be able to turn away from him, and cast him behind our backs. We shall say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and the angels of God will come and minister unto us.

If! If! If! If! Against these ironical "ifs" let us hear the grand, firm soul-music of the apostle Paul: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." "We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

III

"If I be lifted up." John 12. 32.[1]

The magnet is a great mystery. There are sixty-odd pages about it in the Encyclopedia Britannica and after reading them one is no wiser than before as to its singular power. It has been invested with a curious interest from time immemorial. They used to call it "the Magnesian stone," from the place where it was found. In the absence of any satisfactory explanation of its phenomena it was invested with all sorts of magical virtues. It served as a love philter and was supposed to heal diseases. Alchemists and conjurers made constant use of it.

But while no one can explain the magnet, one thing is admitted on all hands, to wit, its power of attraction. Sir Isaac Newton had a loadstone in a seal ring, weighing only three grains, which was capable of holding up seven hundred and fifty grains of iron; but he did not undertake even to define it.

The spiritual antitype or counterpart of the loadstone is Christ crucified. Here, also, there is much of mystery. A simple lad can ask more questions in an hour concerning the great doctrines which

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[1] By Dr. Burrell.

center in the Cross than the wisest theologian can answer in a lifetime. But one thing is beyond controversy, namely, its power of attraction. David Hume, a rank unbeliever, was frank to admit that the Christian religion had wielded an influence among men and nations which passed his comprehension. How the story of a crucified Nazarene should have been the enlightening and evangelizing influence of all the centuries is beyond our comprehension: but the fact remains precisely as Christ announced it, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

As one approaches the harbor of Queenstown, skirting the southern coast of Ireland, he sees a graveyard on a green hillside and, towering aloft in its midst, a white cross whereon a white Christ faces the west with hands outstretched, as if to say, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved!" It is an apologue of grace in history. This is the mighty influence which, all along the centuries, has been appealing to men and nations. Other religions have one after another been stricken with decay and death; but the gospel, like a rising sun, shines brighter and brighter; and the red-cross banner is being advanced to the farthest headlands of the earth. The vision of Isaiah is in process of fulfillment; the ships of Tarshish, rams of Nebaioth, dromedaries of Midian, doves flying to their windows, all mean that the great Loadstone is doing its work. Our crucified and risen Lord is drawing the world unto him.

One reason for this is found in the attractiveness of Christ himself. There never lived another on earth like him. His challenge was, "Who layeth anything to my charge?" and the answer was forthcoming on the lips of the heathen judge who sentenced him to death: "Take ye him and crucify him: I find in him no fault at all!"

The world reveres character. In the bloody days of The Terror, when all Paris was clamoring for the king's life, the appeals of the noblest men of France were wasted on the unreasoning mob. Then Lafayette came out upon the balcony of the palace, leading by the hand an old man named De la Uire. "Citizens," he said, "it is seventy years of character and usefulness that would speak to you," and they all kept silence to hear him. For a like reason the incomparable, immaculate, unaccountable, divine Man is heard above the tumult of the passions of men.

Another reason is found in the teachings of Christ. He spoke of the three greatest problems that ever confront us. "Who is God?" we ask; and he answers, "When ye pray say, Our Father." When

we ask "Who is man?" his answer is, "Man was created in God's likeness; but that likeness has been defaced by sin; and sin alienates man from a holy God." And when we ask the inevitable question, "What shall I do to be saved?" he answers, "I am come to expiate your sins by bearing them in my own body on the tree: so that whosoever believeth in me shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

Now there is a threefold reason why this teaching attracts all who pause long enough amid the hurly-burly of life to think upon it.

To begin with, *its simplicity.* The wayfaring man, however foolish, may read it while he runs. A child can understand it. I was once, while engaged in city missions in Chicago, called to the bedside of a boy of fifteen who knew nothing about Jesus except as he had heard his name on profane lips. He whispered, "I'm dying, and I'm not ready." There was no time to philosophize: so I told him the simple story of the Cross. He whispered, "Are you sure that it was done *for me?*" And when I assured him that it was, he laid his thin, transparent hand on mine saying, "Go now, please, and come back in the morning. *I think I have it!* But don't say another word, or you'll get me all mixed up." In the morning he was gone, but his last word was *"Jesus."* Blessed be God for the simplicity of the truth that saves us.

Then think of *the sweet reasonableness of the gospel.* We are not asked to believe anything which does not commend itself to our best judgment. When Nahash the Ammonite came up against Jabesh-Gilead, and its inhabitants proposed to capitulate, he answered, "On this condition will I make a covenant with you, that I may thrust out your right eyes." It is a mistake to think that any such condition is laid upon those who approach the gospel. It proposes on the one hand an ethical system to which our whole being intuitively assents: for no one has ever successfully impugned the integrity of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. On the other hand it presents a doctrinal system which is equally consonant with reason. In particular the doctrine of the atonement is presented not as a hard and fast ultimatum, but as an appeal to our thoughtful acquiescence. "This is a faithful saying, and *worthy of all acceptation,* that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

The vicarious pain of our Lord and Saviour is distinctly in line with the analogy of human sympathy. The self-sacrifice of God as set forth on Golgotha is merely the consummation of that self-sacrifice which is universally regarded as the highest point of human character.

It is precisely what a thoughtful man should expect to find in God. We are, indeed, asked to receive it by faith; but faith is mere credulity unless it is buttressed by reason. "Come now, saith the Lord, *let us reason together:* though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

If a son of yours had wandered into the slums and was going at the pace that kills would you not go out after him and do your utmost to reclaim him? But what is the incarnation but the going out of our Father, and what is the Cross but his self-sacrifice for us? It is indeed so reasonable that we are impelled to say, "This is just like God!"

A still further explanation of the drawing power of the gospel *lies in its exclusiveness.* "To whom shall we go?" asked the disciples of Christ, "for thou only hast the words of eternal life." He has, indeed, a monopoly of salvation. There are other systems of ethics and spiritual abstractions; but there is no other religion or philosophy that has ever given the faintest hint or suggestion of an answer to the question, "What shall a sinner do to be delivered from the penalty of his past sins?" The crimson stain on the hand of Lady Macbeth is so indelible that all the waters of the multitudinous seas cannot wash it out. The blood of Jesus Christ alone cleanseth from all sin.

It is such considerations as these that have led multitudes of the wisest of men to yield to the doctrines of Christ. "It finds me!" said Coleridge. And it will find any man who consents to divest himself of prejudice and take time to think of it.

But aside from the character of the historic Christ and the manifold power of his teaching there is still another reason for the power of his attraction, namely, *his abiding Presence.* The promise "Lo, I am with you alway" is not to be explained by saying that his influence is abroad in the world. He himself is here. Unseen? Yes; but as real as the power of a loadstone in operation, the nearness of which is indisputable though we may not be able to see it. Thus it is written of Jesus, "Whom, not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

All heaven is full of souls who rejoice because once, feeling their need of a Saviour, they were drawn and came running to him. And there are hundreds of millions of living men who rest their confidence

in him for everlasting life. The white Christ whom the soldiers say they saw on the firing line in Flanders is everywhere beckoning and calling to the children of men.

In these last days he has been drawing the nations. The taste of war is bitter on our lips; but the men who carry khaki Testaments in their knapsacks have been putting the gods of Walhalla to flight, while impious thrones and dynasties are trembling at the cry, "The Lord, he is the God!" The world will presently be a better world to live in. The horizons of Christendom must be enlarged; for the kings of the earth will presently be bringing their glory and honor into it. The God of justice and humanity has all along stood within the shadow keeping watch above his own. "The dead hand" that puzzled Napoleon has lost none of its power. "Tell me how it is," he demanded of Bertrand, "that while I dwell alone and friendless on this barren rock, the dead hand of a Nazarene carpenter can reach down the centuries and draw millions to follow him." The drawing power of that "dead hand" has puzzled wiser men than Napoleon. Not more surely does the shining sun attract the earth than the Sun of Righteousness is slowly but certainly drawing the wandering race back to the God who created and sustains it.

But unless there be a response to the overtures of the gospel they are unavailing. A magnet has no power over a block of wood. Some men are antagonistic to Christ; as Voltaire was, who cried, "Crush the Imposter!" Others are so indifferent that they give no serious thought to his imperious and irrefutable claims; wherefore they see in him "no form nor comeliness, nor any beauty that they should desire him." But there are still others who look upon him until they are enamored of him. They hear the call, "Whosoever will, let him come," and yield themselves with the cry, "I will!" It is when the soul, like the Shulammite maid, hears the voice of the bridegroom calling, "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away"; and answers, "Draw me, and I will run after thee," that its espousals are sealed in the assurance of everlasting life.

Now these are the reasons why we preach Christ and him crucified. All the adventitious attractions in the world are ineffective as compared with him. To draw a crowd together is of itself a vain thing, but to draw an immortal soul out of death into life is worthy of God. And God in Christ alone can do it. "I, if I be lifted up," he said, "will draw all men unto me." He has been lifted up on the Cross, once for all; it remains for us as his witnesses to lift him

up in the pulpit as well as in our walk and conversation, so that all the world may be drawn unto him.

"The Jews require a sign and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God!"

Behold the Magnet of the world! Who can resist it?

THE ARENA

THE NEW CALVARY AND THE ATONEMENT

In the Methodist Review for November-December, 1918, Dr. Stidger wrote: "Contemporary war literature is, consciously or unconsciously, interpreting the great world strife in terms of a New Calvary." There is no denying the truth of this statement. Circumstances have conspired to make it highly probable. The literature proves the probability to be a fact. Careless, adventurous men, by the million, have been facing the issues of eternity. Their thinking has been projected into a new environment. Men familiar with the precious traditions and doctrines of the church have been hurled into the grim reality of war. Their beliefs have been put to the supreme test. In the heat and glow of camp and battlefield much of the doctrine of New Calvary has been forged.

The newspapers have handled the religious significance of the war with a fearlessness and abandon that would be an inspiration if it were not for the menace it contained. Countless volumes have been written by men from the trenches, "men who have never in all their lives before given Jesus Christ a loyal thought." In most of these books is found the message of New Calvary. The salient points of the new interpretation of Calvary are written in orthodox phraseology. The New Birth, Crucifixion, and Atonement are used with a familiarity, by these prophets of the New Calvary, that will commend their message to many earnest readers. We have been wisely warned against the use of the shibboleth of meaningless and obsolete phraseology. Certainly it will take more than the garments of orthodox terminology to admit the New Calvary into the fellowship of the church at large. This terminology, apart from the Scripture, is capable of any interpretation. If there is a New Calvary it must have its conception of Atonement. Calvary and Atonement are one. If there is a New Calvary what of the Atonement of Christ?

The scriptural reason for Atonement is "that God so loved" a sinful world that he gave his Son as a love token on Calvary's cross. He was called Jesus, "for he shall save his people from their sins." In the American Magazine for March, 1918, Private Peat, a much quoted teacher of New Calvary, writes, "We don't think it makes a bit of difference, even if we should be killed in the middle of an oath. God would under-

stand." Surely it will not seem irreverent to say that God will understand only according to his established revelation. If "God would understand" in the way Private Peat says then the New Calvary must give a new definition for Jesus. He died to provide salvation from sin. New Calvary provides for salvation in sin.

I would not write a word that would take away any of the comfort and peace of those who know somewhere "over there" lies the body of a son, brother, or sweetheart. If ever grief-stricken fathers and heart-broken mothers needed comfort it is now. But can we agree with the Word of God, and Private Peat too, as we read?

God will gather all these scattered
  Leaves into His Golden Book.
Torn and crumpled, soiled and battered,
  He will heal them with a look.
Not one soul of them has perished;
  No man ever yet forsook
Wife and home and all he cherished,
  And God's purpose undertook,
But he met his full reward
  In the "Well done" of his Lord.

"By grace are ye saved through faith, and not of yourselves," says the Word. "Not one soul of them has perished," says Private Peat. Then God must be under obligation to them for "forsaking wife and home and all they cherished." Peat says that sacrifice merits placing the leaves in "His Golden Book." Paul says without merit but "by grace" it is done. It is either the Word of God or the testimony of the man who said that a man could be perfectly religious as he beat out the brains of a Hun who had thrown away his gun and was on his knees begging for mercy. If the testimony of Private Peat is to stand as evidence, then the New Calvary substitutes death and heroism of men for the Atonement of Christ.

Under the very orthodox title of "Atonement" John Oxenham writes:

At one with thee,
  Earth's cares are gone.
What matters else,
  With thee at one?

The idea of at-one-ment with God is very beautifully expressed by the poet. We all know that this awful struggle has been the means of drawing thousands of boys to the heart of God and oneness of will with him as nothing else has been able to do. But what has this to do with the great crisis for which the title of this poem stands? Nothing whatever as interpreted by the poet. The title suggests the great tragedy of Golgotha, but the poem tends to put that in a secondary position. There is but one way to oneness with the heart of God and that is through the Son by the way of the cross. The New Calvary is exalted at the expense of his Atonement.

Again Mr. Oxenham writes:

For us he died,
  For you and me;
For us they died,
  For you and me.
That love so great be justified,
And that thy name be magnified,
  Grant, Lord, that we
  Full worthy be
Of these, our loved, our crucified.

Our prayer should ever be that we might ever be worthy of the price they paid. The poet writes of their crucifixion in the same relationship as that of Christ. Commenting on above verse, Dr. Stidger says, "And here side by side with Christ this great poet puts the lads. Not side by side as criminals were, but as brothers with him. And if Christ were willing to accept the thief into his fellowship on the cross simply because he believed, how eagerly and warmly he must welcome these lads who died as he died, for others, that the world might be better." God forbid that I should cast a single reflection on the sacrifice made by the boys. Their cup is full to overflowing while ours has but a drop in it. The page blurs before me as I call to mind those of my own Sunday school class and circle of friends, who have paid the price in "action." They made the "sacrifice" for others, but not in the way that he did. Their death made "the world better" by insuring freedom and democracy. His death made "the world better" by atoning for the sins of the world. Their sacrifice will make the "world better" by calling our attention to the social-service aspect of the gospel. In The Vision Splendid, Oxenham writes, "If this fierce flame free us from ruinous wastage of drink; from the cancer of immorality; from the shame of our housing-systems both in town and country; and bring about a fairer apportionment of the necessities of life; a living wage for all workers, leisure to enjoy and opportunity to possess and progress, it will have done much. If it result in a pact of nations which will ensure peace for all time it will have done much. If it brings the world back to God it will have done everything. This, our great sacrifice, will have turned to everlasting gain."

Every honest heart prays for this result from their sacrifice. No sane man will begrudge the boys the welcome of the Master, but they do not belong beside him in the way that the poet and Dr. Stidger insist. In the above quotation the "believing" of the thief was belittled in comparison with the sacrifice of the lads. The Word says, "But as many as received him, to them he gave the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Thousands of Christian boys died in battle. That our heavenly Father made "believing," and not sacrifice, the way to his family of redeemed is not for ours to question. We leave that to the New Calvary. The boys do not put themselves by the side of the Master on the cross. This the New Calvary does.

Straight thinking is just as essential as straight living. Straight thinking will no more allow the unhallowed use of the great events in the life of the Master than straight living will tolerate deviation from the path of rectitude. There is something sinister in the way New Calvary lays its hands upon these crises of Christ. If literal interpretation of biblical figures is mischievous, then spiritualizing the great events of the life of Christ is vastly more so. In all Christendom Gethsemane and Calvary are associated with Jesus in a way that forbids their ever being connected with another. Men may come to the place where they settle whether it is their will or that of God to be done. They may have to choose between disobedience and the cup of death on the battlefield, but there is only one Gethsemane. No experience of men is worthy to be compared with that of the Lamb of God who saw the flood of sin rolling down upon him there in the garden. Men may give their lives for their loved ones. The sons of American mothers have died for freedom. But there is only one Calvary. Death was their cross to carry for him, but that is not Calvary. The great crises in the life of Christ are sacred to him, and to him alone. The Bible has so hallowed them with eternal consequences that it is sacrilege to associate them with any other than his crimson Atonement for sin.

It would be strange, indeed, if out of such an environment of hate and love, strife and religion, belief and unbelief some new teaching did not arise. The church must always face the new. She must always be ready to welcome any truth that will advance the cause of Christ. Blind adherence to scriptural inerrancy in the face of demonstrated error has done much mischief. Uncharitable attitude toward those who have differed from her has done the church much injury. A church not open to conviction would do his cause irreparable damage. A non-progressive church would be a paradox. But she must have something from which to start in order to note her progress. The one foundation of the church is Jesus Christ her Lord. Her credentials are the Bible, the Cross, and the crimson flow. Calvary and Atonement cannot be divorced. In the thinking of the church they are one. In the Word they are united in the purpose of Jehovah. Calvary means blood Atonement of the Master. In New Calvary atonement is by sacrifice and shed blood of men. The question will not down. If there is a New Calvary what of the Atonement?

Nelson S. Gardner.

Dighton, Kansas.

RELIGION AT THE PEACE CONGRESS

Aunt Matilda reported last week that the lecturer on current events, whose discourses in French she sits under, had said that it was futile for President Wilson to go to the Peace Congress "*au nom de Jésus Christ,*" because he would not be able to put it over.

The lecturer seemed to have got the idea that Mr. Wilson had gone

over as a sort of Sunday school agent, to invite the Europeans who had suffered awful things by the war to forgive all their enemies, wipe the tale of German transgression off the slate, hush up the fuss, and go on.

That is probably not an accurate description of what is in the President's mind. The effects of the war cannot be straightened out on any such basis. Who have sinned must make what atonement is possible and accept what regulations can be contrived to guarantee that they will not sin in this particular way again. And for those who have suffered, what reparation is possible must be made for their sorrows and their losses.

Nor is Mr. Wilson at all likely to raise in spoken words the issue mentioned, and tell the Peace Congress that the world must be arranged as Christ would have it. That idea is hardly likely this time to be recorded so explicitly as it was a hundred years ago in the documents of the Holy Alliance.

And yet it is the idea that must govern the Congress if its efforts are to be useful. There is no other idea available for the job which has a ghost of a chance of succeeding. The Holy Alliance monarchs realized that, but they botched the application of it. The idea of resettling the war-torn world on monarchical principles could not last, and now the idea of resettling it on business principles and expecting such a settlement to abide must make shrewd observers laugh. Business principles are not enough to sustain such a settlement. It must rest at the bottom on religion, which all civilization has always rested on, and because the dominating religion of the Allies, and almost the only religion of Europe, is Christianity, it must rest on that. Modern democracy is a fruit of Christianity, and not except as it reflects the spirit of the Founder can democracy be made safe for the world.

Civilizations go as far as their religions will carry them, and then stop. The Assyrians got along with Ashur or somebody, and made a fair military and commercial success for some centuries, and then, becoming universally hated, broke to bits. So later the Babylonians with Bel and other deities, and the Egyptians with Isis, and the Greeks and Romans with paganism. When each had gone as far as its religion was good for it broke down. The Chinese built on the teachings of Confucius, and there was so much wisdom in them that China could not smash, though it came long ago to a standstill. Japan with Shintoism and Buddha, and whatever else it works with, is still progressive. India with a variety of religions, some of them full of truths, is not progressive, but under British supervision it maintains a civilization. Mohammed's bolt seems about shot, notwithstanding the enormous number of Mohammedans still in the world. Moses is still potent with the Jews, and he was a very great religious leader, and the Jews are imperishable, but the reorganization of the world will not be based on Moses nor led by Jews. Great as he was, Moses is a back number. German Kultur, which got entirely away from the spirit of Christianity, was much less distinctly detached from Moses, but it has been broken into fragments not yet numbered.

For the civilization that is represented at the Peace Congress Christ is still the great mind, the great restraint, the indispensable means to

make democracy safe and guard liberty with forbearance. If Christ is a failure the Congress will be a failure, because Christian civilization is a failure and the world must have a new prophet. Most people do not know that. They think of religion as an embellishment of life. Many of them, tainted with Puritanism, think it concerns going to church and being nervous and half Mosaic about Sunday, and voting for prohibition of rum and all excitements, and the extirpation of temptation, and things like that. Others think it is doleful, priggish, and negligible by real sports. But they are away off from the truth about it. It is the vital element in modern life. Where there is no vision, the people perish. When faith goes out of a civilization it comes rattling down, and the roofs begin to fall in on its buildings, and rotting ropes to hang from the rings on its wharves.

The Congress at Versailles will have to listen to the Jesus Christ mandate whether anybody puts it into words or not.

It is all there is to go by. The hope of restraining war rests on the religion of Christ, supplemented by the immense development of efficiency in mechanical and destructive agents. Experiment with the latter means is thought to have gone far enough. The Congress will have to try to make its proceedings square with the former remedy.

For, except for poison gas, gunpowder, and its cousins, and Christianity, the world and its inhabitants in their relation to war are little different in fundamentals from what they were forty—fifty—seventy centuries ago.

E. S. Martin.

New York.

WHY?

I sat on the slope of a hill where singing pines their soft, deep shadows fling. Below, in the peaceful valley, a crystal river wandered at will among fields of clover and acres of ripening corn. The little birds soared in the blue, but never roamed afar, for in the quiet meadows their fledglings nested low.

Throughout the livelong day the sound of reapers murmured, and smoke from distant chimneys met the fragrance of new-mown hay, while out in the large open places I heard the shouts of the children at play. .

But a hot breath as of fire swept over the peaceful plain. From over the crest of the hills, new kissed by the setting sun, I saw a Fiend arise, deliberate, cruel, huge. Men crumpled and melted in the heat of his crimson spue that blasted the soul of man.

A hideous mist came chilled from the river that had turned to blood, and the wail of a great earth woe moaned back from the sobbing pines.

Quickly I rose to escape from the Horror, but a sudden roaring smote my ears. I turned and beheld a sight that held me as in a spell. The reservoir of Greed was broken. The huge fist of the mailed Fiend had released Destruction, and its fierce waters rushed down the hillside

through the valley toward the sea. Where cities and towers had been, where men with eager zest had toiled for love, I saw only acres of ruins, and the pitiful fragments of broken homes showed in the swirl of war about a tottering church.

When, lo! Where the pit of Hell yawned deepest a Form arose that stayed the stream of woe. Even as I looked, the crimson current crystal grew, and raging Greed gave way to Peace.

At last there stood beside me One who knew, and I asked Him, "Why is the Cross in the midst of the flood, and no more on the crest of the olive-crowned hill?"

With infinite tenderness His clear voice said,

"Because women *pray!*" GRACE FOSTER HERBEN.

Westfield, N. J.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

SACRED STONES

THOUGH stone-worship may be regarded as one of the lowest forms of idolatry, a mere fetishism, it has been, nevertheless, very prevalent from remotest antiquity in almost every portion of the world. "It has," says Professor G. F. Moore, "frequently persisted in venerable cults in the midst of high stages of civilization, and in the presence of elevated religious conceptions, while its survivals in popular superstition have proved nearly ineradicable, even in Christendom," and have been condemned time and again by councils and synods. If we attempt to trace this form of worship back to its origin, we become lost in the mists of prehistoric ages. In this as in other matters age lends a sacredness even to such a form of religious adoration.

Man is naturally religious. It seems that he must worship something. It is, therefore, not strange that a tree, a river, a spring of water, or even a rude block of stone should become the object of his veneration. For any one of these might have been, according to ancient belief, the actual abode of some deity. The tree, the bubbling spring, and the dashing brook were full of life, and the rude stone, strong and imperishable, capable of resisting the furious elements, even if lifeless, was something worthy of spiritual homage. The fact that rude blocks of stone were worshiped simply proves the antiquity of such a cult; for it takes us back to paleolithic times, when there was neither artist nor artisan. The piece of rock is necessarily unhewn, untrimmed, unshapen. Man had no taste for the artistic, neither had he tools even to form tools, except such as nature furnished. It is easy to understand why aërolites or meteoric stones should be regarded as proper objects of divine adoration. For in an unscientific age these were supposed either to be gods or to have descended directly from the gods. This explains why such a heaven-descended stone was deposited in many a magnificent temple of

later ages. We are all familiar with the words of the town-clerk at Ephesus, who spoke of "the great Diana and of the image which fell down from Jupiter," that is, heaven, as in the margin. (Acts 19. 35.) Contrasted with the magnificent architecture of Diana's temple, her image was very inartistic. The same is true of the image of Athena at Athens, and of Cybele of Pessinus. Pausanias and other classic writers tell us that the worship of rude pieces of stone was both very ancient and widely spread, the oldest form among the Greeks, and that many a temple had its sacred stone or idol. He also tells us that it was customary to carry phallic emblems in stone in procession in Attica. It was also customary for the worshipers to carry vials of oil with which they anointed these sacred stones. Even to-day there is nothing more common in many portions of India than stone-worship. Every village seems to have it. Those familiar with the worship of Vishnu at Benares and other places will recall the obscene representations in stone, before which elegantly dressed women and even young girls offer their gifts, and worship. Especially sacred are the Shalagrama stones from Gandaki in Napel. These are inherently sacred, and no ceremonial act of a priest to consecrate them is at all necessary. They are regarded as a part of the deity himself. No wonder, therefore, that sacrifices of food, water, flowers, etc., are made to them.

The wide extent of stone-worship may be accounted for much in the same way as other customs, for instance, the use of certain foods. Customs descend from generation to generation, from land to land. Stone-worship has been found in India, Japan, large portions of Asia, almost the whole of Europe, interior Africa. The same is true of the various countries bordering on the Mediterranean, to say nothing of Semitic territories.

The two most famous collections of sacred stones in Europe, as far as we know, are at Stonehenge, England, and at or around Carnac in Brittany, France. Both of these are still imposing in their simple and solemn grandeur, though they have suffered grievously from the ruthless hand of time, and the still more ruthless hands of ignorant peasants, who could see nothing more in these venerable piles than a convenient quarry, where stone could be found at little trouble for mending roads, or for the erection of bridges, fences, and houses.

The alignments of menhirs at Carnac, extending two miles or more, in parallel rows, varying at places from nine to thirteen, must have numbered originally many thousand monoliths, ranging in height from two to sixteen feet. One, however, prostrate on the ground and broken into four pieces is about seventy feet. There are various theories as to their age, origin, and purpose, or object. The same is true of the monuments at Stonehenge. But there is no general agreement, except that they are very ancient. There is much to be said in favor of a Druidic origin, and all admit that they were in some way connected with Druidic worship, though claiming for them a pre-Druidic origin.

Carnac and vicinity have not only menhirs, but also dolmens and cromlechs. The reader will notice the Keltic origin of these words, which

are all compounds. Menhir is from the Welsh *men*, stone, and *hir*, long, that is long stone or pillar. Dolmen is from *dol*, table, and *men*, as in menhir, stone. The etymology of cromlech is likewise Keltic. Compare the Welsh *crom* or *crown*, circular, and *llech*, slab or flat stone.

It would be interesting to notice other smaller alignments of menhirs, of dolmens and cromlechs in other parts of the world, especially in France and the British Isles, but we must pass on, for our readers are more interested in Semitic stone monuments, especially such as are mentioned in the Old Testament.

High places and their inseparable accompaniments, the altar and the stone pillar or mazzebah are constantly mentioned in early Hebrew history. These were not essentially Hebrew institutions, but rather the common property of the Semitic tribes settled in Canaan and surrounding countries before the days of the patriarchs. Even granting that all such stones were not objects of worship or even connected with sanctuaries, yet it seems that they were regarded with more or less veneration, and their origin may be traced back to some sacred event. There were memorial stones to commemorate a theophany, or some important transaction or event in connection with the ratification of contracts—all having more or less religious significance. (See Gen. 28. 18ff.; 31. 13, 45ff.; 35. 20 and often.) There were, too, stones or pillars set up at holy places, for instance, at Gilgal, Josh. 4. 5; Shechem, 24. 26; Mizpah, 1 Sam. 7. 12; Gibeon, 2 Sam. 20. 8, and various other places. Indeed, it is probable that altars and pillars were erected in every town of any importance, much the same as a synagogue, in later times. Reference is also made to altars of Baal, of course, with their pillar, Asherah, etc. (Exodus 34. 13; Deut. 12. 3.) In this latter passage we read: "You shall break down their altars and dash in pieces their pillars, and burn their Asherim with fire." The reason for such a destruction was not the stone or pillar in itself, but the immoral practices connected therewith. For we know that altars and pillars were as much in vogue in Israel in the early part of Hebrew history as among the Canaanites. Moses built an altar at Sinai, with twelve stones around or near it (Exodus 24. 4). When the Israelites passed through the Jordan, twelve men took twelve stones from the bed of the river and solemnly set them up at Gilgal. We are all familiar with Ebenezer, the stone of help set up by Samuel. These may be regarded as simple memorial stones. But when we read the story of Jacob at Bethel, the case is different. The fact that he poured oil on the stone on which he rested his head and called it "the house of God" implies clearly that he regarded the stone, not simply as very sacred, but as the abode of deity. And yet it may be objected by saying that we, too, in our day frequently call a church building or a chapel "the house of God," the place where the heavenly Father meets his earthly children, without in any way believing that God dwells in a building made with hands. At the same time we must not forget that nearly four thousand years have passed since Jacob worshiped at Bethel. The sacredness in which stones or pillars were held by ancient Israel may be inferred too from the words of Hosea (3. 4; 10. 1f.), who included them among the privileges

of which Israel would be deprived in exile as a punishment for her sins. There is also a significance in a passage in Isaiah (19. 19), where the prophet speaks of a *mazzebah*, that is, pillar, as a symbol of Egypt's conversion to Jehovah. It seems that pillar and altar were usually connected. The pillar was regarded either as the symbol or the very dwelling place of God. The altar on the other hand was the place on or near which the victim was slain and on which the blood was poured and the sacrifice consumed, wholly or in part; according to the nature of the sacrifice, or the desire of those who offered it. The smearing of pillars with oil, blood, wine, or water was a custom not peculiar to the Semites, but prevailed also among the Greeks, Romans, and other nations.

Coming down to the days of Solomon, we read that he, too, followed ancient usage and had two pillars, Boaz and Jachin, erected in the porch or in front of the temple. No doubt, he was influenced in this by his foreign wives and friends. Unfortunately the wise king grew rationalistic, worldly-minded, and yielded to lower passions and foreign fashions. Possibly these pillars were erected at the suggestion of his Tyrian architect in imitation of Phœnician temple architecture, without any religious convictions whatever. Two such pillars were found at the temple of Melcart (Baal) at Tyre. Herodotus (II. 4) describing a temple dedicated to Hercules at Tyre, speaks of two pillars, one of fine gold, the other of emerald. Pillars are also mentioned in connection with the temples at Paphos and Hierapolis in Egypt. The latter is the Beth-shemesh (house of the Sun), of Jeremiah (43. 13). Here should be mentioned that there were two large brick columns at the entrance of the court of a temple at Nippur.

As stated above we have frequent references in the Old Testament to the *Bamoth*, or high places, of the Canaanites against which the Hebrew prophets and reformers were so loud and persistent in their condemnation. Fortunately, recent archæology has unearthed several of these very sanctuaries, as at Gezér, Tell el-Hesy, Tell-es Safi, Taanach, Megiddo, and Petra. Pillars were found in all of these with the possible exception of Petra, while the altar was wanting, except at Petra. This is not strange, for the altar was less substantial than the *mazzebah*. The pillar, being the symbol, or the very abode of the deity, would naturally be substantial, solid, and permanent. The altar is thus described in Exodus 20. 24, "An altar of earth shalt thou make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt-offerings, and thy peace-offerings, thy sheep, and thine oxen: in all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee. And if thou make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stones." In any case, whether of loose earth or of rude stones loosely put together, it would sooner or later succumb to the elements.

In passing we might explain that the Hebrew word *mizbeach*, from the verb *zabach*, to slaughter for sacrifice, primarily means "a place of slaughter," and not a high place, as altar, probably from Latin *altres*, implies. The fact that altars were generally built on hills or elevated places may account for the term.

Professor Sellin, of Vienna, who carried on rather superficial excavations at Taanach, an old city in the plain of Esdraelon, discovered more than a dozen pillars, or mazzebahs, in three separate parts of the mound. There was a double row of five pillars, ten in all. There were two others, as Sellin believes, which served as private altars. Of a private nature, too, were a libation bowl and an incense altar in terra cotta, curiously decorated. At another place there were two monoliths, "one with a hole in the top and the other with one in its side, for libations." Contrary to the general custom, these two standing stones had been hewn. This, however, may be explained on the supposition that they were of rather a late date, about 1000 B. C. Indeed, the high place at Taanach may have been one of those sanctuaries denounced by the Hebrew prophets. Schumacher brought to light two pillars in the high place at Mut es-Sellin, probably Megiddo of Hebrew history, some four and a half miles southeast of Taanach. These pillars were seven feet eight inches and seven feet high. They were found in what was called the Israelitish stratum, and, therefore, it has been inferred that we have here a Hebrew sanctuary of the time of Jeroboam. Near these pillars were some jars containing the skeletons of children, who had been, perhaps, offered in sacrifice to Moloch or some other strange god.

But by far the most interesting example of a high place is at Gezer. This was scientifically examined, and at great expense, by Bliss and Macalister. This old Canaanitish sanctuary had ten pillars, varying in height from five feet to eighteen feet and a half. Eight of these were in good state of preservation. They stood in a curved line in two groups at a short distance from each other, one of seven, the other of three. Three, seven, and ten were sacred numbers among the Semitic people. The fact that there were ten pillars does not prove that they stood for that many gods, but they were rather set up at different times by different kings or rulers. The second monolith in the row of seven is smoother than the others. It was made so probably by continuous smearing of blood, fat, and other susbstances, as well as by patting, fondling, and kissing. The words of Jehovah to Elijah throw light upon the appearance of this pillar: "Yet will I leave me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which has not *kissed* him" (1 Kings 19. 18; compare Hos. 13. 2). Kissing of sacred objects and idols has prevailed through many ages and in many lands. The black stone in the Kaaba at Mecca is worn perfectly smooth from continuous kissing by Mohammedan pilgrims. Attention might also be called to the statue of Peter in Saint Peter's at Rome, without imputing any idolatry in the latter case, or to stones in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and in many other places.

The seventh stone in the series is altogether different in its composition and structure from its mates. It must have been brought from some other locality, since it differs from stones found at Gezer. Some have conjectured that it came from the Jebusite sanctuary at Jerusalem. According to the Tell el-Amarna tablets, Gezer was at war with Jerusalem when these tablets were written. It is well known that it

was a custom from remote antiquity for victorious kings to plunder temples and to carry away whatever sacred objects they could find or suited them. Nebuchadrezzar and Titus carried trophies from the Temple of Jerusalem. This seventh pillar has a groove cut into it in such a way that a rope could be fastened around it and thus facilitate its removal, or, as Mr. Macalister says, "Apparently to prevent a rope by which it was dragged from slipping." When Mesha, king of Moab, made war upon Israel, he indulged in the same practice. Among other things which he caused to be inscribed upon the Moabite Stone, that is, a stele describing his campaign, we find: "The king of Israel built for himself Ataroth, and I fought against the town and took it, and put to death all the people of the town, and I removed thence the altar-hearth (?) of Dodah [Jehovah?], and I dragged it before Chemosh in Kerioth."

We now come to Petra in Edom where three or four high places have been found—Petra may be the Sela of the Old Testament. We shall notice but one of these, the best preserved and most extensive. It differs greatly from those on the west side of the Jordan, and is no doubt of much more recent date. The sanctuary proper measures forty-seven feet by twenty-four feet, is cut out of the solid rock. The altar, about fifteen feet from this, also "cut out of the rock, is nine feet long, six feet wide, and three feet high." No pillars were discovered in this sacred place, though two mazzebahs were found at some little distance. Whether these had been a part of the original sanctuary, or belonged to another, or, indeed, had any connection with the religious ceremonies can only be a matter of conjecture.

From what has been said, it is seen that sacred stones have been found in practically all lands, among all peoples, and in some connection with "the worship of gods of the most various kinds." Stone-worship is not only very ancient, but had a prominent place in the religions of many nations, all through the ages, and is still very common among heathen people in Asia and Africa. Driver says that even to-day in parts of India every village and town has its sacred stones which are worshiped by the natives.

In conclusion let us say that it is not easy to decide in what light the patriarchs and early Israel regarded their mazzebahs. In the case of Jacob, it is distinctly stated that the *stone* set up by him, and not the *place*, was God's house, or the abode of God (see especially Gen. 28. 22). It is possible, however, that when the patriarch so designated this rude block on which he rested his head and dreamt, he used the word Bethel much in the same way as we do now when we call a chapel or a church building "God's house." Be that as it may, the word Bethel passed through the Phœnicians to the Greeks and Romans, who worshiped their baetylion or baetylia.

Let it also be said that as time went on, as the rude stone gave way to the idol, more or less artistic, and this in turn to the stately obelisk or elegant pillar in stone or metal, so too along with this artistic development there has been a gradual evolution and a truer conception of God,

who dwelleth not in wood or stone or in temple made with hands, but in the heart of his people.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE RE-EVANGELIZATION OF EUROPE

Just here, doubtless, lies the heart of the world-problem. The world needs the gospel above all things. And Europe must be evangelized anew. Or must not one rather say: in part for the first time? But what of America? Have we not reason to ask ourselves: Is not the evangelization of America no less imperative than the evangelization of Europe? But it is a "foreign outlook," not a survey of the home field, that is promised in these pages.

Of all the countries of Europe none seems to show so large a measure of positive, aggressive Christianity as Great Britain. Yet the Christian leaders of that country cannot take it amiss when a clergyman of the Church of England, Canon Hepher of Winchester, publishes a book entitled The Re-evangelization of England. For this is only one of many books calling for a religious reconstruction from the very foundations. There is, for example, a series of books bearing the general title: The Religious Revolution Series. Five years ago we should have expected a series so styled to be not only iconoclastic but even radically negative. Not so to-day. In this era of reconstruction the radicals are in many instances the real conservatives. Radicals of this style have no thought of uprooting positive Christianity, they merely insist upon going to the root of the matter. Or—to change the figure—they would dig down to the rock foundation and build solely upon "the one foundation."

In England many religious thinkers clearly see that the problem is not simply to "reach" the unchurched masses, not merely to "win" them to the forms of Christianity that have hitherto prevailed. Christian thinkers in every branch of the church have been aroused to a sense of the profound defects of modern Christianity. The "Church" now sees the faults not only in the "sects." The Nonconformists, too, are humbly ready to heed the call that judgment should now begin at the house of God. On every hand there is a clear recognition of the divine call to conciliation and understanding among Christians. And this means no mere mutual courtesy and toleration, but mutual recognition and cooperation, which are equivalent to a real union. The new spirit of fellowship toward Dissenters which now prevails in the Church of England is one of God's marvels. From our standpoint there is immense encouragement in the present-day practical exaltation of the Word above the sacraments in the Anglican communion. It seems impossible that in a time of profoundest distress the truth should not break through all barriers, that the sacraments are effectual just because they are a powerful vehicle of the Word. The Word (that is, the gospel of Jesus Christ), the supreme—rightly understood, the all-comprehensive—means of grace! In a time

like this, how could it be otherwise than that everywhere genuine believers should give practical recognition to this truth?

Of course there is not everywhere perfect clearness and essential agreement in the preaching of the message. But when was ever the measure of agreement as to the real message of the gospel so large as to-day? It is particularly gratifying and encouraging to note that it is not the neologies which are gaining the ear of the larger public, but the gospel of Jesus Christ. Not that we see in England a marked revival of religion. Men are running, it is true, after various leaders who promise social or economic betterment; but in so far as men want religion, not many are attracted by the vapid theories which a few years ago so boldly proposed themselves as an improved gospel. If we dare not claim that at present a much larger proportion of the people are religious than just before the war, we may at least be sure that those who want religion want it real.

Concerning the open door for the gospel in France we had occasion to write at some length in a recent number of the REVIEW. It is gratifying to us now to be able to confirm what was there said by highly competent opinion from another quarter. Our broad-minded senior missionary secretary Dr. Frank Mason North, after a careful study of the religious situation on the very ground, has wisely said: "We recognize the fact that France must ultimately be evangelized by the French themselves. Our relation to French Protestantism is to bring to it resources in the way of our ideas, our experience, our money, and our personnel, for the promotion of those agencies that will themselves develop a program of evangelization and social work in France." For our part we hold that it would be a serious mistake for us to seek to develop in France an extensive denominational work. God has set before us in France a great open door, but it is a door which *all* our evangelical churches should enter. Not, however, specially to establish denominational missions—though for practical reasons something of this sort may be necessary here and there. France needs our help; the world has at the present time few needier fields and few which promise so large rewards for our labor. But France does not need and certainly she is not asking for a multiplication of religious denominations; nor would she be grateful for missionary activities controlled from without. Our church, however, has learned much in these wonderful years. We shall not fall into the error which we here deprecate.

Of the religious situation in Russia we all know something, but certainly very few of us know much in comparison with what we earnestly wish to know. For our own part we frankly acknowledge the narrow limits of our understanding of the situation. Some things, however, are clear. In the first place it is clear that the Russian Church has suffered almost as complete a collapse as the old imperial government. The Church was a part of the system, and so it fell with the system. Before the war the prestige and power of the Church were largely factitious. The Russian hierarchy had no such hold on the common people as the Roman hierarchy has in perhaps every Roman Catholic land. Yet the Russians are said to be a very religious people. At present the

Church is utterly unable to give the people the needed light and comfort. But the sects also are unequal to the task. Some of them—the Stundists, for example—show no little pious enthusiasm, but not one of the many sects exhibits the normal evangelical spirit and tendency from which alone a real evangelization of Russia could be expected. The sects are exceedingly diverse in character, but in one respect they are much alike: They are all one-sided, narrow, unenlightened, and superstitious. The number of adherents of the sects, whether taken severally or collectively, is not easy to estimate. The total number, according to some investigators, cannot fall far short of 25,000,000. This reckoning does not include the Jews. Of the remaining millions comparatively few are religiously well anchored. Even those who adhere firmly to the Church find little strength in its cold orthodoxy. Torn asunder by the wildest social and political theories and fancies, the Russian people are indeed as sheep having no shepherd.

Clearly the need is overwhelmingly great. But what of the opportunity to help? What can we actually do? Is there to-day an open door for the gospel in Russia? If we may trust the testimony of men who have had a peculiarly good opportunity to study the Russian situation, we must answer: The door now stands ajar and it will soon be opened wide. And surely nowhere in the world does the Macedonian cry sound more loudly than in Russia to-day.

But what of the missionary policy for Russia? It is manifest that we cannot deal with Russia as we can with France. Numerically French Protestantism is weak, but in spirit and understanding it is strong. We can well go to France to help the French Protestants to build upon the foundation already strongly laid. Strictly speaking, no such foundation has been laid in Russia. Of course there is in Russia much Christianity of a sort, but there is no adequate evangelical basis upon which we may build. Yet even for Russia there is surely a better policy than that we seek to build up a lot of denominations which the people would necessarily look upon as exotic. We are confident that our leaders, not only in Methodism but also in the other churches, will be too broad-minded and wise to adopt any narrow policy.

We refuse to ask the question, whether the Russian people will fairly respond to the gospel. Is it not the universal gospel that we preach—the gospel of the Son of man? There is an ugly saying, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." The true disciple of Jesus will amend the saying to read: "You will find a man." The Russians are a most human people, but they are a people sadly in need of light and guidance. Bolshevism is a tremendous peril, but the Bolshevists themselves are made of the same stuff as the rest of us. In this hour of "the red peril" it may be quite necessary to meet Bolshevism with the drawn sword of defense; but the cure of Bolshevism is the truth of God. We confidently expect to see a vast evangelical movement in Russia in the years just before us.

The religious problem in the Balkans is in part analogous to that in Russia. The elimination of the political power of Islam in Europe and

the weakening of the power of the Greek Church even in the Balkans means for us that evangelical Christianity has a new and great opportunity in all this region.

Concerning the enlarged opportunity for the gospel in Italy a few words may suffice. If the basis of operation is less ideal here than in France, it is nevertheless far better than it was a few years ago. When we remember how extensive the estrangement of the people of Italy from the papacy has become and how cordially the Italians welcomed the services of the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association, it must be evident to us that the opportunity of evangelical Christianity in Italy has been wonderfully enlarged in these years of the world war. And now also we are—rightly enough—beginning to take a new interest in Spain.

And now what of Hungary and the other non-German states that were parts of the dual monarchy? Of the newest religious conditions and tendencies in these countries we cannot speak with much certainty. Broadly speaking, however, these intensely Roman Catholic countries constitute a part of our problem. Just what may be our immediate duty is not altogether clear. We venture, however, to call attention to the admirable quality of some of the evangelical forces that have long been at work in Bohemia, and we would suggest the same policy of cooperation there that we have recommended for France. In German Austria Protestantism is numerically weak, but even here there are some hopeful signs. We do not mean the old "Los-von-Rom" (Away-from-Rome) Movement, for that in and of itself was largely a political movement. Yet even before the war the conditions for the enlarging life of the Protestant churches showed an improvement. The restricted toleration of the Protestant "sects" which Austria practiced before the war will now doubtless give way to full liberty in matters of religion.

The religious problem in Germany is peculiarly complex. At present the shadows are deep. Yet those who know the religious life of Germany best believe that some rays of light are to be seen among the shadows. The most striking fact in the present religious situation in Germany is the way in which the religious leaders have been eclipsed by men of a wholly different order. The cause of this phenomenon is not obscure. The former subjection of the church to the monarchical state was such as to discredit the church in the eyes of all the liberally inclined people. The estrangement of the masses of the people from the church had progressed to an astonishing extent. And now with the fall of the monarchy the church as a politically constituted body which had been trained in the completest subserviency to the monarchy has in a sense fallen too. Those ministers who have had a message of real strength and comfort for the people will be rehabilitated as ministers of Christ, but the average clergyman will be repudiated by the majority of the people as having represented a system now overthrown. The complete disestablishment of the church is a part of the program of the present government. From the standpoint of American Christians this should turn out for the furtherance of the gospel. It is only as a minister stands clearly in the

office of a minister of Christ rather than as a state official that he can perform his true mission. In the present time, therefore, the ministers will be striving to reestablish themselves or to regain a hearing. For a time the clergyman *as clergyman* is sure to be pretty generally discredited. But after a longer or shorter period those men who have a real message of truth and righteousness and love will get a good hearing for the sake of their cause. In the meantime it is highly significant and interesting that the most noted theologians seem to be exerting extremely little influence on the public life of the people. If they get the rehabilitation which their abilities and their general character deserve, they must get it by virtue of a new spirit in relation to the common people.

If the question is once again raised, whether there is enough of genuine evangelical Christianity in Germany to leaven the nation, we can only answer that it is a question of time and of the relative temporary strength of conflicting parties. Possibly matters may be worse before they are better. Possibly for a season the *Zeitgeist* may seem to triumph over the gospel. The present situation is indeed very serious. But even in Germany God has not left himself without witness. Anyone who knows something of the spirit of such men as Schlatter and Ihmels and Loofs and Richter (professors of theology) or Hunzinger in Hamburg, Conrad in Berlin, Meinhof in Halle (pastors) will find it impossible to be altogether hopeless even respecting Germany. It is true, we still wait for the due acknowledgment of national guilt. Yet surely we find here and there expressions of an eminently Christian attitude on the part of German (and Austrian) Christians. A very interesting example of the way in which "tribulation works patience, and patience triedness, and triedness hope" among German Christians is to be found in the article on "Prayer and the War" by the Rev. Otto Melle, Superintendent of Methodist Missions in Austria-Hungary, a translation of which appeared in The Christian Advocate for April 10, 1919. The article originally appeared in an organ of Christians of the State Churches. "The German Christian who loves his nation cannot be blind toward the sins of his nation. . . . Sins against the laws of God have been proclaimed as natural rights, yes, even as virtues. Measureless pride was to be seen everywhere. What would have become of us, if we had won a glorious victory? . . . God has put us into the furnace, that he may purge us from our sins and prove our sincerity, our faith and our love. . . . It is of the highest importance that the people shall not sink in night and doubt, but find the way back to God, who is able to comfort, to help, and to heal. . . . Who knows what plans God has for us—and for the others? . . . What is progress in the eyes of men may be in God's eyes a failure. . . . O nation, that once hadst men like Luther, that in the time of the Reformation wast light and salt to the world, think of the special gifts bestowed upon thee. Take the hand of the Father, that smites thee; it is the hand of eternal love. . . . The deep humiliation—if only thou goest back to thy heavenly Father in sincere contrition of heart like the prodigal son—will be a way to a far better glory than this world knows, even to *His* glory." Such utterances are apparently relatively few, but they are

numerous enough to afford us no little encouragement. Even before the war there were many evidences that God had kept for himself in the German nation a remnant that had not bowed the knee to the gods of this world. Once, for example, Rade was discussing the delusion of all wars animated by the lust of power. "But (someone may ask) does no war make a people morally better? Yes, a disastrous war!" Rade has now before him the supreme example of a disastrous war. The whole world is ready to agree that a German triumph would have been a moral disaster for the world, above all for Germany herself. May we not hope that God's awful demonstration of the truth that all power is of God, the the God of righteousness, may cause even Germany to "be still and know that Jehovah is God"?

Now is Germany to be regarded as a field for missionary activity like Russia, or may we intrust the work of re-evangelization to the Christian forces already in the country? We believe the answer has already been implicitly given. Germany does tremendously need an evangelical awakening, but she has within herself the men of faith who can lead in the work. Help and encouragement from without she will need, and after a season would probably be in a mood to welcome it.

A really important problem, which only time can solve, is the effect of the war upon the fundamental tendencies of German theology. It is important even for us, because in the new world an isolated theology is unthinkable. God grant that we may henceforth be free from the spell of certain negative tendencies in German theology. But no one who knows the powerful evangelical spirit of some of the leaders of German theology can wish utterly to banish *all* theological thought that comes from that land. Now is it possible that the tremendous experiences of the last few years will have helped to reveal even to the Germans themselves the fruitlessness of the negative theology? We dare to hope it. Not that we are commending theological conservatism as over against theological liberalism. The attitude of many of the German theological conservatives to the fundamental questions of international righteousness was just as bad as that of the liberals. It is not what is commonly called conservatism for which we contend, but Christian reality. We hope for a turning of the hearts and minds even of the theologians to the Christ of the Gospels. A return to traditional views in matters of historical criticism we do not prophesy. The general return of Germany to the sincere faith of the gospel may come slowly, but here alone lies her salvation.

The war which has come to a close was a war among nations, a war largely provoked by the ambitions of autocratic dynasties. Apparently there lies before us a tremendous struggle among the classes and the masses. We trust it will not be a great bloody war. Yet the whole world is forced to ask itself: What are the things that belong to our peace? We are sure the answer lies only in the gospel of Christ.

Everywhere the one great need is the light and the power of the gospel. In calling for a general re-evangelization we are immeasurably removed from questioning the present power of the gospel among great

multitudes in all the so-called Christian lands. But in view of the other multitudes in every land that are estranged from the gospel, we hold that the program of the church should be an evangelization so thorough, so fundamental, so sweeping as to deserve to be called a re-evangelization.

It is a matter for humble gratitude to God that the United States of America has been so largely animated by Christian motives not only in the war but also in the determination of the conditions of peace. This will be a new world indeed, when the leaders of all nations hold to the principles which have been the firm foundation of President Wilson's international policy. And in fact he has not stood alone. There is strength and cheer for us all in the words which Viscount Grey, now stricken with blindness, gave to his biographer, Harold Begbie, as his last message. "I want to say to people," said Viscount Grey, "that there is a real way out of all this mess materialism has got them into. I've been trying to tell them for thirty years. It's Christ's way. Mazzini saw it. We've got to give up quarreling. We've got to come together. We've got to realize that we're members of the same family. There's nothing that can help humanity (I'm perfectly sure there isn't—*perfectly sure*) except love. Love is the way out and the way up. That's my farewell to the world." A happy day for the world when all our statesmen shall be such preachers of the gospel of Christ!

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Religious Reality. A Book for Men. By A. E. J. Rawlinson, formerly Tutor of Keble College and late Chaplain to the Forces. 12mo, pp. xi+183. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, $1.50, net.

We do not often come across a religious book addressed directly to laymen on the great truths of Christianity. There is need for such writings in view of the quickened interest of laymen in the purpose and mission of the Christian gospel. Such books must give a reasoned account of Christianity, and make clear the essential reasonableness of the Faith, without evading any of the theoretical or practical problems nor offering readymade solutions. These excellent qualities are found in the present volume. When it is understood that it is addressed to men of the Anglican Church and that it was written as the result of experience in preparing men and officers in military hospitals for confirmation, we can appreciate the author's standpoint. But the spirit of suave self-complacency with the position of the Church of England is somewhat tantalizing to the outsider. There are many things in the book with which we radically disagree, particularly the sections on the sacraments and the ministry, but we overlook and even disregard these parts, to turn our attention to the rest of the book, which is really stimulating. The first part, on "The Theory of the Christian Religion," is devoted to what is

fundamental to Christianity; this refers more especially to chapters one to seven. That on "The Holy Trinity" is very suggestive. "There are conceptions of God proclaimed from Christian pulpits which are less than the full Christian conception of God. The God who is eternal Energy and Life and Love, the God who is revealed in Christ, and whose Spirit is the Spirit of Freedom and Brotherhood and Truth, is neither the tyrant God of the Calvinist, nor the dead-alive God of the traditionalist, nor the obscurantist God of those who would decry knowledge and quench the Spirit. Neither, again, is God the God of militarists, a God who delights in carnage; or the God who is thought of by his worshipers as being mainly the God of the sacristy, a kind of 'supreme guardian of the clerical interest in Europe.' Least of all is God the commonplace deity of commonplace people, a sort of placid personification of respectability, the God whose religion is the religion of 'the Conservative Party at prayer.' He is a consuming Energy of Life and Fire. His eyes are 'eyes of Flame,' and his inmost essence a white-hot passion of sacrifice and self-giving. At the heart of his self-revelation there is a Cross, the eternal symbol of the almightiness of Love: the Cross which is the source and the secret of all true victory, and newness of life, and peace." If this truth, so well expressed, were consistently applied, there could be no place for the ecclesiastical pretensions which underlie and vitiate the discussions in the subsequent chapters on "Sacraments," "Clergy and Laity," "Corporate Worship and Communion." Part II, on "The Practice of the Christian Religion," is concerned with questions of Christian aim and motive, and the bearing of Christianity on commerce, industry, politics, and war. "Christianity means the Christianization of life as a whole." The fullness of its noble ideal is strikingly set forth in the following paragraphs. "It is the ideal of consecration to service. It means discipleship in Christ's school of unselfishness, both individual and corporate: for there is a selfishness of the family, of the class, or of the nation, which bears as bitter fruit in the world as does the selfishness of the individual. Christianity, in a word, means the carrying out into daily practice of the ideal of the *Imitatio Christi*, the imitation of Jesus Christ, in the spirit if not in the letter. It means that as he was, so are we to be in the world. It means that all things, whatsoever we do, are to be done in his Spirit and to his glory: that our every thought is to be led captive under the obedience of Christ. It means that we are to love God because God first loved us, and to love men because they are our brothers in the family of God: because love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. It means that we are to consecrate all comradeship and loyalty and friendship, all sorrow and all joy, by looking upon them as friendship and loyalty and comradeship in Christ, as sorrow and joy in him. It means that we are to live glad, strong, free, clean lives as sons of God in our Father's House. It means also struggle and hardship. It means truceless war against the spirit of selfishness, against everything that tends to drag us down, against the law of sin in our own members. It means a truceless war against low ideals and tolerated evils in the world about us. It means

soldiership in the eternal crusade of Christ against whatsoever things are false and dishonest and unjust and foul and ugly and of evil report. It is an ideal which, considered in isolation from the Christian gospel of redemption and the power of the Holy Spirit, could only terrify and daunt a man who had a spark of honesty in his composition: and for this reason the mass of men refuse to take it seriously. It is an ideal which, in the case of all who do take it seriously, convinces them of sin. Nevertheless to lower the ideal, to abate one jot of its severity, to compromise, on the score of human weakness, though it were but in a single particular, the flawless perfection of its standard, were to prove false to all that is highest within us, and traitor to the cause of Christ.

'Never, O Christ—so stay me from relenting—
Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul.' "

The chapter on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage" touches on some of the vital problems of practical ethics. His ideas of temperance are very defective and must be rejected. A better interpretation of this question is contained in Why Prohibition? by Stelzle. The third part, on "The Maintenance of the Christian Life," has brief but lucid expositions of prayer, self-examination, and repentance, worship, and the devotional use of the Bible. What is here written is acceptable, with the exception of High Church intrusions that must be both discounted and discountenanced by those who enjoy the freedom of evangelical Christianity. The volume as a whole breathes the spirit of brotherhood and of reality.

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D., with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE, D.D., and JOHN C. LAMBERT, D.D. Octavo, Volume II. Macedonia—Zion. Pp. xii+724. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $6 net.

THE first volume of this excellent Dictionary appeared in 1916 and now appears the second volume, showing the same marks of scholarly ability of its predecessor, and having in mind more especially the needs of the preacher. These two volumes and the Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, also in two volumes, make a contribution of the first grade to the study of the New Testament. While these volumes are prepared for preachers, their purpose is not to furnish "homiletical material" but to give a liberal and broadening culture which will enable them to become skillful in rightly dividing the word of truth. Attention is thus given to political and social conditions and customs in the Roman Empire, where Christianity so speedily and extensively established itself. Articles on "Roman Empire," "Roman Law in the N. T.," "Trade and Commerce," "Trial at Law" bring to us information that is not easily available. The religions with which Christianity came into conflict are also described and discussed. The article on "Mystery, Mysteries" gives the results of research on the mystery-religion. It maintains, in opposition to certain scholars, that Paul was not dependent on them for his theological thought. As the writer on "Quotations" points out: "The

analogies with Stoical writings and the mystery-religions, at all events, show the influence of the *Zeitgeist* rather than first-hand study of the literature." The scope of the Dictionary is not strictly confined to the Apostolic Age. There are articles on the "Sibylline Oracles," helpful in the study of New Testament eschatology; the "Odes of Solomon" which were imitations in Christian Circles of the Psalms; the "Wisdom of Solomon" and the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," dealing with the background of the New Testament writings. The article on "Mysticism" touches on the mystical element in Christianity which does not, however, rest on a mystical basis, for it is "a historical religion founded on facts, apart from which the experience of Christian believers is inexplicable; that experience is mystical in proportion as the soul has direct personal intercourse with God through Christ." The greatest historical fact is the "Resurrection of Christ," on which there is an exhaustive article of thirty-nine double column pages by Professor J. M. Shaw, dealing thoroughly with all the important issues. "It is the fontal source or spring of the apostolic faith, that which brought the church into existence and set it moving with that wonderful vitality and power which lie before us in the N. T. Much of modern historical criticism attempts to find the impulse which constitutes Christianity in the impression of the life and teaching of Jesus on his disciples. But so far as that went, and if that were all, there would have been no such thing as the Christianity of the apostles. There might have been memories of him, there might have been a school of thought founded on his teaching, but there would have been no living faith, no Christian gospel, no Apostolic Church." Part V of this able article reviews the older and more recent attempts to explain or rather explain away this central fact of the gospel, but the author shows conclusively, in the light of all evidence, converging and cumulative, that there is no other single historic incident better supported than the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. This article alone is worth the price of the volume, and the study of it will be profitable in many directions. We next turn to the article on "Paul," the apostle of the Resurrection gospel, from the practiced pen of Professor James Stalker. "While many figures of the past are unintelligible and incomprehensible, he is as human as if he had walked in upon us out of the street. This may be partly due to the details of his life being so well known and his words read so frequently in our hearing; but it is traceable still more directly to the largeness of his humanity and the realism of his thinking." The article on "Ministers, Ministry," by the well-known Anglican scholar Dr. Plummer, reaches a conclusion which sacramentalists would do well to ponder: "The priesthood belongs to Christians, not as individuals, but as members of the church, in the 'royal priesthood' of which each has a share; and the sacrifice which each brings is service and self-consecration, made acceptable by union with the sacrifice offered by Christ." Baptism and the Eucharist are the Christian sacraments *par excellence*, and they are considered in their Godward and manward aspects with reference to the sacramental observance of the early church. "They possessed in com-

mon similar general relation to the entire scheme of redemption. Both were means toward the fulfillment of the mystical union with Christ. Both had respect to the sacrifice offered by him on the Cross. Both were inseparably connected with the cardinal fact of the resurrection. Both looked up to a Prince and a Saviour by the right hand of God exalted. Both had in view the constitution and service of the body corporate and the communion of saints. Both belong to a spiritual order which bore witness to the one hope of the coming and Kingdom of the Christ of God." The articles on "Preaching" and "Teaching" relate these two functions. "Apostolic preaching was the spontaneous, authoritative announcement of a truth felt to be new to the experience of man, and explicable only in the light of the incarnation, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ as Saviour of men." On the other hand, "teaching was the calmer and more systematic instruction in the details of Christian truth and duty which followed the summons to repentance and saving faith." The article on the "Old Testament" is far too short even though it is supplemented by one on "Quotations." Considering the influence of the Septuagint in apostolic preaching, it is surprising there is no article on the subject. The theological articles are Biblical, historical, and experimental. See the articles on "Mediation, Mediator," "Perseverance," "Parousia," "Propitiation," "Ransom," "Reconciliation," "Redemption," "Regeneration," "Repentance," "Resurrection," "Sacrifice," "Salvation," "Sanctification," "Sin," "Union with God." What excellent subjects for sermons and how stimulating is the treatment of these themes in this volume! "Righteousness," by Moffatt, is an important contribution, and, like everything from this writer, the article shows a perfect mastery of the subject. He also has an elaborate article on "War." What he writes about the literature of war does not apply to his own discussion: "The European war has naturally produced a crop of pamphlets and studies, which occasionally discuss the early church's attitude to war in general, but seldom to any scientific profit; the large majority, whether written by pacifists or by patriots, suffer from an unhistorical imagination and for the most part discover evidence for conclusions already formed." The article on "Persecution" practically deals with all the periods of church history up to the present day, and traces the varying currents of this bitter spirit and its damaging influence. The gradual disappearance of intolerance from among religious bodies has been due to the prevalence of the view that absolute certainty is difficult of attainment, and that no system or creed embodies the whole truth of Christianity. The series of word studies deserve attention, such as "Meekness," "Mercy," "Patience," "Peace," "Perfection," "Self-denial," "Soberness," "Temperance," "Thanksgiving," "Unity," "Rest," "Worldliness." All this is exceedingly suggestive for expository preaching as the theological articles are for doctrinal preaching. As might be expected, there are good articles on the characters of the New Testament both the better and the lesser known: here is material for biographical preaching. The articles on the epistles are scholarly, but they are treated from the standpoint of the preacher and not the professional theologian or exegete. There are also any number

of articles on the towns and countries mentioned in the New Testament or in any way bearing on the activity of the Apostolic Church. Mention must also be made of the discerning references to literature in connection with the articles, which would be welcomed by the student who desires to go further afield in study. The value of this volume will increase with use. No preacher who wants to be fully informed and well equipped should think of doing without this set of books.

Catechetics; or Theory and Practice of Religious Instruction. By M. Reu, D.D., Professor of Theology in Wartburg Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa. Chicago: Wartburg Publishing House, 1918. Price, $2.50. Pages xi, 716.

There have been historically two methods of admission into the Church: by conversion or confession of faith, and by catechetics and confirmation leading up to confession of faith, conversion or its equivalent being understood as involved in the process (baptism, of course, is presupposed in both methods). The first was used in apostolic times, and is well illustrated in the case of the Ethiopian eunuch who was returning from one of the great feasts in Jerusalem: "The Spirit said to Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran to him, and heard him reading Isaiah the prophet, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some one shall guide me? And he besought Philip to come up and sit with him." The passage of the Scripture was Isa. 53. 7, 8. The eunuch asked, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other?" And beginning from this Scripture Philip brought him good tidings of Jesus. And as they went along the road they came to a certain water; and the eunuch said, "Behold, water! What doth hinder me to be baptized? And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they both went down into the water . . . and he baptized him." (Acts 8. 27-38.) Here there was no preliminary instruction, no probation or catechumenate, but entrance into the church was immediate on confession of faith. It was a case of instantaneous conversion and instantaneous admission. But as years passed there was an uneasiness felt in the reading of this passage in the congregations. "Could the way to the glorious blessing of Church fellowship among Christian believers be so easy, so simple, so direct, so immediate? By oversight there must have been something omitted in this text. The copyist of this manuscript must have dropped out a question. Philip at least asked him if he had sincere faith in Jesus. Now we ask more, of course, but formerly they asked that much anyhow. So it is only right that I should put in here what the copyist of this roll left out by mistake." That was the argument of the later readers of the manuscript of what we have as the last part of Acts 8. For this reason these later readers and copyists inserted our verse 37: "And Philip said, If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." But even with that addition it was a very brief course of catechetics, so brief

as to confound even our Methodist preparation. Our revival methods are slow by the side of the rapid conversion and reception of the Ethiopian God-fearer. But in the later apostolic times there are numerous evidences of two things: systematic instruction in Christianity and a definite confession of faith in a kind of creedal form. We cannot stop to give the passages, but there is ample proof in the New Testament of a humble beginning of the science of catechetics so amply, learnedly, and interestingly treated by Professor Reu in this volume. By A. D. 180-190, as we learn from the new fragment of Irenæus discovered in an Armenian translation, and published in German in 1907 by two Armenian scholars who had studied in Germany, the instruction was quite full; including a threefold baptismal confession, a "history of the revelation of God and of the economy of grace from the creation to the entrance of the Israelites in Canaan, adding a brief reference to Solomon and the prophets, closing with a presentation of the incarnation and redemption work of Christ as a perfect fulfillment of prophecy, stress, however, being laid upon moral discipline both at the beginning and the end." (Reu, p. 25.) The author sketches the history of catechetics from the beginning to the present (pp. 7-219), then he gives a fine treatment of the spiritual and psychological side (the pupil and his inner life, pp. 219-303), then the aim (pp. 303-313), the material, such as Bible, catechism, etc. (pp. 313-481), the method, in which he even gives practical examples of how to teach Bible history, catechism, hymns (pp. 481-676), and the close of religious instruction in confirmation, etc., etc. (pp. 676-700). The whole is buttressed by extended bibliographies and indexes. It is scientific and thorough, the ablest and most interesting book on catechetics and religious education yet produced in English. Though this reviewer would state some of the New Testament parts differently, he has to give testimony to this unique work, the most valuable ever done by an American, in this section of historical and practical theology.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, with the assistance of John A. Selbie and Louis H. Gray. Vol. X, Picts—Sacraments. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons (Edinburgh: Clark), 1919. 4to, xx, 915 pages.

That in the height of the world war which struck Great Britain fearfully hard Dr. Hastings and his noble publishers, Clark, could issue the second and last volume of the Dictionary of the Apostolic Church, and the tenth volume of the above seems almost a miracle. Though the world is in turmoil all is quiet within the gates of the ancient town of Saint Andrews, and in the libraries where patient scholars dig for knowledge and wisdom as for hid treasures. An esteemed reviewer, to whom this volume had been sent by mistake, in forwarding it to the writer, said: "I am sending Encyclopædia, etc. I was interested to read in the last number of the Expository Times that the Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics has been in constant demand during these years of war, and also that it is more frequently consulted in the Vatican than any other set of

volumes [which shows that, however it may be with Protestant clergy and scholars, the studious priests of Rome know a good thing when they see it]. If our preachers could be persuaded to purchase these volumes and study the articles, what a renaissance in preaching there would be! The new day demands a better type of preaching, and if the Church does not give it, God have mercy on us!" Every preacher should have the whole series of the Hastings Dictionaries in his library, the International Standard Bible Encyclopædia, and the last edition of either the Encyclopædia Britannica (not the Handy edition with its atrocious small print) or of the New International Encyclopædia, read them diligently, without swallowing all their theology and biblical criticism, and then pour their information into his sermons. Or, better, every church ought to put these works into the parsonage as indispensable furniture. The intellectual thinness of the ordinary sermon is a caution. We have made a count of the nationality of the contributors to volume X, with the following result, which is, of course, only approximately correct. England (including Wales and India), 100; Scotland, 27; United States, 24; France, 5; Germany, 4; Canada, 3; Ireland, Japan, Belgium, Finland, Australia, 2 each; Holland, Sweden, Russia, Switzerland, 1 each. While comparative religion is treated thoroughly, church history, theology, and affiliated subjects are not without large representation. We have read with deep interest the articles Pilgrim Fathers, Puritans, Ritschlianism, Regeneration, etc. We make a note or two. Lake is quoted as saying: "Baptism is here (Rom. 6. 3; Gal. 3. 27) clearly indicated as effecting a union with Christ." Whereas Rom. 6. 3 says nothing about a union with Christ, and Gal. 3. 27 speaks of those who having received Christ have been baptized into and unto him, and have thus been symbolically and publicly clothed upon with him. According to the intense and ready figures of the Orient, the closing around of the water upon the person was a kind of new clothing or putting on of Christ. Lake proceeds: "Baptism is, for Saint Paul and his readers, universally and unquestioningly accepted as a 'mystery' or sacrament which works *ex opere operato*" (from the mere automatic administration of the sacrament), and says that this was the universal teaching. Two things are against this: first, the universal emphasis upon faith, hope, and love as the means of salvation and the comparative silence about sacraments; and, second, the attitude of Paul in reference to administration of sacraments (1 Cor. 1. 14-17). It is inconceivable that Paul looked upon water as a magical "open sesame" of salvation and then was indifferent to its application. On the contrary, he would have been strenuous in insisting on immense baptisms, crowding streams, and rivers with his converts and himself officiating. For Wooley (High Church) on Sacerdotalism we have to say that Paul was compelled to use the terms of his day, but whether he used them in the pagan or technical sense is to be learned from his whole teaching. The "altar" of Heb. 10. 13 is not the table of the Supper, which is never referred to in the whole epistle, but is Jesus himself suffering without the gate (verse 12), and the sacrifice he asks is not his body and blood in the Supper, but the sacrifice of praise to God continually, the fruit of lips which make confession to

his name (verse 15). Wooley has to admit that in the New Testament it is the church, and not the ministry, which is the "priestly people." But he misinterprets Clement of Rome if he means that he had the proper priestly idea. On this point and others Lightfoot in his dissertation on the ministry is more scientific. With Cyprian, however, we come to priesthood in the proper sense. Cruickshank, on Proselyte, speaks of the fact already mentioned by Schürer that the term proselytes of the gate is a misnomer, though used by the later rabbis themselves, as these were not proselytes at all. For the latter three things were necessary: circumcision, baptism (immersion), and a sacrificial offering. But the term expresses an actual condition, namely, the existence of numerous pagan God-fearers who attended synagogue and were half-converts to Judaism. As is well known, these were the feeders of Christianity. There is an able article by pastor Keer on Propitiation (introductory and biblical), and two others on Greek and Roman propitiation. The three articles on Prostitution are written with fine scholarship, and that on Indian prostitution reveals horrible liberties allowed to tribal customs by the very tolerant British government. It is interesting to see the venerable König here with his usual learning on Prophecy (Hebrew), though the briefer article by another on Prophecy (Christian) is hardly up to the scholarly ideals of the encyclopædia. Cobbin in Private Judgment gives the oft-quoted words of Erasmus, "Where Lutheranism flourishes the sciences perish," a judgment as narrow as false. The two articles in moral theology, Probabiliorism and Probabilism, are given to Roman Catholics, as is fair, though the article by Joyce is unfair. Though slight discrepancies have been shown in Pascal's quotations (scientific literalism here is a recent gain), his substantial accuracy has been abundantly proved. Far from being a "caricature," his Provincial Letters are as true as they were damaging to much moral teaching in the church, especially to Probabilism, which while striking in the face all New Testament exhortations (compare 1 Thess. 5. 22) has encouraged a moral laxness in Roman Catholic lands which—human nature being as it is—has been and is a fearful scandal to the Christian religion.

Faith's Certainties. By J. Brierley. 12mo, pp. 288. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, $1.50.

Once more we let Brierley speak, especially for comparison with Boreham as a preacher's essayist: for which purpose we select the essay on Deep-rooted Souls: In a sense we are all deep-rooted, rooted as deep as the universe itself. We are part of a system of things of which no beginning is discernible, and no end. Our bodies are, in their essence, as old as the seas and the everlasting hills. They draw from them and will go back to them. There never was a time in which they were not; there will be never a time in which they cease to be. Our present sense of weakness, of decay, is only a temporary sense. Our ultimate being is in strength—the strength of eternity. When our bodies die it is for them to begin a new life, under new forms, but always a being, a life. While

we tenant them, the process is ever going on. And every moment the universe is passing into them, they into the universe. And mind is as old as matter. There has never been one without the other. There could never have been matter without a mind to know it as matter. Our mind, be sure, has this same quality of everlastingness. In what anterior forms, in what posterior forms, who knows? We remember the curious speculation of Leibnitz that all souls are perfected in a sort of organized body, which at the time of generation has undergone a certain transformation and augmentation. We prefer here what Emerson has to say: "I cannot tell if the wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame shall ever reassemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have had before a natural history. But this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in my grave, but that they circulate throughout the universe. Before the world was, they were." In one form or another we are, then, and shall continue to be, old inhabitants of this universe, rooted, we say, in its everlastingness. But all that is a somewhat far cry. What we want to deal with here is not so much our fortunes in the far past or in the far future, but those of to-day and to-morrow. We are thinking of the sort of souls we are producing, and are likely to produce under the influences of our present civilization. It is so much a question of the soil they are growing in; of its depth and richness. Souls are here very much like trees. Like them they depend on two things—their inward nature and their environment. You cannot make a kidney bean into an oak by any manuring process. On the other hand, you cannot grow oaks in Lapland, or in the sand of the Sahara desert. Give your acorn the right soil, a soil with depth in it and richness of quality, and you have promise of your oak, that tree of centuries. And do you notice, given its chance, what a wonderful individuality, one may say, what a force of character, your tree develops! With an infallible instinct, its roots, searching amid all the varieties the underlying earth contains, accept what is good for it, what feeds its life, and rejects all else. It knows what it wants, and keeps to that; absorbs it into its very self. To those other things it presents a relation only of contact and of quiet rejection. It is here that oakhood offers so potent a lesson to manhood. The deep-rooted oak has so much to say concerning the deep-rooted soul. We are thronged to-day with schemes of education; we are on the quest for the method, the scientific method, of producing the best men and the best women. Everybody sees that it is largely an affair of soil, of the kind of underground earth we are preparing on which the soul-germ shall root itself and find its nourishment. We are all agreed, too, that the soil shall be such as shall feed the right kind of character; shall help the growth of the right affections, of the high and noble ideals. And for this we all say that it must be rooted in truth, the essential truth of life. But what, and where, is that truth; how is it to be found? Here we are at issue. The twentieth century is at a vital point; a point where there is deadly disagreement. How critical the issue is, and how ominous the disagreement, is brought vividly before us in a small work issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate

in their Home University Library, entitled, A History of Freedom of Thought. The author is Professor J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University. Speaking from that authoritative vantage ground, the professor offers us what he conceives to be a true history of human progress up to the present day, and an indication of the path it is to pursue in the future. Let us see the kind of soil in which, according to the professor, the future generations are to grow. The book is, from beginning to end, frankly materialistic. Our first feeling about it is the oddity of the title. It is called a history of the freedom of thought; its entire subject is the non-freedom of thought, the complete slavery of the human spirit. We are chained beings in a chained universe, the controlling powers of which are matter and force. The religious view, which offers us a universe beginning with mind and resting on love, with man as an offspring of that mind, endowed with freedom, and responsible for his actions to that mind; in short, the whole idea of God, freedom and immortality, is dismissed as illusion, with no scientific basis. There is no such thing as a creative intelligence, a divine purpose in the world. As a specimen of the kind of argument by which this hopeful conclusion is sustained, we may cite the Professor's treatment of the design argument. He thinks it sufficient for the exploding of this argument to point to the imperfections that appear in nature, in structures such as the human body. He quotes Helmholtz as saying of the eye that "if an optician sent it to me as an instrument, I should send it back with reproaches for the carelessness of his work, and demand the return of my money." So we are to believe that because the thing may be bettered, there is no design! It is curious reasoning. Would any man conclude of a watch, because it was possible to produce a better, that there was no design in it? Would a Helmholtz hold that because the watch was imperfect, it was the work, not of an optician, but of the mindless operation of a nebulous mist? If he did say that, would it suggest to us anything beyond the enormous faith of philosophers in search of an atheistic conclusion? Has it occurred to these philosophers that in creating an imperfect world, the mind behind it—supposing a mind—may have reasons of its own for temporary imperfection? That there were reasons for starting us in an imperfect world, as a scene of education for us, as a condition of our own education in working with that mind, as co-operators in improving it, and by that means of improving ourselves? Has it occurred to them that if this mind was one which contemplated as a final end the development of human spirits, in strength and happiness, that the end would be better secured by putting us in a world where there was something for us to do, rather than in one where everything was done, and ourselves placed there, with our hands in our pockets, simply as idle lookers on? And we say that this is not a true history of freedom of thought, but an entirely partisan and one-sided one. It gives us the supposed triumph of materialism. It leaves out the free thought, the conclusions of equally free and cultivated minds that have arrived at a different conclusion. It attacks Christianity for its supposed opposition to freedom. It leaves out all it has done for the

deepening and enriching of the human spirit. It mentions Hegel as an opponent of Christianity. It has nothing to say of the Hegelian Caird of Balliol, of how he shows what a Christian a Hegelian can be. It has no mention of Fichte, or of what he thought of the Christianity of Christ. The history is supposed to be up to date, but we find in it nothing of Martineau, with his magnificent vindication of the spirituality of the cosmos, no word of Dr. Ward's Realm of Ends, nothing of Romanes, nothing of Eucken, who is revolutionizing German thought; and not a word of Bergson, of the great argument by which he shows how the necessitarians have been all along attacking the problem of free will from the wrong end with a wrong conclusion; nothing of Sir Oliver Lodge, of Sir William Crookes—nothing, in fact, of that whole intellectual process by which minds of the first eminence in science and philosophy have been delivering us from the slough of fatalism, from the nightmare of a chance-begotten world, and giving our poor humanity renewed reasons for hope, for aspirations, for noble living! A fine soil this, surely, which our professor is preparing for young Cambridge and young England to grow in! What room, what nourishment in it for the spiritual life of man? What room for the soul's highest exercises; for reverence, for love, for purity, for self-sacrifice; what room for all this in a world which has, back of it, no object of reverence, no love, no purity; but only soulless atoms, with chance as their governor; and with nothing in front of it but blank annihilation? What room for courage, except the courage of despair? The "freedom" it offers us is the Horatian freedom, to "pluck the day, for there is no to-morrow;" a freedom to eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Against reasonings of this kind—very poor reasoning at best—we prefer with Pascal to rely on the heart's reasonings, the soul's deepest instincts. The heart's instinct tells us that our noblest thought, instead of being above the actuality of the universe, is immeasurably below it. And the verdict of the truest feeling is ever a religious verdict. We remember here brave Dr. Johnson's remark on Hume's nihilism, "All that Hume has advanced had passed through my own mind long before." In spite of Hume the Doctor would trust his heart's verdict. All the great souls have rooted themselves deeper than in matter and force. Our twentieth century will have to find some better soil than this if, in its turn, it is to produce great souls. It has no large harvest of them just now. It is funny to note the condescending air with which our modern chatterers talk of "the Victorian age," as if any of them can compare for a moment with the voices of that age; with Tennyson and Browning, with Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot. And all these were deeply religious spirits. In the age of Darwin and evolution, and the most revolutionary discoveries in the realm of matter, they had struck deep into a realm beyond it. We mention George Eliot. She had broken loose from the dogmatic creeds. She had translated Feuerbach and Strauss; was the companion of Lewes, the intimate of Herbert Spencer, the admirer of Comte. But to the end her heart was in religion. Daily her reading was in the Bible which she loved. She writes to D'Albert: "I have not returned to dogmatic Christianity, to the

acceptance of any set of doctrines as a creed; but I see in it the highest expression of the religious sentiment that has yet found its place in the history of mankind, and I have the profoundest interest in the inward life of sincere Christians in all ages." And where her heart lay—the heart which is man's surest guide—is evident in all her works. In Adam Bede, the freshest fruit of her genius, the heroine is Dinah Morris, the woman preacher. It is she who exhibits the finest fruits of character, the highest devotion, the most all enduring love. It is she to whom all the neighbors go in their hour of need, to whom they turn as the best they know. It is she to whom, alone of all others, poor Hetty Sorrel, in her condemned cell, finally turns for confession, and for the healing of her broken heart. The deepest in George Eliot is there, the deepest expression of that center of truth, the truth of feeling. A piece of literature we are much in want of is a natural history of great souls. It should be a scientific history, a world history. Some important chapters in it on the negative side would be the natural history of small ones. We want a clear view of the conditions which make for the two products. We should get a truer view of millionairism, luxury, materialistic pursuits and negative ideas when we learn what they have done towards growing men; and a truer, a more optimistic view of the world's pain and suffering, its toil and difficulty, when we perceive the spiritual product of all that. Assuredly, we shall find one thing, that materialism has never provided a soil deep enough and rich enough for high natures to reach their strength and stature. How luminous is the world history here! Socrates dies for his heresy, his "irreligion." But what is his heresy? Read the Apology, read the Phaedo. These souls are all rooted in the spiritual; they have a leaping-off place from the seen to the unseen. Cicero, in his final hour, knowing his fate under the Roman triumvirate, shows us where his roots are. "I do not repent of having lived, because I have lived so as not to have been born in vain; but I go from this life as from an inn and not an abiding place. Nature has given to man the terrestrial world to stay in it awhile, not to remain there. O great day, which shall liberate me from this sordid scene to rejoin the celestial assembly, the divine congress of souls!" These great souls of antiquity struck their roots deep. They sought the best, wherever they could find it. But since then the soil has become incomparably richer. Philosophy had already found that love was the greatest thing in the world. It had said it magnificently in the formula of the Stoic Cleanthes: "Love begins with father and mother. From the family it goes to the district, to the city, to the multitude. It goes on and becomes the holy love of all the world." But with Christianity, with Christ, a new warmth reached the soul. The Divine love, the sense of love, holy, self-sacrificing love, as the center of things, which the heart of man everywhere yearned for, became realized, actualized; spoke, breathed, lived, in the Man of Nazareth. In seeing, hearing Him, the fainting heart of humanity found what God was, and in that knowledge lived again. The secret of the Church's strength, as Matthew Arnold has it, was in its new, overflowing joy. Here was a new sphere for the soul, a new soil in which to push its roots. Here was the

element in which all its faculty of veneration, of affection, of loyalty, of service, could bloom into flower and fruit. As Eucken says: "Christianity meant an immense deepening of the human spirit." Science is apt to reproach the after Christian ages, as a period of arrest in the progress of knowledge. But it was not the arrest of humanity. Do we suppose, we who believe in an ordered evolution, that any one age of that evolution could be a mistake? There is no blunder in evolution. There may have been a stay in the development of one side of faculty. But it was that another backward side might catch up. Admit there was a pause in the matter of world-knowledge. About that we may say with Höffding, "The pauses in the world course may last very long, but only he who is able to weave them into their inner connection with what went before and what follows after can understand their value, and rest assured they are something more than mere interruptions." What Christianity has meant for character, for the opening out of the finer qualities of spirit; what it has meant as a stay in trouble, a gladness in hardest poverty, a hope in life and death, only those can understand who have first tried to live without it, and since have lived with and in it. To-day we have the richest of all souls for man to root in. We have all the glorious wealth of the Christian deposit, and mingled with it all that knowledge of the universe which modern science has opened. The two are, in the best minds, working together to a larger synthesis, to a vaster life. The thought of to-day is following the path opened by Schelling, who, in his later period, became mainly occupied by bringing about the rebirth of religion through the operation of science in its supremest form. And science in its supremest form will be occupied by the mystery of the soul as much as with the mystery of matter. It will not rest with the something to know; it must have also someone to love. It will have learned that goodness is higher than knowledge, and that the conditions of human goodness are given not in revelations of matter, but in revelations of the spirit. This theme is a personal one for us all. To make any success of life we must get our roots deep into it. If we are only deep enough rooted we can grow tall without fear. We must have a self developed in us which, like the oak, knows, amid all the elements it meets, what to choose and assimilate, what to reject. With that in us we can move amid all the experiences, all the clash of opposition, knowing what elixirs they contain. Welcome every new experience, the new burden, even the new sorrow. Let them perform their dreadest function! Is it not to enrich the soil, to drive its roots deeper into the things everlasting? Blessed difficulties of life, which compel us to find our roots in God!—Thus once more we advertise Brierley for the equal benefit of readers and publishers.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Australian Reveries: Mountains in the Mist. By F. W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 285. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, $1.50.

Because the appetite for Boreham grows by what it feeds on, we further stimulate that hunger by presenting his meditation on "Hairbreadth Escapes." The loss of the Titanic will always be spoken of as one of the world's most thrilling and dramatic tragedies. Mr. L. Beesley, until lately Master of Science at Dulwich College, has written a picturesque and vivid volume telling in graphic detail the story of that fearful night. He describes his own wonderful escape from the ill-fated ship, and instances also many of the hairbreadth escapes of his fellow passengers. And this has set me thinking. For it seems to me that hairbreadth escapes have a philosophy of their own. All through life hairbreadth escapes are the only things we really care to hear about or read about. If you find a boy curled up in a cosy chair, absorbed in a book, you may be perfectly certain that his flushed face and flashing eyes betoken an exciting stage of a hairbreadth escape. The hero has just succeeded in scaling the prison wall, or he has just broken from a fierce tribe of Red Indians, or he is flying for his life from a horde of cannibals. Or—to take life at its other end—if you chance to find the armchair occupied by the boy's grandfather, and are happy enough to catch him in a garrulous mood, he will at once plunge into the story of his hairbreadth escapes. Even Paul, in writing to Corinth, succumbed to this inevitable tendency. It is ever so. And, just because it is ever so, the three most popular books in the language are simply crammed from cover to cover with astonishing records of hairbreadth escapes. I refer, of course, to the Bible, to Pilgrim's Progress, and to Robinson Crusoe. Look, for instance, at the Bible. Here are Lot's escape from Sodom, Isaac's escape from the altar, Joseph's escape from the pit, Israel's escape from Egypt, Moses's escape from Pharaoh, Elijah's escape from Jezebel, David's escape from Saul, Jonah's escape from the deep, Jeremiah's escape from the dungeon, the Hebrew children's escape from the burning fiery furnace, Daniel's escape from the lions, Peter's escape from prison, Paul's escape from shipwreck, John's escape from exile, and very many more. Did ever book contain so many astounding adventures? Then Bunyan's immortal classic is all about Christian's escape from the City of Destruction, his escape from the Slough of Despond, his escape from Apollyon, his escape from Vanity Fair, his escape from the Flatterer's net, his escape from Giant Despair, his escape from the Valley of the Shadow, and his escape from the waters of the river. And as for Robinson Crusoe, there is a hairbreadth escape on almost every page. The same argument holds good if we turn from biblical biographies to those of later times. The most impressive passages are the hairbreadth escapes. John Wesley never forgot his deliverance, as a child, from the burning parsonage. "The memory of it," his biographers tell us, "is still preserved in one of his earliest prints. Under his portrait there is a house in flames, with this inscription: 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the

burning?' He remembered this remarkable event ever after with the most lively gratitude, and more than once has introduced it in his writings." Everybody remembers Dr. Thomas Guthrie's miraculous escape on the cliffs of Arbroath, John Knox's extraordinary deliverance in rising from his study chair a second or two before it was shattered by a bullet, John Howard's wonderful escape from the hand of the assassin, and George Washington's similar adventure at White Plains. And as to David Livingstone, Mr. Silvester Horne tells us that, besides his historic escape from the lion, he sometimes met with as many as three positively hairbreadth escapes in a single day. I suppose the true inwardness of such escapes, and the element about them that has most profoundly moved us all at some time or other, was never better expressed than by the wild and dissolute Lord Clive. Thrice he attempted suicide, and thrice the revolver unaccountably refused to do his awful will. At the third failure he flung the weapon down, exclaiming, "Surely God intends to do some great thing by me that he has so preserved me!" And he became the victor of Plassey and the founder of our Indian Empire. But life has most wonderful escapes, quite apart from pistols and precipices, from floods and flames. Mr. H. G. Wells contributed a very striking article to the Daily Mail the other day, in which he emphasized the modern tendency to escape. "The ties that bind men to place," he writes, "are being severed; we are in the beginning of a new phase in human experience. For endless ages man led the hunting life, migrating after his food, camping, homeless, as to this day are many of the Indians and Esquimaux in the Hudson Bay Territory. Then began agriculture, and for the sake of securer food man tethered himself to a place. The history of man's progress from savagery to civilization is essentially a story of settling down." Then Mr. Wells goes on to show us how the tide turned. The day of the traveller dawned. Railway trains, motor cars, Mauretanias, Titanics, aeroplanes, and cheap fares became the order of the day. Migration is the watchword of the world. The earth has, almost literally, a floating population. "The thing is as simple as the rule of three," Mr. Wells concludes. "*We are off the chain of locality for good and all.* It was once necessary for a man to live in immediate contact with his occupation, because the only way for him to reach it was to have it at his door, and the cost and delay of transport were relatively too enormous for him to shift once he was settled. Now he may live twenty or thirty miles away from his occupation, and it often pays him to spend the small amount of time and money needed to move—it may be half-way round the world—to healthier conditions or more profitable employment." Mr. Wells's article is the story of a great escape. Men do not now live like poor Tim Linkinwater, sleeping every night for forty-four years in the same back attic; glancing every morning between the same two flower-pots at the dingy London square, and convinced that nowhere in the world was there a view to rival that landscape! No; we have escaped, and we keep on escaping. It becomes a habit. Every holiday is an escape, often a hairbreadth escape. "There is one person from whom you *must* contrive to escape," said Doctor Sir Deryck Brand to Lady Inglesby,

his patient, in Mrs. Barclay's Mistress of Shenstone. "One person—?" queried Lady Inglesby. "A charming person," smiled the doctor, "where the rest of mankind are concerned, but very bad for you just now!" "But whom?" questioned Lady Inglesby again; "whom can you mean?" "*I mean Lady Inglesby!*" replied the doctor gravely. And Lady Inglesby soon learned the joys of a hairbreadth escape, for, from the seaside inn at which she stayed incognito, she wrote: "It was a stroke of genius, this setting me free from myself; the sense of emancipation is indescribable!" Every composure of a weary head upon a soft pillow is an escape, a breaking loose from the cares that relentlessly pursue, an immigration into the land of sweet unconsciousness or radiant dreams. Every indulgence in really refreshing recreation is an escape. Every pleasure is an escape. I noticed that the theatrical editor of the London Graphic, in the issue that was crowded with pictures of the coal strike, headed his page "A Way of Forgetting all About the Strike." "In all good deer forests," he wrote, "there is a sanctuary—to which the deer can retire with complete immunity—not because their lord and master is philanthropic, but because he knows that, if he shoots everywhere in his land, the deer will cross the border into his neighbor's demesne and probably not return. At such a moment as the present—the great industrial war being in full swing—we all need a sanctuary to which we can retire from the rumors of war, from strikes, from newspaper jeremiads, and from all other depressing influences. The retirement is not an act of cowardice. It is necessary as a resuscitation. It helps one to get on the top of things, to see life in perspective, and with some sort of common sense." From such a source, that passage is wonderfully suggestive. "A way of forgetting!" "A sanctuary!" "A retirement!" The man who has found this way of forgetting, this sanctuary, this retirement, has *escaped*—that is all. Or think what an excellent means of escape a really good book represents. "Is your world a small one?" asks Myrtle Reed. "Is it small and made unendurable to you by a thousand petty cares? Are the heart and soul of you cast down by bitter disappointment? Would you leave it all, if only for an hour, and come back with a new point of view? Then open the covers of a book!" And we have all fallen in love with Mr. Edward Thomas's village scholar in Horæ Solitariæ. "He finds a refuge from the shadows of the world among the realities of books." He set his little cabin door between the restless world and himself, wandered across to his bookshelves, and felt a supreme pity for plutocrats, plenipotentiaries, and princes! Nor is this all. For in Mark Rutherford's Deliverance the genial and lovable philosopher says a very striking thing. In the poky little window of a small undertaker's shop in a London slum he saw, between two dismal representations of hearses, a rude cross. It powerfully impressed him. "The desire to decorate existence in some way or other," he says, "is nearly universal. The most sensual and the meanest almost always manifest an indisposition to be content with mere material satisfaction. I have known selfish, gluttonous, drunken men spend their leisure moments in trimming a bed of scarlet geraniums, and the vulgarest and most commonplace of mortals

considers it a necessity to put a picture in the room or an ornament on the mantelpiece. The instinct, even in its lowest forms, is divine. It is the commentary on the text that man shall not live by bread alone. It is evidence of an acknowledged compulsion—of which Art is the highest manifestation—*to escape*." The italics are his, not mine. In the rude cross that adorned the shabby and gloomy window, Mark Rutherford saw a hint of an exit, a way out, an escape. Just as the geraniums and the pictures are an escape from the sordidness and ugliness and bareness of London squalor, so the cross in the undertaker's window pointed a way of emancipation to aching and breaking hearts. Now, this is leading us very near to the heart of things. For surely the Christian Church, with her atmosphere of charity and purity and peace, is a most gracious and grateful escape. And even death itself, by the time that it comes, is to most people a gentle and welcome deliverance. But I really believe that, after all, the finest thing ever said or sung about an escape is that blithe note of one of Israel's sweetest singers. "*We are escaped!*" he sings as he looks upon the Captivity. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped!" It is like the gay outburst of the birds in an English grove while the torn meshes of the nets around bear witness to the perils from which, with ruffled plumage, they have lately been delivered. "*We are escaped!*" cried the Jews as they exultantly re-entered Jerusalem, and gave way to transports of gratitude and delight. "The snare is broken and we are escaped!" "*We are escaped!*" cried old Theodore Beza, his hair white with the snows of eighty winters, as he went up to the ancient church at Geneva after the long agony of persecution and oppression was past. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped!" And every year, on the anniversary of that historic proclamation of three centuries ago, the great psalm is chanted by the people gathered in the same building. "*We are escaped!*" cried William Knibb, as he announced to the slaves of Jamaica the victory of the Abolitionists. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped!" "*We are escaped!*" cried the dying McCheyne. In the collapse of the body, a strange darkness had overtaken him. He asked to be left alone for half an hour. When his servant returned, his face was radiant and his voice triumphant. "I am escaped!" he exclaimed. "The snare is broken, and I am escaped." Said I not truly that it was like the melody of birds in a sweet English grove while the torn and tangled snares lay all around? "The comparison of the soul to a bird is beautiful," says Dr. Maclaren. "It hints at tremors and feebleness, at alternations of feeling like the flutter of some weak-winged songster, at the utter helplessness of the panting creature in the toils. One hand only could break the snare, and then the bruised wings were swiftly spread for flight once more, and up into the blue went the ransomed creature, with a song instead of harsh notes of alarm: We are *escaped!* we are *escaped!* we are *escaped!*" Dr. J. H. Jowett, of New York, told the other day the story of a dream. A friend of his dreamed that he was a hare, with the hounds in hot pursuit. They were rapidly overtaking him, and he could feel their horrid breath as they drew nearer. Presently, as he reached some bare and rocky heights, he discovered that,

instead of hounds, they were his own sins that chased him, and that he was a flying soul. Far up toward the summit of the hill he saw a cave, flooded with a most unearthly light. At the entrance there shone resplendently a Cross. He hurried to it, and, as he reached it, the hideous things that had pursued him slunk dejectedly away. He awoke and knew it was a dream. But the dream led him to the Saviour. And it led him to the Saviour because he saw that, of all life's miraculous and hairbreadth escapes, the escape by way of the Cross is by far the most wonderful and by far the most amazing.—Boreham continues about "Escapes—*Not Hairbreadth*": I return to the matter of escapes, suggested by the remarkable stories of the survivors of the Titanic, and, on thinking it all over again, I have reached the deliberate conclusion that my own escape was as wonderful as any. In The Six Gates the Rev. T. Thomson, M.A., tells this excellent story: "Some years ago," he says, "a steamer going from New York to Liverpool was burned at sea. A boatload of passengers succeeded in leaving the ship, and were saved. Among them was a minister belonging to Dublin. When he returned from his ill-omened voyage, he was the hero of the hour, and told his thrilling story far and near with great effect. He used to dwell especially on the signal mark of God's favor he had received. So many had perished; yet he was saved! It was a marvelous and special providence that he had so cared for him and preserved him. He never told his story without dwelling on this aspect of it, the uncommon mercy of God. One day he was recounting his strange experience to a company of people, among whom was the great Archbishop Whately. When he came to the end, and made the usual remarks about the extraordinary providence that had snatched him from the burning ship, Whately turned to him and said, 'A wonderful occurrence! A great and signal mercy indeed! But I think I can surpass the wonder of it with an incident from my own experience!' Everybody pricked up his ears and listened for the passage in the Archbishop's life which should show a yet more marvelously merciful escape than that of the minister from the burning ship. Whately went on in the expressive manner for which he was celebrated: 'Not three months ago I sailed in the packet from Holyhead to Kingston'—a pause, while the archbishop took a copious pinch of snuff, and his hearers were on the tiptoe of expectation—'and by God's mercy, *the vessel never caught fire at all!* Think of that, my friends!'" The point is a good one. Said I not truly that, of all the wonderful escapes from the Titanic, my own was as notable as any? Hairbreadth escapes are enormously popular. These better escapes are not. Nobody in the room really felt that Archbishop Whately's escape was more wonderful than that of the Dublin minister. Nobody really believes that my escape from the Titanic was more remarkable than Mr. Beesley's or Colonel Gracie's. We are too fond of a thrill. We love the things we don't like. We all remember Darwin's story of the monkeys and the snake. A snake in a paper bag was inserted in the monkey-cage. The curiosity of the animals led them to unfasten the top of the bag and peep in. When they saw the reptile they rushed screaming up the bars of the cage, and huddled together at the

very top. But they could not stay there. One would come down, peep at the snake, scream, and rush away. Then another. And another. They could not leave it alone. They loathed it and loved it at one and the same time. The same peculiar instinct is in us all. We go a long way, and pay a good deal, to see a man in peril of his life. If he will fling himself from a balloon in mid-air, or insert his head in a lion's mouth, or walk a tight-rope over a roaring cataract, or swing by his toes at a dizzy height, the crowds will rush to see him. Now the question is: Do the people who pay to witness these sights really wish to see the performer killed? It is perfectly certain that they would not pay their money if the element of danger were absolutely eliminated. Make it safe, and no one wants to see it! Why, then, does the crowd throng the building? Do the people really cherish a secret and terrible hope that the parachute will not open, that the lion will sever with his dreadful teeth the keeper's neck, that the rope walker will miss his footing over the surging waters, that the acrobat will slip and fall from his lofty trapeze? No, it is not that; for the great sigh of relief is distinctly audible when the fearful peril has been safely negotiated. It is nothing more or less than the innate and morbid love of a hairbreadth escape. In some form or other this extraordinary passion characterizes us all. But it is totally illogical and unreasonable. The escapes of which I am now writing are infinitely better. There is a quaint old poem which Professor Henry Drummond, in his Ideal Life, turns to fine account. It is entitled "Strife in Heaven." It imagines the glorified spirits to be discussing which of them all is the greatest monument of redeeming grace. Each tells his story. Vote after vote is taken. At length only two competitors are left in the contest. The first of the two is a very old man whose whole life had been spent in the most diabolical wickedness. Yet, at the eleventh hour, on his deathbed, he was forgiven. It was a hairbreadth escape. His rival was also an old man. But he was led to Christ when quite a little boy, and had been saved from all the sins which the other had committed. The vote was taken, and all heaven acclaimed the second competitor the winner. "The one," says Henry Drummond, "required just one great act of love at the close of life; the other had a life full of love—it was a greater salvation by far." The one was a hairbreadth escape; the other was an escape of a very much finer sort. Every minister knows that there are no questions more frequently presented to him than those relating to questionable pastimes or amusements. "Is there any harm in this?" "May I play at such and such a game?" "Is it right to go to such and such a place?" "Is it wrong to take part in this, or that, or the other?" It all arises from our insensate craving for hairbreadth escapes. Even children love to walk on the edge of the curb, to creep near the brink of a precipice, and to lean far out of a high window. But why run the risk? The story of the Canadian pilot is very threadbare. But it is very much to the point. "Do you know," asked a nervous passenger, "do you know where all the rocks and reefs and sandbanks are?" "No, madam!" the skipper bluntly replied. The passenger was just preparing for the inevitable hysteria, when the captain saved

the situation by adding, "But I know *where the deep water is!*" Just so. Nobody wants a pilot who cruises about rocks and reefs, avoiding them only by the skin of his teeth. But the captain who, knowing very little of such terrors, is certain of the deep waterways, is a very safe skipper indeed! Our modern evangelism is in peril of collapse at this very point. We often glorify hairbreadth escapes, and, by inference, minimize the value of escapes like mine from the Titanic. I mean to say that we glorify guilt and belittle the preciousness of innocence. In one of his best books Professor W. M. Clow has a fine passage on the blessedness of a life which has nothing to forget. "There is a tendency," he says, "which hectic modern literature and morbid preaching are emphasizing, to think that the man or woman who has not had a wild and wayward outburst in the days of youth is a poor, pale-blooded creature. There is a feeling that the man or woman with a dark story behind is more piquant and interesting, and that a youth of blameless innocence merging into a life of saintly purity, as the dawn merges into the full day, misses the romance of life, and knows nothing of any high elation of spirit such as he feels who spurs into reckless sin. There seems to be with some the impression that a rake makes the finest saint, that his devotion has a richer and deeper color than that of the unspotted soul; and that even the girl who has had a frivolous and rebellious youth shall mellow into the wisest and kindest womanhood. Surely this is one of the wiles of the devil." Of course it is! I like to think that Jesus had a place in His great heart for the woman who was a sinner and the thief on the cross by His side. I like to remember that the guiltiest things that breathed found room in His infinite love and absolution from His pure lips. But I like to remember also that it was when Jesus met the rich young ruler, who had kept all the commandments from his youth up, that it is written that "He, looking upon him, loved him." Jesus never taught that the greatest escapes were the hairbreadth escapes. On a memorable public occasion the late General Booth was stepping from his carriage to enter a well-known public building. As he did so a drunken man staggered stupidly toward him, and in scarcely intelligible accents exclaimed, "Say, General, what are ye going to do with the like o' me?" The crowd gathered quickly round to hear the General's answer. The General laid his hand on the drunkard's shoulder, and replied, "My friend, we can't do much for you; but we're after *your boy!*" That is a piece of very sage philosophy which I commend to all parents and teachers. Hairbreadth escapes are very difficult to compass. There are escapes that it is much more easy to bring about. And those easier escapes are the best escapes after all. Nobody has enjoyed more than I have such books as Broken Earthenware, Down in Water Street, Mending Men, and the rest. They are great and heartening reminders that a man is never beyond redemption as long as a breath is left in him. But there is a peril lurking even in such admirable literature. The escape of old Born Drunk is not anything like so lovely a thing as the consecration of a child. Mr. Begbie, Mr. Hadley, and Mr. Smith have told us of thrilling and hairbreadth escapes. They are very, very wonderful; and

we thank God for every one of them. But the young fellow who yields his unstained manhood to the service of the Saviour; the girl who brings to the feet of her Lord the lovely offering of her sweet and gracious womanhood—these present a still nobler spectacle. Hairbreadth escapes are splendid, simply splendid; but, after you have unfolded their most thrilling story, a still more wonderful tale remains to be told.—Now, when an American edition of these Australian Reveries is issued our readers will want to buy the book, because of the taste this extract leaves in their mind.

Morale and Its Enemies. By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING. 8vo, pp. xv+200. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Morals and Morale. By LUTHER H. GULICK, M.D. 12mo, pp. xiii+92. New York; Association Press. Price, cloth, $1 net.

Morale. By HAROLD GODDARD. 12mo, pp. 118. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

LEADERSHIP is a question of morale and its strategic worth was strikingly illustrated during the war. What were adopted as war measures very appropriately apply to times of peace and reconstruction, not only in the political and social world but also in the work of the church. These three books deal with various aspects of the conditions which determine success. Quantity of life, writes Goddard, is the measure of morale, and excess of life is the nature of high morale. In a series of brief chapters he expounds the constituent elements of morale. Among the preliminary morales are health, gregariousness, humor; the major morales are pugnacity, adventure work, communal labor, revenge, justice, affection; the composite morales are pride, victory, sport, fatalism, reason; and the supreme morale is that of creation. The weakness and strength of these several qualities are discerningly pointed out, and he indicates some of the next steps to be taken toward making the ideal of democracy a reality. The war has been well fought on behalf of the democratic experiment, but now we are confronted with another war to carry through this experiment. "For do not imagine that its continuance will be uncontested. It will be bitterly contested. And the tragedy of it will be that many a soldier who proved himself a hero in the earlier struggle will come home only to prove himself a coward in the coming one—abandoning in a life of selfish pleasure the unfinished cause for which he fought. And many a citizen whose son gave his blood for democracy across the water will spend the rest of his days seeking to defeat democracy at home. But not all will be deserters. There will be others, soldiers and citizens, who will see the truth and stand the test of those great words:

'Wert capable of war—its tug and trials? Be capable of peace, its trials;
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in peace—not war.' "

Dr. Gulick puts the case from another angle. "Morale is the quality of the spirit of the whole. It is the product of many elements, among them hope, determination, health, consciousness of strength, confidence, and belief in God." His volume is in part a report of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in helping to win the war by conserving the power of the men. "From a careful observation of the present conditions of the American Army in Europe, I have no hesitation in saying that the chance of a young man to build up moral fiber and good health is better in the American Expeditionary Forces than it is in the average American home and community." A rare opportunity is now before the world to move up to a new level in the greatest things of life. Here then is the privilege and responsibility of the church. It must lead in making virtue popular, convenient, social, beautiful, comfortable and at the same time make vice unpopular, inconvenient, solitary, ugly, uncomfortable. In other words, conditions must be produced where it will be easier to do right and harder to do wrong. What is this but the Christianization of the world in a thorough fashion, working from the center toward the circumference? Surely, the Centenary movement, with its comprehensive program, is most timely; and the fact that the other churches have adopted its principles is evidence that the Spirit of God is leading the whole Christian Church in a mighty revival for the regeneration of the human race, in the name of Jesus Christ. "The day of collective righteousness is here. The day when nations must be responsible for their acts and abide by their treaties has come. The social consciousness of our large groupings will learn to live up to this doctrine and so to act in a powerful, unified, efficient way." Dr. Gulick drives home the truth, as few writers have done, of the direct bearing of hygiene on holiness. In the Appendix he brings together several important official documents written by our state and military authorities and the Y. M. C. A. leaders, which call for careful study, especially by preachers on whom rests the task of guiding the church in the great reconstructive movement that has already begun. The importance of Professor Hocking's book lies in its clear discussion of underlying principles. He shows a grasp of the relevant facts in their psychological and sociological bearings, and his conclusions command attention. If we had to choose between these three volumes, we would take the one by him, and urge it as a text book of the first importance in classes on social ethics. The lessons from the life of the soldier are finely applied to civilian life. Apt suggestions are made how to deal with industrial and labor problems, how to encounter the menace of profiteering and exploitation, how to distinguish between the apparent and real virtues and vices in social life, how to fight the evils of the slum in the tenement as well as on the avenue, how to dispel state-blindness and stem the tide of political corruption and direct the democratic movement in the nations toward establishing the commonwealth of man, the Kingdom of God. Some of the chapters to which we invite special attention are on "Enmity and the Enemy," "The Mote in Our Own Eyes," "State-Blindness," "Discipline and Will," "Fear and Its Control," "War and Women," "Longer Strains

of War." From this last chapter we take a few sentences: "The law of habit is a spiritual law: it is the ultimate attitude, not the visible practice, that decides what states of mind will come out of the war. The soldier's life is unsettled: will that produce in him a habit of restlessness and roving? He is used to sensational and sudden effectiveness: will this impose on him a dramatic or melodramatic mind, make 'all piping times of peace' dull to him and unnerve him for quiet labor? The soldier has been through-and-through an executive, schooled in sharp decision, braced for grim issues involving the overthrow of an enemy: will he now be unfit for judicial thinking, and will 'adjustment' in the give and take of social construction—will 'adjustment' seem to him a vile and loathsome word? Will he desire to storm education, culture, art, religion itself by 'intensive' methods? Or will he come back eager to discard the more mechanical linkages of man to man, and to cherish the role of reflection, leisure, the listening mind, the mystical element in all spiritual efficiency? There is no prophet who ought to venture an answer to these questions, unless he can see with what hidden approvals, rebellions, provisos, the alleged 'habits' are being accepted. It is a man's idea, his philosophy, that fixes the *angle of impact* of all experience upon him, and so decides what 'effect' that experience will have. No one need fear that the beauty of the gratitude of a delivered world will make our returning soldiers over-proud; the reverse will be the case. But there will be men in that multitude who will keep the next generation true to the genuine proportions of things, because what they have seen they can neither forget nor allow others to forget. In such minds, war, the most drastically physical of all human works, does indeed become the vehicle for the most spiritual of achievements. And the morale springing from such philosophy may be counted on to win the wars that lie beyond the war." This is the conclusion of a meliorist who is assured of the betterment of things and who understands the laws that make for genuine progress.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Letters to a Soldier on Religion. By John Gardner. 12mo, pp. 95. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, 75 cents.

This little book of five letters can be read through at a brief sitting, but it contains more solid food for thought than many more pretentious books. The letters are informal and informing, suggestive and searching, direct and helpful. Tiplady in his book of sketches, The Cross at the Front, has a chapter on "The Chivalrous Religion Our Citizen Soldiers Will Require," and he emphasized the thought that Christian conduct must be creative and not conventional. The Hardest Part, by Studdert Kennedy, is a remarkable volume of meditations written on the field in the midst of the dead and wounded, dealing with the trying problems of the soldier. Gardner writes at second hand, from a study of books and

letters of soldiers, but he keenly realizes the difficulties of the soldier and writes with sympathetic understanding. He recognizes that the soldiers are returning to civilian life with revolutionary ideas of religion and he fairly meets the tendency to be sentimental or stoical. The first letter, on "Providence," considers the fatalistic spirit common among soldiers, with which is contrasted the spirit of faith as the better attitude. This is not a chance world, but everywhere are signs of a gracious guiding hand bringing good out of evil. "Look at what has already happened as a result of this present war. You know the conditions better than I do, but I suppose I am not exaggerating to call them hell. Yet if you could summarize all that has happened in invention and discovery, if you knew all that doctors and nurses have learned about the cause and cure of disease, about helping men who have been crippled; if you could comprehend the significance of changes in industry and social life, in governmental control of wealth and labor, in philanthropic efforts, in change of sentiments toward war, in changed attitudes toward other nations in favor of international alliances and international law—if you could realize all this, you would say that four years of suffering have accomplished more of beneficent purpose than any preceding four hundred years. They have been terrible years, the like of which the world never knew and, please God, shall never know again, but somehow they have been splendid years." The points are convincingly argued leading to the conclusion that God is actively evolving a moral purpose, at work on a vast scale, beginning with the individual life but reaching out to all humanity under the influence of the spirit of Christ. The truth of discipline is well expressed. "If the Father in heaven is chastening a child whom he loves and developing character and capacity for enjoyment, and if through him he is developing righteousness, not only for the sufferer but for the world, then you have a reason which makes faith in Providence an adequate explanation and a satisfactory belief to enable a man to play his part bravely and well." The letter on "Prayer" has some strong passages. "There are religiously inclined people who find life a failure. They are the people who give themselves to God's work or God's cause but do not give themselves to God. They want the divine but they do not want God. They put what is secondary in the first place. Hence, they become footsore and fainthearted. They have falsely dreamed of something, of devotion to a cause, as their highest life, and the discovery of their error makes them think that religion is a noble illusion, a magnificent bubble. When such people awake to their mistake, God appears and men wake to his reality and power. This is what is happening to-day. The churches at last are waking to the fact that fussiness is not piety. The ethical culturist is waking to find that he needs power and companionship. In the stern facts of life man is turning to God as one whom he needs, and prayer is found to be as natural to man as the air he breathes." It is not in a captious spirit that the writer blames the pulpit for the spread of spiritualism. Before the war preachers spoke slightingly of other-worldliness and when sorrow came the few, fed on such chaff, turned away from the preachers to seek what relief was available from seances and

mediums. The war has stormed the pulpit and the question of immortality and the future life has become a live issue. Gardner offers helpful suggestions on this subject. In the letter on "The Death of the Soldier and the Death of Christ," he makes wise and timely discrimination. He rightly protests against the sentimentalism of which certain preachers are guilty, who regard the sufferings and sacrifice of the soldier as akin to the great work of Christ. He differentiates in redemptions: "Some are partial and imperfect. They are worth while, and there is high moral significance in espousing them and suffering and dying on their behalf. One redemption is universal and perfect. It was wrought out in Gethsemane and on Calvary. It was so august that I feel it an irreverence to use these names with reference to anything that can ever come to you and me. Yet there is a sense in which you and I can become participants in it. It is when we go beyond the politicians and diplomats and all others who have made this war, when we see that what is wrong is the very thing that Jesus said was wrong, that what is needed is the very thing Jesus proclaimed and died to accomplish when we give ourselves, living or dying, to its realization." Gardner is right when he says in his last letter that the teaching of Jesus on human forgiveness has always startled men. But in spite of his protest, there is an underlying current of pacifism in his interpretation, and if it were logically accepted society would be controlled by anarchists. It is clear he has not witnessed the scenes of desolation, and it is absurd to think that the Belgians and French should have surrendered to the demonic invaders without offering resistance. To be sure, let us not stultify ourselves; but forgiveness after the fashion of Tolstoy is ridiculous. This subject must be seriously reconsidered by all concerned, and we must remember with the apostle James that the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable. The Kingdom of God cannot come unless we conserve the interests of both righteousness and love, which in the final analysis are one.

The World Within. By RUFUS M. JONES, M.A., Litt.D. 12mo, pp. xii+172. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

WE are threatened by a deluge of counsels how to formulate Christian thought and how to regulate the activities of the Church. The situation recalls that of Athens whose citizens and foreign visitors occupied themselves with repeating or listening to the latest novelties. We are, however, optimistic as to the future of Christianity and the Church. As it has frequently happened so once again we will recover our composure out of the confusion caused by disillusion and misunderstanding. After we have learned some needed truths, emphasized by recent events, we will make new applications of the eternal principles of the gospel, for the sake of advances toward the City of God. We recognize that there must be a deepening of the spiritual life, but it will come from an enlargement of soul rather than from new theologies or erratic panaceas suggested by the impulse of the hour. Professor Jones has shown himself a wise and suggestive guide in matters pertaining to the spiritual life,

and we recall some of his previous volumes, notably, Studies in Mystical Religion. As in a previous volume on The Inner Life, the present one consists of a series of brief meditations which summon us from busy attention to the necessary externals of religion to consider the true inwardness of life, without which our religious activities are bound to be ineffectual. This book helps us to take stock of our spiritual resources and shows how they might be enriched. The purpose of the author is well expressed in the Introduction. "We do not want a religion which meets the needs of experts alone, and moves in a region beyond the reach of common men and women who have no taste for the intricacies of theology. If religion is, as I profoundly believe, the essential way to the full realization of life, we, who claim to know about it, ought to interpret it so that its meaning stands out plain and clear to those who most need it to live by. I have always believed and maintained that the apparent lack of popular interest in it is largely due to the awkward and blundering way in which it has been presented to the mind and heart of those who all the time carry deep within themselves inner hungers and thirsts which nothing but God can satisfy. I do not want to write or print a line which does not at least bear the mark and seal of reality—and which will not make some genuine *fact of life* more plain and sure." The titles of some of the chapters are "The Deeper Universe," "The Way of Faith and Love," "The Way of Dedication," "The Soul's Converse," "Christ's Inner Way to the Kingdom." Pascal well said that the heart hath reasons which the reason itself cannot fathom, and so oftentimes the plumb-line of mere rational arguments has failed to strike bottom. On the other hand, these depths are not irrational, but super-rational. "There are some matters, and they are just the most vital ones, which lie too deeply embedded in the sub-soil of life itself to be settled by debate. Coleridge was in the main right when he made the distinction, so famous in his religious prose writings, between reason and understanding, or, as it might be put, between reason and reasoning, that is, logical argument. A position may be grounded and established in reason and yet at the same time lie beyond the sphere of argumentative debate. The range of logical proof is notoriously limited. One explanation of this situation is that 'thinking,' 'reasoning,' 'speculation' is a late-born faculty and capacity. Long before thinking or speculation had achieved any marked successes, long before man had learned to argue for the mere fun and fascination of the thing, that other strange trait of human life had flowered out—the tendency, I mean, to feel the *worth* of things, the power to appreciate values. This is even more distinctive of man, a more fundamental trait of personality than thinking or reasoning is. It was born when *man* was born—it is as immemorial as smiling or weeping. It is rooted and grounded in reason, but it is not due to reasoning." This thesis is very persuasively developed in the chapter on "The Things by which we Live." From this standpoint of essential worth, worship is regarded as the central act of religion. It is "the act of rising to a personal, experimental consciousness of the real presence of God which floods the soul with joy

and bathes the whole inward spirit with refreshing streams of life. Never to have felt that, never to have opened the life to those incoming divine tides, never to have experienced the joy of personal fellowship with God, is surely to have missed the richest privilege and the highest beatitude of religion. Almost all of our modern forms of Christianity make too little of this central act, and, with some truth, it has been called 'the lost art of worship.' The main reason for the decline of worship is the excessive desire, so common to-day, to have something always happening or, as we often say, to have something 'doing.' Hush, waiting, meditation, concentration of spirit, are just the reverse of our busy, driving modern temper." Well for us, if we take heed to these words and govern ourselves accordingly. The chapter on "The Great Venture" considers the ever-recurring and persistent question of immortality, in the same light of the essential worth of things. "As far as we are able to discover, the soul possesses infinite capacity. A blossom may reach its perfection in a day, but no one has fathomed the possibilities of the human heart. Eternity is not too vast for a soul to grow in, if the soul wills to grow. Why, then, should such a being come and learn the meaning of duty, loyalty, sympathy, trust, and the other spiritual qualities, only to pass as a shadow? My answer is the one Browning has given, that 'life is just a stuff to try the soul's strength on.'" Quoting a thought from Clement of Alexandria that prayer is "a mutual and reciprocal correspondence" or "inward converse with God," he treats of prayer as a two-sided energy of life, with a range of influence far beyond the personal life of the one who prays. "What we are and what we do flow out and help to determine what others shall be and shall do, and even so in the highest spiritual operations and activities of the soul we contribute some part toward the formation of the spiritual atmosphere in which others are to live, and we help to release currents of spiritual energy for others than ourselves. If we belong, as I believe we do, in a real kingdom of God—an organic fellowship of inter-related lives—prayer should be as effective a force in this inter-related social world of ours as gravitation is in the world of matter. Personal spirits experience spiritual gravitation, soul reaches after soul, hearts draw toward each other." The gospel emphasis upon the "wholeness of life" must be seriously faced. "Christ naturally, spontaneously, assumes that men are to live in health and tone and efficient power of life. His gospel is in this fundamental sense *tonic*. It aims at nothing less than an integral wholeness of life, a harmony of outer and inner self, a freedom from all physical hindrances except those which are a necessary part of finite and limited existence and a complete possession of the potential powers of personality." This is a worthy book with a message that brings spiritual replenishment and refreshment, of which we are greatly in need.

Reunion in Eternity. By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. 12mo, pp. xii+283. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, $1.50, net.

A BOOK of rare comfort and consolation for those who have been called upon to travel through the valley of Baca in these recent years of distress from war and epidemic. The familiar teaching concerning the future life is given a new setting in these chapters, with special reference to the subject of reunion with loved ones who have entered the realm of beatific vision and celestial blessedness. Throughout the volume there is heard recurring, again and again, the conviction of Tennyson in regard to Hallam, "I shall know him when we meet." The bereaved heart will find such assurance in this volume, and for that reason we place it among the few really stimulative writings on the question of all questions, to which thousands are looking for a satisfying answer. What makes the book especially valuable is that it voices the consentient testimony of the Christian centuries on this inevitable theme. More than half of it consists of a precious anthology from a very extensive field of biography, history, poetry, and fiction, giving the mature convictions of philosophers, preachers, poets, essayists, and novelists, not in an official capacity so to say, but in a confessional manner as to their own experiences, impressions, and assurances relative to reunion "in the land of the leal." These testimonies are concerned with the manifold ties of family and friendship. Here are consolations to bereaved parents, weeping children young and old, sorrowing brothers and sisters, saddened lovers, stricken husbands and wives, lamenting friends. To read these words from the immemorial past and from the restless present is to be reminded that everyone has entered the temple of sorrow. But not all have worshiped in despair and desolation, since the blessed Christ himself has ministered relief and given "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." We are constrained to quote a few of these consoling testimonies. After the death of his five little daughters, Dean Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) wrote in his diary: "They are gone from us, all but my beloved Craufurd and the babe. Thou hast reclaimed the lent jewels. Yet, O Lord, how shall I not thank thee now? I will thank thee not only for the children thou hast left to us, but for those thou hast reclaimed. I thank thee for the blessing of the last ten years, and for all the sweet memories of their little lives—memories how fragrant with every blissful, happy thought. I thank thee for the full assurance that each has gone to the arms of the Good Shepherd, whom each loved according to the capacity of her years. I thank thee for the bright hopes of a happy reunion, when we shall meet to part no more. O Lord, for Jesus Chrst's sake comfort our desolate hearts. May we be a united family still in heart through the communion of saints—through Jesus Christ our Lord." A year after the death of his eldest son, Martin, aged seventeen, Archbishop Benson wrote to his wife: "How strange and how beautiful it will be to see him again: if we are worthy, to hear from himself that he would rather have passed away from us when he did than have stayed with us. This

is hard to realize—and Saint Paul even did not know which to choose. May God only keep true in heart and firm in faith our other loves." Dr. R. W. Dale was crushed by the death of his brother, the gifted and accomplished Thomas, and said in a letter, "One side of life has become quite dark to me. My other brothers died in childhood before he was born. I never had a sister. God has given me much love of other kinds—but the heart aches for what is lost and can never come back. We shall be restored to each other, but under other conditions; the old affection will be transfigured, but it will not be the same. We cling to the life that now is as well as to the life that is to come." Bishop G. H. Wilkinson wrote after the death of his wife: "We knew that she departed to be with Christ—*in* Christ—living to Christ—in that quiet home where no wind nor storm could ever disturb or depress, where the thunder's roar and the lightning's flash would no more make her nervous—gone before to wait till each of her sons and daughters, and he by whom these words are written, shall have finished their work on earth, and, washed from their sins in his blood and renewed by his Spirit, shall be forever reunited with her." After a lingering illness Dr. Martineau's wife passed away, when he wrote to a friend: "The long and painful watching through the summer and autumn has ended as the poor sufferer herself could not but wish; and we surrender that dear life with thankfulness and perfect trust, till the Infinite Love in which we live and die shall resume the interrupted communion." Browning is the great poet of immortality and love, whose verse has always quickened hope and increased strength. His "Prospice" has the rapture of confidence and assurance.

> The elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
>   Shall dwindle, shall blend,
> Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
>   Then a light, then thy breast.
> O Thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
>   And with God be the rest!

The essay on "The Teaching of Luther and Melanchthon," by Miss Stoddart, contains several letters from the "learned Grecian of the Reformation" who had tasted more of the sharpness of personal bereavement than the massive Reformer. Melanchthon wrote as a father to another sorrowing father: "We are neither born nor called hence by chance, but by the will of God. Jesus tells us that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father. When my son died I found wonderful comfort from these words which caught my eyes all of a sudden as I was turning over the Psalms: 'It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves.' How great, too, is the comfort that you know your boy died so piously that you will embrace each other again in the blessed company of prophets, apostles, and other holy men, where you will talk together of the glory of God, which as a child he heard you celebrate in words of praise." This same writer's essay on "Dante and Reunion" should be compared with Canon Barry's letter in the appendix on the teaching of the Church of Rome, which is lacking in the assuring directness of

the New Testament. The chapters in the first part of this volume are characterized by the spiritual flavor and Christian mysticism which have given such distinction to the writings of Sir William Robertson Nicoll. His earlier work, on The Key of the Grave, has the tenderness of Christian grace, sympathy, and cheer, but it did not awaken to any large extent a responsive chord because it was addressed to a generation that had no interest in immortality. Many have been greatly helped by its alleviating message, but his latest volume has a depth and richness of quality which will speak confidingly and comfortingly to a wider circle of readers who are looking for just such a testimony. "In this world of death a message of Reunion in Eternity is a first necessity. It is as music to all souls in pain. We do not say that it is always listened to by the bereaved in the first force of their passionate misery, while they feel in their breasts the burning of the murderous steel. But the months and the years soften a little the first anguish of the bitter wound. Then the dreadful thing is to think of the long life to come which may go on in loneliness for so many years. This passes into the calm of acknowledged loss settling deep and still over the subduing days of life. After that there may come the peace of believing, the waiting in hope." The chapter on "Immortality without God" points out that such an experience in the beyond would, of necessity, be as barren and stultifying as the life on earth that knows not the uplift of the divine fellowship. The thought is more fully brought out in "Life in God and Union There," with this conclusion: "Given a personal God, a God who is Love, who bestowed love on his creatures and made them love him in return, a God who can be reached only by the stair of love, and given also the persistent individuality which maintains itself through all tamings and subduings and discipline and purifying, and we have a doctrine of recognition and reunion in eternity which, properly understood and fortified, defies denial." The experience of communion with God and the consciousness of the divine Presence, here and now, cannot be dissolved by death, as is so well demonstrated by Professor Peake in his brief article on the Old Testament view of immortality printed in the appendix. Indeed, the truth that God is love confirms our faith that he who is the Author, the Sustainer, and the Finisher of love "does not betray the soul that has found him so, neither will he put to shame the hopes that have been built on his faithfulness." The chapter on "They without Us" declares that "the perfection of the blessed dead cannot be achieved till the living they wait for come. We feel that we are not worthy now to loose their shoe-latchet, or to touch their garments' hem; but since love is love, that must not trouble us. While they complete themselves in regions beyond our view, we are to remember them, to look for them, to prepare for them. We must try to keep the straight path, so far as we can see it, to seek that we may reach the spirit-land unsoiled and noble. They remember us, they wait for us, they will welcome us. They are saying, if we had ears to hear, 'Dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and my crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.'" It is with reserve that the question is ap-

proached, whether we have actual communion with the dead before reunion. "We have no distinct revelation, and yet 'in clear dream and solemn' vision much may be granted to the soul. Christ holds the dead by his right hand and his left hand holds ours. Is it possible that new currents of covenanting love may pass through him from one to the other? How many can speak of sudden upliftings, touches, guidances, which seem to come from the ancient love?" This is surely more sobering and satisfying than the pseudo-gospel of spiritualism as seen in the pathetic volumes by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled: Raymond, or Life and Death and Christopher, a Study in Human Personality. It is not in spiritualistic seances, but in the spiritual realities of God and Christ and the fellowship of Christian believers that we receive the assurance of immortality and the blessedness of reunion in "the land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

India Beloved of Heaven. By B. T. Badley, Oscar M. Buck, J. J. Kingham, with an Introduction by Bishop W. F. Oldham. 12mo, pp. 217. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1 net.

New Etchings of Old India. By B. T. Badley. Pp. 54. New York: The Centenary Commission of the Board of Foreign Missions. Paper covers, price, 25 cents.

The princes and peasants of India have fought in the great war, and they rendered valiant service in this conflict in France, in Turkey, in Arabia, in China, in East and West Africa. Her representatives took part in the discussions of the Imperial War Conference. India is further to have a place in the Imperial Cabinet and full partnership in the Councils of the British Empire. De Witt Mackenzie, an American journalist, has made a full report of India in transition in a very readable book entitled The Awakening of India. His review of the economic, political, and social conditions of this remarkable land is optimistic. All who are interested in the spiritual future of India should read it and then turn to the two fascinating volumes which we introduce in this notice. These sketches and stories have all the rich color and tropical atmosphere of India, for these three writers know India from the inside, and their love for this land and its peoples is evidenced in their picturesque narratives. As to style Buck is didactic, Kingham is journalistic, and Badley has the Kiplingesque way which will be appreciated by all readers of Kim and Plain Tales from the Hills. We are introduced to native customs, religious beliefs and practices, eager longings for peace, steadfast loyalties to Christ in spite of terrific persecutions. "On His Majesty's Service" is a touching story of Indian devotion shown by Gulah Singh on the battlefields of France. Another war story is "For the British Raj." The results of the remarkable conversion to Christ of a dangerous incendiarist and his ten sons are related in "The Tiger and the

Lamb." In "A Mission School Romance," the curtain is lifted and we witness a scene of the slavery of Hindu womanhood which, please God, can pass away only as the leaven of Christianity and Christian education spreads throughout the land. "The Lawyer-Preacher" is a glowing testimony to the wonderful sacrifice of which the native Christians are capable. Vetha Nayagam decided to give up his lucrative practice of law and become a Christian preacher, but the missionary could not support him. What of that? He must preach anyhow, pay or no pay. In a short time his house was burned down by the persecutors, and when the missionary visited him to show sympathy, this is the prayer this modern martyr offered: "O God, I have not asked this missionary for any salary, and I do not want pay in money, but give me for my salary the hearts of all the people around here, that I may bring them into thy Kingdom, for Jesus' sake, Amen." On one of his tours, Kingham met a blind man who forty years previously had learned the Lord's Prayer from his father. But during all these years he had received no instruction and his hungry soul was craving for the bread of life. What a joy it was for the son to complete the work of his honored father. The story is graphically told in the chapter entitled "In his Blindness." Another of those vivid sketches of the intense religious spirit of the Hindu is given in "With the Gods in Muttra." What a splendid climax when the burdened pilgrim of this tale found peace in Christ and entered the Training School to prepare for missionary work! Other incidents vividly told, with quick movement and surprising turns, are found in Badley's New Etchings. "In the Habitations of Cruelty" tells of Christian heroism and endurance. The man whose bones were broken would not take any action against his persecutors but forgave them freely. "Isa Masih (Jesus Christ) forgave me in this same way," said he, "and, in the prayer he taught his disciples to say, has made it clear that we must forgive, if we expect to be forgiven." So it was that the breach was healed and the villagers who had beaten the Christians came to the missionary, when next he visited that village, and asked him: "Padri Sahib, when are you going to tell us about the *Guru* (Master) who teaches men to forgive their enemies? He has drawn our hearts." "Thus it always is in India, and the beatitude of the *persecuted* is fully understood. Houses may be burned, fields destroyed, abuse, dishonor, and injustice be the lot of our people, but ever the policy of heaping coals of fire on the head of the adversary wins in the conflict." It is interesting to read about the secret movements toward Christ as well as the mass movements from among the outcast classes. One of the missionaries met a Hindu ascetic who was dressed in the saffron robe of his class and reading a Sanskrit book. They engaged in conversation and talked in the Hindi language of the things that are eternal. Then the Hindu surprised the missionary by dropping his Hindi, and speaking in fluent English. He put aside the Sanskrit volume, and from a bag took out a bundle carefully wrapped in cloth. This he undid, and produced a copy of the New Testament. He then passionately made this confession: "There is this difference between Christ and the other

religions of the world: all the others are passing away or will pass away. Christ alone will remain." Surely the touch of Christ is felt in India and the day of her deliverance is near. Would that the church at home realized the urgency of this rich opportunity and answered the call with more money and more missionaries of the evangel of redemption.

Essays on the Early History of the Church and the Ministry. By Various Writers. Edited by H. B. Swete, D.D. 8vo, pp. xx+446. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $4.

This volume registers a healthy departure from what used to be the prevalent methods in the study of Church history. Presuppositions and preconceptions are tested by documentary evidence; earnest investigation is undertaken in the interest of truth and not of tradition; the voice of the past, as found in its writings, is allowed to speak from the past and its testimony is accepted on its own merits; the historic sense and historic perspective are reckoned with, and ecclesiastical bias is toned down by the spirit of charity. These six essays go over familiar ground, but from a new angle, and in the main avoid the serious weakness of former controversialists who drew large conclusions from small premises. The distinction is clearly made between the functions of historical investigation and interpretation, and of ecclesiastical reconstruction which looks to future advances. Early Church history does not furnish ready-made solutions of present difficulties. The right attitude to it should be neither that of "blind acceptance of all that bears the hall mark of antiquity, nor the equally fatuous refusal to be guided, where guidance is needed, by ancient precedent." We must set aside "the fetish of primitiveness" and "the fetish of mediævalism." All these writers recognize the inevitable changes which took place in the course of the Church's life, but it is too much to expect them wholly to renounce their High Church views. Every once in a while they are caught between the Scylla of traditionalism and the Charybdis of ecclesiasticism and fall back on evasive generalizations. The first essay, on "Conceptions of the Church in Early Times," does not adequately reckon with the elasticity and adaptability of the New Testament Church. It is true "the Church was Catholic from the outset," but in the sense of an underlying unanimity of sentiment as to fundamentals among local Church communities, who were members of the One Ecclesia, and all one in Christ. Dr. Robinson's criticism of a "charismatic" ministry, in the essay on "The Christian Ministry in the Apostolic and Sub-apostolic Periods," can hardly be sustained by the facts. The Church was the special sphere of the Holy Spirit and every gift was a manifestation of the Spirit of grace. While "apostles, prophets, and teachers" constituted a triad, they did not stand apart, "as an exclusive spiritual aristocracy with authority to rule the Church." Their mission was temporary, called forth by special exigencies, and it was superseded by a different type of ministry, adapted to more settled conditions, but equally in need of "charismatic"

endowments. It was the failure to recognize this need that led the Church to rely on the rigidity of rule and organization more than on the versatility of spiritual vitality. Institutionalism thereby ousted inspirationalism; more emphasis was laid on forms of appointment than on personal qualifications, on rubric and formulæ than on righteousness and faith. The result was a fall from grace which was a prelude to the distressing controversies of later centuries. We agree with Dr. Robinson that "the Christian ministry was gradually evolved in response to fresh needs which came with new conditions, as the Church grew in numbers and enlarged its geographical boundaries." But we cannot accept his conclusion that a threefold ministry of "bishops, priests, and deacons" has "proved itself capable of satisfying the wants of the Christian Church from the second century to the present day." His position is that "the episcopate is the successor of the apostolate," and that for purposes of unity the "historic episcopate" must be accepted. But it is just here that the contracting parties cannot agree. Assumption is not argument, and the appeal to history must not be made on a basis of generalization, but for a comprehensive consideration of all the issues. The crucial question of the "historic episcopate" is very partially faced in this volume. It is referred to in passing by Dr. Turner, in his learned essay on "Apostolic Succession," but he is chiefly concerned with other matters. The recent report of the joint committee composed of representatives of the Anglican Church and the Free Churches of England deals with this question in a similarly evasive way. To declare, as they do, "that continuity with the historic episcopate should be effectively preserved" and, "that acceptance of the fact of episcopacy, and not any theory as to its character, is all that is asked for," is to reason in a circle. Indeed, the rock of offense which stands in the way of reunion is episcopacy and its high claims to ordination. Any demand which magnifies the mechanical transmission of spiritual gifts by the laying on of hands is a reversion to pre-Christian practices, suggestive of Jewish and pagan customs. In his essay on "Early Forms of Ordination," Dr. Frere discusses the two treatises by Hippolytus on Ordination and Spiritual Gifts, and points out that their "strong assertion of the apostolic tradition, and of the episcopate as the sole authority that is empowered to continue the tradition, does not, however, necessarily mean that the imposition of hands is itself the exclusive channel of spiritual grace." We misread the New Testament if we fail to see that in matters of organization there was considerable diversity in unity. The progressive principle of adaptation to circumstances of necessity, in the interest of advance, contradicts the idea of rigid rule advocated by Cyprian, whose claims for the episcopacy were well characterized by Lightfoot as "blasphemous and profane." No one who reads the writings of Cyprian can avoid detecting the spirit of intolerable intolerance of this convert from paganism, who after serving a brief novitiate was elevated to the episcopacy, taking with him into his new life heathen ideas of sanctity and sacrifice wholly foreign to the spiritual glories of the New Testament. His treatise On the Unity of the Church illustrates the characteristic

weaknesses of the lawyer and a misuse of the Scriptures, which were not regarded as a progressive development of divine revelation, but a coherent unity of equal value in all its parts. It is no defense of Cyprian to state that his writings were hastily produced in the heat of controversy, because the theories he propounded with merciless logic have been the prolific cause of the disastrous dismemberment of the Church. Those who accepted his doctrine of the ministry were, however, wanting in Cyprian's breadth of charity which at times "refused to be bound by the logical fetters which he had forged for himself." This principle of charity, "the very bond of peace and of all virtues," was conspicuously advocated by Augustine, whose conception of the unity of the Church included within its fold even those outside the visible body. The Western Church went with him in his contention that baptism administered by schismatics and heretics was valid, while the Eastern Church accepted the unyielding sacramentalism of Cyprian and refused the covenants of grace to those outside the Church's pale. If such baptism is valid why not also the eucharist when celebrated in the name of the common Christ and by virtue of the indwelling of the one Holy Spirit? Augustine went so far as to argue for the liberty and authority of a schismatical ministry, which needed no reordination, after being reconciled to the Church, but was entitled to exercise all ministerial functions with freedom. "This was so enormous a revolution," writes Dr. Turner, "in the ideas and practice heretofore prevalent, that it took nearly a thousand years before the older conceptions were finally ousted even in the west." The question of apostolic succession emerged during the Gnostic crisis, when emphasis was laid on the apostolic Scriptures and the apostolic Creed, with a view to rebutting the preposterous claims of Gnosticism to "a secret tradition of higher and more advanced teaching imparted by the apostles to such of their converts as were capable of receiving it." The Church met this insidious peril by establishing its title to the exclusive possession of the genuine Christian tradition on the threefold appeal to apostolic Scriptures, creed, and successions. The idea of successions as understood by them was not that of a single line, but of many lines of descent through which the stewardship of grace was conveyed, and which linked the Church of the second century to that of the apostles and guaranteed the security of the deposit of faith. The Faith was not to be looked for in books or in formulas, but in the fellowship to which the books were committed, and of which the formulas constituted the test of membership. No single Church had a monopoly of the truth, for it was to be "found in the consent of the churches, and in their joint fidelity as guardians of the common tradition." In his celebrated work Against Heresies, Irenæus argued that the test of truth is spiritual and not intellectual. In spite of a diffusive style, this deliverance of the apostolic Father shows a spirit of liberality and a discernment of essential values which are truly apostolic. What he wrote concerning schism is worth quoting, not for the sake of his point of view, but as a warning to the schismatic whose spirit is found in the advocates of ecclesiastical sacramentalism no less than in those

whose professions of spiritual freedom are not indorsed by their practice. The believer, he declares is the true recipient of the Spirit of God, the spiritual man who judges all men and is judged by none. "He will judge also them that make schisms, who are empty of the love of God, and look to their own benefit rather than to the union of the Church, who for any and every reason will maim and mutilate and, as far as in them lies, destroy the great and glorious body of Christ; speaking peace and working war; truly 'straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel,' seeing that no reformation they can effect can be as great as is the harm of schism." These early writers, like Irenæus, Clement, Hegesippus, Eusebius, Tertullian, Hippolytus, and Origen, regarded the theory of apostolic succession as a living reality, even as a principle of order, a custodian of the faith, a guarantee of historical continuity. While there were "inequalities of temper and teaching among the Catholic writers," we must also appreciate "the superior importance of the conceptions which they shared as a common inheritance." Dr. Turner mentions two in particular: (1) "Complete agreement as to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, the visible fellowship of the disciples, the body of Christ": wherever there was schism it was caused by a lack of charity on both sides. (2) "Whatever the differences of theory about the recognition of non-Catholic sacraments, recognition was in fact never given save where what was done outside the Church was done in the same manner, and with the same general belief in the meaning of the act, as it was done within the Church." There is much for us to learn from the praiseworthy practice of the Church of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, when schisms and heresies arose within its borders. So long as a question of principle was not involved, the leaders maintained that those who had gone out might return, without rebaptism and reordination. They regarded Christian charity and unity as more important than ecclesiastical regularity. "To lay too exclusive a stress on the prerogative of Catholic Orders might be to imperil the attainment of the great object of unity." Dr. Brightman's essay on "Terms of Communion and the Ministration of the Sacraments in Early Times" is distinguished by rare patristic learning, but he deals largely with conditions in the third century and does not follow the Church tradition back to its sources. Professor Swete rightly remarks in his Preface that "each age of the Church must live its own life, and deal with its own problems, following to a great extent the lead of circumstances, which offer in fact a Divine guidance for the shaping of its course." Much of the controversy has been due to attempts to compel the living present to move after the fashion of former days and according to antiquarian precedents. We do not minimize "historical continuity," when it is insisted that the Church exists to serve the present age and that an effectual service could be rendered only as the Church understands the spirit and struggles of the age. It is a reflection on "the manifold grace of God," if we try to limit its operation to severely prescribed channels, as though he were a geographical or an ecclesiastical God, more interested in forms than in faith, in the letter than in the spirit. What is this but a futile

attempt to go back to the minutiæ of law and precedent, as though they were more important than love and principle? The essence of democracy is the rule of the people, and, at much cost, this truth has been placarded abroad in these recent years. We hold that the teaching of the New Testament, which is still final, is that authority is conferred by the people and not imposed upon the people. This principle is set at nought by the theory of the "historic episcopate." Just as the superstitious idea of the divine right of kings has been flung into the limbo by the war, so its counterpart, the divine right of bishops, has more than once been condemned by the steady growth of Christian truth and liberty. When the principle of freedom is becoming the universally accepted standard among the nations, it is a step backward for the Church to insist on obscurantist policies and to enthrone a monarchical or oligarchical order, on which all history has passed final condemnation.

A READING COURSE

Psychology and Preaching. By Charles S. Gardner, Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.

A great deal has been written on the subject of educational psychology and the psychological study of religion, but this volume by Professor Gardner is the first serious attempt to apply the results of psychology to preaching. Every preacher is more or less of a psychologist and has some knowledge of the intellectual, emotional, and volitional operations of his audience, but much of this knowledge is empirical without any scientific correlation. The importance of the study of psychology tô the preacher is self-evident. President Faunce in his Yale lectures on The Educational Ideal in the Ministry has a chapter on "The Service of Psychology." It has demonstrated beyond question or cavil the reality of religious experience, the unreality of many conventional sins, the mutual interrelation and interdependence of mind and body, that the unity of personality should guide the preacher's method in arousing and holding the attention of his congregation, that the emotions and will are the center of personality, that action directly bears on the development of character, that adolescence has a far-reaching meaning, and that the central truths of Christianity are reenforced when interpreted in terms of life (p. 158ff.). Professor Gardner deals with the subject from the standpoint of functional psychology, and suggests how the preacher must meet the present challenge to the pulpit. This volume does not take up the vexed questions of theology, old or new, but deals with the more fundamental factors of human nature. Such a preliminary investigation is indispensable to the man who would effectually commend the gospel. "Certainly the opportunities for influencing the actions of men by moral suasion become larger and more various; and if preachers find their power failing, it only emphasizes

their duty better to adapt their noble function to the changing conditions of human life." Chapter I, on "General Controls of Conduct," goes into such elementary but essential subjects as reflexes, instincts, consciousness, habit. A word of caution is also uttered as to the attitude to that mysterious realm known as the sub-conscious. An audience is a clear call to the preacher to understand the subtle, subterranean currents of life, the conditions of inspiration and uplift, and the methods of conclusive appeal. It is in the matter of appeal that much of our preaching is so weak. Study carefully the chapter on "Mental Images," and note what is said about cultivating the habit of close, concentrated, energetic attention and varied observation. Explain the conclusion that the arts of persuasion develop with the progress of society (p. 15). The chapter on "Mental Systems" deals with some situations which are baffling to him who does not see life truly and see it whole. One of the practical problems involved in securing results is that of understanding others and being understood by others; another problem is that of exposition which is the art of interpretation and communication of truth; yet another is that of creedal union and cooperation. The chapter on "Feeling" discriminates between feeling and emotion, pain and unpleasantness, and points out the relation of feeling to desire, and the effect of feeling on habit. Very interesting is the discussion of the enrichment of the emotional life by education, its bearing on the value of culture in the religious life, and the need for a rounded and balanced culture in the pulpit. The preacher more than any other speaker deals with sentiments and ideals, and since they are of the very substance of character, a whole chapter is devoted to methods of their development. A vital matter in the question of appeal relates to the excitation of the feelings through delivery. How far is Gardner true that the average preacher is sadly lacking in dramatic power? (p. 124). Very timely are the references to the skillful use of language. In producing belief there are at least six ways in which the mind reacts to new presentations. It may feel itself compelled to accept the new presentation as real or true, passively admit that it is true, welcome it with more or less cordiality, receive it with more or less suspicion as tentatively true or real, hold it aloof for investigation, or positively and unequivocally reject it. Consider these points in the light of your own experience, noting also that belief is the acceptance of a presentation as true while doubt is in its nature a temporary function. "Chronic doubt is hurtful and ultimately ruinous," and it is "justifiable when, and only when, it is a temporary stage in the organization of a more adequate belief." In view of this fact, how are we to meet the problems of the present age, which is one of doubt due in part to its being dynamic and changeful, and to the fact that modes of life and points of view are constantly changing? "It is the especial function of preaching to present religious truth in such a way as to secure its intelligent and wholehearted acceptance, and through genuine belief to influence conduct in right directions." It has been stated that only the first twenty minutes are really absorbed by the hearer. The strain on the attention of an audience is intense because

of the many distractions. What bearing does this have on the worship of the sanctuary? There are three kinds of attention—compulsory, voluntary, spontaneous. The chapter on "Attention" raises a whole set of questions on interest, volition, environment, point of contact, responsiveness. Note what is written about the public speaker, especially the preacher, being a man of *strong will* (p. 205). The chapter on "Suggestion" has some good remarks on the personality of the speaker. "Some men seem to wake up all that is latent in our personalities. In their presence we seem to be most truly and fully ourselves." We are accustomed to think of the superior value of the prompt response to appeal as against that of postponement. Is this always so? Has enough care been taken to guard against damaging reactions from thoughtless impulse and the consequent enfeeblement of the will? How far is the author true in these sentences: "One is often precipitated into action which is subsequently deplored and can only with difficulty be reconsidered; or committed to a position from which he would gladly recede, but cannot without self-stultification; and so goes on through life embarrassed and morally compromised by the consciousness of standing in false relations. This exactly describes the situation of thousands who to-day are enrolled as members of Christian churches, and, while it enables the churches to make a brave show as to numerical strength, is one of the chief causes of the comparative lack of power of organized Christianity. I make bold to say that the disastrous results of this false psychological method are more general and more irremediable in the realm of religion than anywhere else" (p. 233). The psychology of the inspirational gathering and the deliberative body is well diagnosed in the chapter on "Assemblies." Other subjects of equal importance are reviewed in the chapter on "Mental Epidemics." It is a searching study of modern conditions and should be carefully studied. With regard to the difficulties in securing a heartier response to religious appeals it is well to remind ourselves that "the average man to-day has many interests, corresponding to the many relations in which he stands to his fellow men; and every one of these interests and relations claims a part of his attention, time, and energy." A necessary caution is uttered against the prevalent, popular notion that the Divine Spirit is more distinctly present in human emotion than in the operation of the reason and the conscience. But the conclusion is satisfactory: "Man will always be an emotional being, but in his upward development his emotions will be more thoroughly incorporated in the unity of a rational personality and organized into sentiments and ideals. Communities will always be subject to waves of common feeling, which will prompt to united action; but collective action will be less spasmodic and irregular, more rational, ethical, and orderly. The religious revival will more than gain in moral significance and social value all that it loses in wild extravagance and abnormal demonstration." A very important chapter is that on "Occupational Types." It is a contribution to the psychology of society. The section on the ministerial type will naturally receive your first attention because it deals with the dangers and

opportunities that confront the preacher. The breadth of his occupation tends to make him versatile and shallow. Its narrowness exposes him to dogmatism, to a superficial gravity of tone and manner, to the institutionalizing of religion at the cost of spiritual vigor, and to economic influences which threaten to sap prophetic insight, power, and independence. Of much value is the discussion of the perils and temptations which surround the wage-earning type and the business type. The whole situation is finally faced in the closing chapter on "The Modern Mind." A comparison with former generations makes more conclusive the pressure of the artificial environment in which we live both in city and country. The effect of life under these conditions on our dispositions and mental attitudes is worth noting (p. 349ff.). The tendency to remove God into the background of thought is also very marked. Religion, however, is not wholly suppressed, and in times of exceptional crisis and peril, the modern man calls on God. But it is frequently a frantic and spasmodic outburst, and because his mind has not been habitually supported by the intellectual processes there is a relapse into the ordinary grooves as soon as the excitement is over. Can you find illustrations in support of this contention from these war years? The change in the idea of God is further seen in the weakening of the sentiment of awe. The reaction from scientific thought upon the speculative intellect is evidenced in such types of theoretical thought as Pragmatism, Humanism, Voluntarism, Personalism (p. 371). Our attitude then should be neither pessimistic nor optimistic, but melioristic. A far greater emphasis must be laid on the ethical and social aspects of religion, both in thought and experience. This does not imply the disappearance of Christianity, but a gradual emergence of its fundamental principles, so long corrupted and obscured by the elaboration of imposing ceremonies and ecclesiastical sacramentarianisms. The inference is that "Christianity in its primal and essential character as a principle of life is peculiarly adapted to the conditions of this age."

SIDE READING

Human Nature and Its Remaking. By William Ernest Hocking (Yale University Press, $3, net). For the student who desires to understand the broad and deep principles which govern the process of remaking, of educating, of civilizing, of converting, or of saving the human being. Philosophical thoroughness and attractiveness of reasoning and style make this a volume of large importance.

Psychology and the Day's Work. By Edgar James Swift (Scribners, $2, net). A popular psychological interpretation of the happenings of daily life, with many extraordinary illustrations from literature and life in support of the conclusions on thought, action, habit, learning, fatigue, memory, testimony, and health.

For information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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